

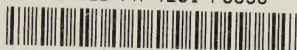
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FENNO'S FAVORITES
NO. 2

100
Choice
Pieces

FOR READING
AND SPEAKING

PATHEMIC, TRAGIC, HUMOROUS,
NARRATIVE, ORATORICAL,
DIDACTIC, AND IMPERSONATIVE

WITH

MARKED GESTURES, ANALYZED SELECTIONS,
EXPLANATORY NOTES SHOWING HOW EACH
SHOULD BE RENDERED; THE PRINCIPLES
OF GESTURE, ETC. - - - -

By

Frank H. Fenno, A. M., F. S. Sc.

GRADUATE OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF
ELOCUTION AND ORATORY; AUTHOR OF -
"THE SCIENCE AND ART OF ELOCUTION," -
"THE CHART OF ELOCUTION," "LECTURES
ON ELOCUTION," ETC., ETC. - - - .

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PREFACE.

FENNO'S FAVORITES, No. 1, *One Hundred Choice Pieces for Reading and Speaking*, has withstood the best possible test of the success of a book. It has been placed in the market and widely sold. So many letters have come to us from teachers and others, testifying to the good appearance of the volume and to the usefulness of its selections and petitioning for more numbers, that we have prepared as speedily as possible, and now issue, FENNO'S FAVORITES, No. 2.

In general style and in the quality of paper and printing, it will be seen that the second number is quite equal to the first. The same care has been exercised, too, in the selection and arrangement of its contents. A judicious variety of prose and poetry, of humor, pathos and tragedy, of narrative, oratory and impersonation is presented, and pieces best adapted for elocutionary purposes have been chosen in each style.

With his usual discrimination, Professor Fenno has made it a point, even more than in No. 1, to avoid using selections which have become hackneyed through immoderate use in the many less carefully edited collec-

tions of pieces for speaking which have been placed upon the market, and he has taken special pains to secure many original pieces, which appear in print for the first time here. As in the first number, analyzed pieces have been given, with the appropriate style of delivery and gestures designated by foot-notes with references.

An introductory essay on "How to Impersonate" takes the place of that in No. 1 on "The Principles of Gesture." Each succeeding number of FENNO'S FAVORITES (of which, judging from present indications, there will be many) will contain a similar practical discussion of some important point in elocutionary art, so that the series finally will form a complete system of elocution accompanied by a very large and well-chosen collection of illustrative pieces.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

By elocution is meant our manner of speaking, the way in which we give expression to our thoughts and feelings, the grand avenue through which we reach our friends and hold communication with our acquaintances. Conversation is elocution, and the purer the tone, the better the enunciation and pronunciation, the better attuned the voice to the sentiment, the more pleasing will be our conversation and the more agreeable will be our relations with our friends. The same pride that would prompt us to appear in company in our best attire with polished, graceful manners should urge us to improve our vocal expression that we may give to our friends in all its purity and richness that highest physical attribute which God has seen fit to reserve for his noblest creation. As you cultivate manners in deportment, so cultivate manner in speech, and the one will as greatly redound to your credit as will the other.

No one can successfully maintain a claim to polished elegance in manner who has not given special attention to the training and polishing and purifying of the voice. The cultivated voice has a charm—a peculiar richness—that the natural voice does not often possess. The mind is drilled and trained until it becomes exact, reliable and all-powerful in its action; the hand is trained and educated until it acquires an almost marvelous delicacy of touch and a wonderful degree of skill; the arms are developed by continued exercise until they possess great strength; the body is educated to perfection of grace and agility; the eye is trained to almost lightning perception and the ear to catch the slightest sound of discord or the finest pulsations of harmony, and the voice is capable of wonderful compass, great power and the finest effects, if properly trained and developed, but to expect perfection of voice without its cultivation is as absurd as to demand perfection of the eye, the ear, the arm or the hand without special training—as well expect mental perfection in the unlettered savage or physical perfection in the invalid for years confined to his bed.

The gift of speech is worthy of the highest culture and of our best efforts in its development. What can be grander than the ability to place soul in communion with soul through the medium of speech—than the power of coining into words the rough ingots of thought, and of so choosing our words, grouping them together, and clothing them with a reality in expression that they may become the burning messengers of truth, possessing the inherent power of conviction, irresistible and unequaled in their influence for good.

A young man determines to become a painter. He goes to the Old World and works faithfully under the greatest masters; he visits the finest art galleries of Europe and studies the masterpieces of the world's famous painters—then returns, and with a few worn-out brushes, some half mixed paints and a miserable apology for a canvas, attempts to rival Michael Angelo and Raphael. Another studies sculpture year after year, working with the finest sculptors the world possesses, and finally tries his hand upon an ill-shaped, coarse-grained rock, from which Phidias himself could not perfect an ideal. A third goes to Germany and studies music year after year until his education is complete. Then, when he desires to establish his reputation as a musician, he endeavors to reproduce the creations of Mozart from a tuneless, jangling piano. If these persons would be subjected to censure, criticism or ridicule, how could you exempt one who should spend his lifetime in the acquisition of knowledge and who should always give expression to his thoughts through the crude channel of an uncultivated voice?

To improve, strengthen and develop the voice, one can do much without the aid of a teacher. Study some good work on elocution, carefully practicing the exercises after thoroughly mastering principles and instructions. Strive to render the tone agreeable and not harsh, melodious and not discordant; learn to breathe properly—to take breath without making undue pauses and suspending the sense; become accustomed to deep breathing, thus strengthening the voice and producing a better tone; let the articulation and pronunciation be good, the facial expression in harmony with the thought, and the gestures appropriate.

Though much may be learned from books, there are many ideas that can be obtained only from the living teacher. There

are articulate sounds to be criticised, tones corrected, faults in expression pointed out and gestures improved; there are interpretations and analyses of thought and language, emphasis, scene-picturing and word-painting; there are energy, enthusiasm and soul-force—and these the teacher must impress upon the pupil by his living presence.

But the person, old or young, who sets about the task of improving vocal expression with the aid of a reliable text-book, by application and study will succeed.

This volume, like its predecessor, aims to furnish good pieces for reading and speaking. The KEY will enable any one readily to determine the marked gestures found in a number of selections.

Thanks are extended to the following persons for pieces contributed: Lewis L. Carman, Newfield, N. Y.; Miss Julia A. Young, Akron, N. Y.; Mrs. A. R. Clark, Altay, N. Y.; Misses Emma and May Winters, Dundee, N. Y.; Miss May Ellis, Reading Center, N. Y.; Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Mary L. Sherman, Eddytown, N. Y.; W. J. E. Cox, Louisville, Ky.; J. N. Matthews, Mason, Ill.; Mrs. Carrie L. Cox, West Creek, N. J.; and the Editors of *Justice*, New York City.

F. H. F.

HOW TO IMPERSONATE.

WHEN appearing before an audience or company of friends with a selected piece, either to be read or spoken, a pure, natural tone should be used unless the selection is something other than plain narrative, description or argumentation. But there are so many fine readings in which the language is put into the mouth of a particular character that the successful reader will study to imitate that character when presenting the piece. For instance, *Aunt Jemima's Courtship* in this book will prove exceedingly weak unless the reader closely imitates the female voice, and the finer the imitation the greater the applause that will follow. *Heroes of the Land of Penn* will be far more successful if the reader imitate the tones of the dying man, and *The Irish Schoolmaster* needs the dialect of the Emerald Isle to make it real.

The language of FENNO'S ELOCUTION on this point has been copied by noted elocutionists in their own published works. To quote: "In impersonation, the reader or speaker puts himself in the place of another, using the tone and style required by the assumed character. This, however, should not be resorted to when the beauty or sublimity of thought contained in a passage would be weakened thereby, as an assumed form always detracts from the *ideas* by directing our attention to the *manner*. But there are many times when personation really adds to the beauty and effectiveness of the rendering. The judgment of the reader must decide when it should be employed and in what particular cases it may be omitted.

"When impersonating, the tone may be changed, as well as the general manner. A heavy or light voice, fast or slow rate, low or high pitch will often be a sufficient alteration.

"It will be readily seen that a skillful mimic will surpass all others in impersonation, but it must not be inferred that such only will make good elocutionists. It is not the highest phase of the art to excel in this particular branch, though excellence,

in this will provoke great popular applause. The true elocutionist should aim at something higher than mimicry."

However, impersonation is essential to good reading, and before an audience this is specially noticeable. Who has not heard a reader, in giving some commonplace selection that failed to interest the hearers, impersonate but one or two lines or even a single word, when the sudden and unlooked for transition would create the keenest attention and interest to the end? This is often the case, and, for this reason, pieces affording such an opportunity (*King Robert of Sicily*, for example, and *The Martyrs of Sandomir* in FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1) are among our most successful pieces.

Take advantage of every chance for impersonation, as it adds so much to the reading. Practice carefully, and it will repay you. When you find a difficult passage, which requires much patient work to master, do not pass it by, saying "Never mind; the piece is good enough without that," but keep at it until you can execute it well, and the chances are that the very sentence upon which you have toiled will change a fair reading into one by far the best and most popular upon the programme.

Do not go upon the platform without becoming master of the impersonations. If you cannot for your life imitate a German, out of consideration for your listeners do not attempt German pieces. But if, by repeated practice, you can do fairly, practice a little more and then do your best. Our sympathies are with the speaker unless he comes on with little or no preparation and practices before the audience—then we sympathize with his hearers.

Much depends upon the manner of appearing before an audience. Leisurely take your place, pause, and glance calmly and fearlessly over the assemblage. Do not be in a hurry to begin. A few moments exercise of will power may be sufficient for you to regain your self-possession. This once secured, realize that you are speaking to appreciative listeners.

The best rule for impersonation is *Put Yourself in His Place*. Imagine yourself to be another, the character in the piece. His voice, his gestures, his manners should all be yours. When explanatory sentences occur, and always when he ceases speaking, you are instantly yourself again. Let the changes be sudden and marked.

The following are the most common impersonations:

MAN.—This, of course, is assumed only by lady readers, boys and girls. The voice should be heavier. Lower rate, slower time and other changes will suggest themselves for different characters. Study the piece; and if reason is found for any peculiarities, such as a hesitating or timid voice, gruffness, braggadocio, ill-nature or peevishness, do not hesitate to use them. (This refers to the normal male voice. When a strongly marked feature exists, as insulting bravado, a *man* would also assume the man's voice, but it would be that of a bully.)

WOMAN.—Assumed only by gentlemen readers, boys and girls. The tone should be lighter than a man's. Adopt the voice and manner most natural to the character. It may be high-pitched and shrill, low and soft or impatient and "stormy." (Similarly to the above case, a *woman* may assume a woman's voice when marked by any peculiarity.)

OLD AGE.—This is difficult to imitate without detracting from the dignity of the piece, but is fine when well done. Listen to an old person and you will find the tones weak, faltering and broken; the pitch high, the movement slow and uniform. The voice moves up and down the scale with longer and more frequent slides or inflections, especially in the female voice, and the manner indicates weakness; but the most prominent and easily imitated peculiarity is toothlessness, manifested mostly upon the sound of *s*, imitated by allowing the under lip to extend over the teeth, drawing in the lower jaw and holding it as nearly stationary as possible for a woman's voice, and thrusting the jaw forward, holding it rigid, the teeth nearly closed, and giving the lips great play for a man's voice.

BOY.—Everybody knows a boy's tone. Imitate as closely as you can and add much in the way of facial expression, gesture and manner. A boy in speaking either stands perfectly still with great and ill-concealed effort or else he throws in many boyish pranks and mannerisms by way of variety. For practice take some well-known piece of poetry and imitate a reading class, pupils giving verse after verse, each with a boy's own peculiarity of tone and manner. Study a class of boys (girls may be included to advantage) or take those you personally know and copy after them. When well worked up, it will make

a capital exercise to give before an audience. Practice *The Roil Bengal Tagger* and *A Boy's Lecture on "Knives"* in this book.

GIRL.—The above remarks apply here with equal force. A toss of the head and great affectation or, on the other hand, extreme bashfulness may take the place of the boy's brushing off a fly or using his sleeve instead of a pocket handkerchief. The girl's hands, as well as the boy's, must always be in the way.

CHILD.—There are many touching pieces, and some funny ones like *My Madcap Darling* in FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1, which requires a child's voice—most commonly that of a little girl of four or five years. Such a voice is high-pitched and clear as a bell. No impure tones are heard at that age. The little one is full of earnestness and animation—unless in a plaintive piece, when there is extreme weakness—and the child's voice, like that of a very aged person, is full of slides or inflections. There should be artlessness, innocence and often wonder portrayed.

DYING MAN.—*Heroes of the Land of Penn* and *Stonewall Jackson's Death* in this book and *The Old Sergeant* in No. 1 all require an imitation of the voice of a dying man. Sometimes by an effort the tone comes forth strong, but it is usually faint and weak and uttered with extreme difficulty. The last few words should be gasped rather than spoken. An effective way is to throw out nearly all the breath from the lungs, then it is impossible to speak without great effort and the desired tone is the only one you can produce. This is quite exhausting, but it renders the piece life-like and vivid.

DRUNKARD.—We seldom find a selection containing an inebriated character that is worthy of being given before an audience, and even then the disgusting details are so revolting that it is best to aim below the mark. Like an otherwise good piece sprinkled with profanity, it is usually best to throw it aside as worthless. *Bosbyshell's Confession* in FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1 is unobjectionable, if not overacted, and it has the merit of possessing point that will take with any audience.

YANKEE.—Yankee pieces require a nasal drawl and general carelessness in pronunciation. When well written the spelling is a good index of the manner in which they should be given. *Laughing in Meeting* in FENNO'S ELOCUTION is one of the best of this class of pieces.

IRISHMAN.—Those naturally given to imitation will have no trouble with “the brave, broad rogue of the beautiful south.” Listen to a jovial native of the old country and get his style and accent. A few points to be noticed are these: Use short quantity, striking the syllables with a sharp percussive stroke, speaking each quickly and cutting off the sound abruptly; roll or trill all *r*’s when they follow a vowel, which is never permissible in English; pronounce long *o* like *ow*, ‘old’ *owld*, ‘roll’ *rowl*, ‘soul’ *sowl*, etc.; short *i* nearly like long *e*, ‘tin’ *teen*, etc.; *er* like *ar*, ‘serve’ *sarve*, etc.; short *e* like short *i*, ‘well’ *will*, etc.; long *e* like long *a*, ‘beat’ *bate*, etc.; short *a* like short *o*, ‘man’ *mon*, etc.

Our literature is plentifully supplied with Irish pieces, and they are almost universally good. The Irish possess peculiar national traits that furnish almost unlimited material, and this has been seized upon and wrought into a vast number of pieces suitable for the speaker’s art. The greater portion of these are humorous, but *Shamus O’Brien* stands high as a stirring yet pathetic production, and *Erin’s Flag* as a piece of bold impassioned eloquence.

GERMAN.—Listening to the conversation of a native German will be of greater assistance in assuming this character than any books can possibly be, unless you take up the study of the language, which is far better. Accent and style can be learned only by use of the ear. A few points should be attended to, viz.: *W* is sounded like *v*, ‘wait’ *vait*, etc.; *th* hard like *d*, ‘that’ *dot*, etc.; *th* at end of a word like *t*, ‘health’ *helt*, etc.; *b* like *p* and *d* like *t*, ‘bad’ *pat*, etc.; *v* like *f*, ‘never’ *nefer*, etc.; *j* like *y*, ‘Jacob’ *Yahcup*, etc.; *k* has a guttural sound best represented by *kh*; *r* is always rolled or roughly trilled when followed by a vowel, and words of one syllable often sounded as though possessing two, ‘out’ *ow-et*, etc.

SCOTCHMAN.—“Scotch pieces afford readers a good opportunity. They are not very difficult, and impersonation is secured while a high degree of elevated sentiment and often religious thought is found in them. Listen to a native Scotchman, if possible, and you will catch the dialect. Beginners will do well to attend to four points, viz.: 1. Always pronounce *a* as in *far*. 2. Use short quantity on all vowel sounds; that is, cut off all

words short as possible, but it is not necessary to read fast to do this. 3. Roll or trill the *r* when it comes after a vowel. 4. Pronounce all elisions (o', i', a', etc.) exactly as those letters would be sounded if the word had been printed in full."—FENNO'S FAVORITES No. 1, page 98.

NEGRO.—It has been claimed by some elocutionists that Negro impersonation should never be attempted because it is so coarse. This would bar out many pieces that possess much humor, true originality and genuine philosophy. These are far too valuable to lose and we shall never consent to their banishment. If any audience can resist *Sunday Fishin'* when well given, or if people generally cry out "Coarse!" "Vulgar!" at the manner in which any Negro piece is rendered by a sensible, refined gentleman or lady, we shall see some force in the objection. To be sure a degree of coarseness exists, but is not half so offensive as the writings of a dozen authors whose productions are daily heard from the platform. The Negro has the disadvantage of possessing thick lips, which give him a coarse utterance, but we often hear from people who have neglected to cultivate their enunciation sounds equally inharmonious. The Negro pronounces 'far' *fah*, 'hear' *heah*, 'better' *bettah*, etc. Exactly so does the educated belle of aristocratic Kentucky and the cultured lady from Boston.

DIALOGUE.—It often happens that two characters appear in dialogue. In such pieces the reader or speaker should always turn slightly to the right when one speaks and to the left as the other replies. This will keep the two distinct in the minds of the audience when otherwise there might be confusion; and the change of speaker is thereby marked by the manner as well as by the voice, one assisting the other. In such reading the explanatory portion should be spoken directly to the front. An example will illustrate:

[*Right.*] "What can you see on my face?"

[*Front.*] He looked at her for a second, and said timidly:

[*Left.*] "Freckl——"

[*Right.*] "Nursling!" [*Front.*] she shrieked; [*Right.*] "had you the soulful eyes of a free man, you could see shining on my brow the rising light of a brighter day!"—*The Emancipation of Man.* (See FENNO'S FAVORITES, No. 1.)

When a piece of narration has but one character, it is best to turn to the side every time he speaks and give all the narrative portion, of course, directly to the front. When changes are frequent or long continued, it is necessary only to turn the face; so many changes of position of the body would be wearisome.

EMOTIONS.—In pieces where no character is represented there are sentences which, to give with best effect, require the speaker or reader to assume certain emotions—for example, fear, joy, revenge or malice. In such cases it is necessary to impersonate a frightened person, joyous person, revengeful person or malicious person. If fright is to be depicted, the reader, not being frightened, must imitate a person who is thoroughly scared. This, too, is impersonation.

THE CURRICULUM OF LIFE.

[The following poem, by a rich broker of Wall street, who is also an accomplished astronomer, was first printed for private circulation. It was hurriedly composed for a birthday dinner at a summer resort, where five birthdays of inmates of the house—aged respectively 2, 4, 16, 50 and 70—were celebrated. Mr. White, whose fiftieth birthday it was, read the poem. Liberty has been taken to make one change in the piece, rendering it more suitable for speaking.]

ROSY-FINGERED Aurora—the old poets say—
Erst opened, at dawning, the ¹gates of the day.
And Phœbus ²led out, wild, champing to run,
The steeds that should ³draw forth the car of the Sun:
While the Hours, all attentive, in ⁴line took their place,
Obsequious, to mark every turn in the race.

You all know the fable: Now labor the steeds
While the ⁵steeps of the East their swift running impedes.
Now open ⁶broad vistas, entrancing to view,
While Phœbus ⁷guides safe through the deep vault of blue:
Lo! rivers and mountains and oceans ⁸unroll,
Euphrates a thread and Olympus a mole.

The fleet-footed coursers sweep on, and full soon
The chariot is ⁹poised on the crest of high noon;
And far in the ¹⁰west lies the home of the night,
Whose robes, like a pall, shall ¹¹extinguish the light.
Apollo himself strives in vain to delay
The chariot's ¹²descent to the death of the day!

Indicated Gestures. (See Key.) 1. HF. a little higher than horizontal, sustained until next gesture. 2. Ptg., hand slowly moves a few inches to right; sustained. 3. S., hand moves a short distance to right while speaking; sustained. 4. Ptg., finger sweeps back to place of first gesture. 5. AF. 6. AO, bh. sustained. 7. Ptg., describe course with finger; sustain. 8. HL. bh. 9. Ptg. nearly overhead. 10. HB. 11. HL. bh. P. 12. P., hand sweeps AB. to HB.

How the dream of the poet foreshadows our life!
 The morning how arduous! how earnest the strife!
 How the wheels are weighed down in their courses before
 The baby of two is the prattler of four!
 While the vista that opens to eyes of sixteen
 Gives the 'mountain its blue, the 'river its sheen.

As I stand at the nooning of manhood to-day,
 Looking 'forward and 'backward o'er life's rugged way,
 Recalling the 'past with its visions of love,
 And piercing the 'future, with hope from above,
 Let furrows of care from this brow flee away,
 Silver hairs turn to golden, this fiftieth day!

Like the sun when, majestic, he 'sinks to his rest,
 And gilds with his rays every cloud in the west,
 May Faith, as a gleam from 'heaven to men,
 Make radiant the face of three-score and ten;
 May youth, age and manhood alike come to rest
 In the morning that dawns in the realm of the blest.

S. V. WHITE.

A VISIT TO JACK FROST'S PALACE.

[In this fine piece the seamstress' weary lot in life would suggest that the narrative portion at the beginning and end should be given with a touch of sadness. The descriptive part is spoken with animation, briskly and often joyously. In describing the glories of icy glitter the voice should be particularly rich and clear.]

It was the night before Christmas; I had been out sewing since early morning, earning my daily bread, and was now returning to my dreary lodgings through one of the coldest and most slippery by-streets of the great city. For all I was nearly frozen, I dreaded reaching my destination. I knew just how lonely everything would be. I should open the door, thus awakening the cat slumbering in a furry ball near the stove; she would be there from sheer force of habit, not for the

Indicated Gestures. (See Key.) 1. AO. P. 2. HO. 3. Bend forward and shade eyes with left hand as though gazing earnestly; speak slowly. 4. Same backward with right hand. 5. HB. 6. AF. Ptg. 7. Hand slowly falls to HL. 8. Ptg. nearly overhead.

sake of keeping warm, for the stove would be cold, the room would be cold and I should go, desolate and lonely, to my cold bed, my heart colder than my stiff and aching body.

I reached the dismal boarding-house where I rented a back second-story room, and went in quietly. I groped my way through the dark hall to my own room, and softly turned the knob, resolving not to disturb the cat this time. The door opened quietly, much to my astonishment; its rusty hinges neglected for some unaccountable reason to utter their customary gloomy squeak.

It was not yet quite dark, and looking toward the one little window of my apartment I beheld a sight that transfixed me on the threshold. I passed my hand across my eyes, thinking to dissipate the illusion, but when I looked again the spell remained unbroken. I saw by my window a Liliputian, with minute palette and brushes, busily engaged in painting a most beautiful landscape on the glass. The little creature stopped suddenly on feeling my gaze fixed so curiously upon him, and then tapped upon the glass for admittance.

I ran hastily to the sash and threw it open. The dwarf stood a moment upon the sill, laughing heartily. He then exclaimed, "Well, I am caught again. I am afraid King Jack will think I am getting old and deaf to be so often surprised at my work." Making a courteous bow, he added, "My master, King Jack Frost, sends out hundreds of workmen like myself to draw and paint at various places. We usually accomplish our work during the night, and so escape observation; but just now we are so pressed with business that I thought I would fill the order the King gave me for your picture this afternoon, as your room seemed to be unoccupied. I was so interested in my work that I did not hear you enter. It is a law of King Jack's that whenever one of his employés is caught at his work, the culprit shall escort the person by whom he is detected through the winter palace. So if it pleases you to accompany me, I shall be delighted to unfold to you the wonders of our icy home."

Of course, I was more than willing to go, and followed

the dwarf immediately. As if by magic, we reached a secluded spot in the country where the snow lay many inches thick. My guide stopped suddenly near a clump of bushes, produced a minute silver whistle, and blew a succession of shrill notes. Immediately I felt the ground upon which we stood begin to sink. For some minutes we continued to descend, and finally came to an immense icy cave. Following my escort I soon found myself in front of a magnificent building. We had sped on our way so rapidly that I had not noticed the streets through which we must have passed, and now that I had time to look around, my gaze was riveted upon the glorious building before me. It was an ideal crystal palace, all alight in the glare of the sun. The sight was too dazzling for human eyes, and shading my face with my hands, I asked my guide to lead me on. He promptly ran up the glittering steps of the palace, and touched a bell that gave forth a tinkling, silvery peal, sounding like the rippling laughter of a happy child. We were instantly admitted by a diminutive footman, who bowed low and immediately led the way through long corridors to a dainty reception room, waved his hand towards the delicate chairs, and, saying something about seeing if Jack Frost were at liberty, disappeared.

Before we had time to seat ourselves, however, the footman returned, saying that his sovereign was awaiting us in the study.

My little guide looked up in amazement, and clapping his tiny hands joyfully, exclaimed :

"How delightful! To think that I shall have the pleasure of taking you to the King's study. 'Tis the gem of the palace, a place too gorgeously beautiful for any one but our peerless master. You are the first mortal yet admitted."

We followed the footman past two or three open rooms, through another long corridor, and finally stopped before a massive icy door, that swung easily on its frosty hinges in obedience to a push from the little guide. We entered, or at least the Liliputians did; I was petrified with wonder, and could only gaze about me like a blind person suddenly restored to sight.

The floor of the room was tiled with most beautiful clear blocks of crystal ice, while in various places before the delicate furniture were dainty and soft-looking rugs of the most feathery kind of snow. The walls were covered with glittering curtains of woven snow, and all around hung most beautiful pictures done in frost and framed in shining icicles. The ceiling was a mass of uneven, icy stalactites, that sent brilliant rays of light into every nook and corner of the apartment. At first I thought these beautiful chandeliers seemed to generate the gorgeous floods of brightness that they cast about them, but on closer observation I discovered that the light was reflected from the contents of a huge open fireplace below. Like all else in the room, the grate was snow white. It was filled with great logs of glittering ice, each sending forth a million brilliant rays of gold, purple, amber, red and blue. Each straggling line of color was reflected by the numberless pendants above, and altogether the room was so flooded with prismatic glory that the inmates were warmed through the sense of sight instead of feeling.

The furniture was of the most fragile ice, upholstered in the softest of snow, and ornamented with brilliant frost. While I looked, I saw a snowy curtain opposite me drawn silently back on its icicle rod, and beyond was unfolded to my eager gaze the dainty studio of the owner of the palace. Sitting before a large easel of transparent ice, working at an unfinished picture, I saw Jack Frost. His small figure was wrapped in a shining robe of warm snow, embroidered in scintillating frost of the most brilliant colors. On his little hand rested an icy palette, upon which, with crystal brushes, the artist was mixing rainbow colors of hoar frost, and then applying them with exquisite taste to the huge plate of ice before him. Suddenly he noticed our reflection in the glassy substance, and with a little bound he came to meet us with outstretched hand and cheery smile.

"Aha, you rascal! caught again at your work, were you?" he exclaimed in quick, ringing accents, as, laughing heartily, he tapped my guide on the shoulder. Then turning to me, the tiny king said courteously, "You

seem cold, madame; will you not draw near the grate and sun yourself in the warming flames of color."

I hastened to assure him that I was most comfortable, and sorry to have interrupted his artistic labor, to which he replied smilingly that he was more than willing to rest awhile and talk to so appreciative a listener as he was sure I should prove.

We entered into conversation and he told me how he employed thousands of little people like my small guide, whom he sent to all parts of the globe to do the delicate frescoing I had so often admired on my windows. Said he, "We do not often go to rich men's houses, for they have so many works of human hands that they do not appreciate my art. I visit rather the huts and hovels of the poor. They have no money to use in buying pictures, and are pleased with my gifts. The dear little children look at my delicate tracery, pass their small hands lovingly over it, and sometimes blow their warm breath upon it till the colors vanish. Once in a while I play tricks on people when they leave their houses vacant; I turn the water into ice, and paint frost pictures on their bread, if they happen to have any. And sometimes," he went on in a softened tone, "I work hand in hand with another divinely appointed laborer, whom the fearing hosts call Death. I go with him to the palaces of the rich as well as the huts of beggars, though far more frequently to the latter. With him I have witnessed scenes that would melt the stoniest of hearts. Only yesterday I went with this messenger divine to the wretched hovel of a beggared widow. There, in a small, dark room, we found the poor, sick mother on a miserable pallet of straw, with her weeping children huddled around her, trying to warm her emaciated hands with their own chilling breath. Close beside her, wrapt in part of the ragged quilt, lay her youngest child, a dear little girl of two summers. We entered softly, in the approaching night, and seeing the wretchedness and suffering all around, we could not but think our appointed work would prove a blessing rather than a curse. So I froze the hands of Death, and with his icy fingers he soothed the anguish of the mother till

she slept the sleep that knows no earthly waking. I stiffened the fast dropping tears of the orphaned children, and took them with me through my palace, seeing the wonders that you now behold. After they had seen all, I took them to a charming little room, where I shall soon conduct you. I soothed their fears, and soon they forgot their troubles and slept. I was happy then, for when they awakened, instead of being in a cold and heartless world where dry crusts were their portion, they would rise to a life immortal, where hunger and starvation never go."

During the last words, the frost king had led the way to a dainty room containing many easy chairs, divans and lounges. He stopped before an inviting, white couch, and in obedience to his request, I stretched my wearied limbs upon it. He covered me with the warmest of snowy afghans, and soon I forgot all in delicious, dreamless slumber.

Suddenly I started. What was the noise I heard? It sounded like the accustomed squeak of my rusty door, then the doleful "meow" of my old gray cat, and then followed a murmur of voices. I opened my eyes reluctantly, and found myself back in my dingy little room. The landlady and her overgrown daughter were rubbing my aching hands with snow, and the window was open, letting in the cold night air. I was lying on the floor, where they told me I must have been for hours, slowly freezing to death.

I thanked them feebly for their kindness, but thanked them only in words, I fear, for in my secret heart I regretted their coming and bringing me back from such blissful slumber to the dismal alternative of endless stitching or slow starvation.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

A RHYME OF THE NAVY.

[This story of the Cumberland, Merrimac and Monitor requires a spirited, vigorous style. Picture the scene clearly in your own mind, then endeavor to paint it vividly upon the minds of your listeners.]

It was a bright March evening, in the spring of Sixty-two,
The ocean monster Merrimac off Craney Island drew,
All freighted with her forty guns, the monarch of the
 seas,
With Rebel soldiers on her deck, and banners on the
 breeze.

She was the stanchest ship of war that ever put from
 shore,
'Tis said her like was never launched upon the seas
 before;
And at each side an iron-clad, the Jamestown and the
 York,
Prepared to make of Yankee sloops a supper for the
 shark.

And straight to Newport News they bore, fast plowing
 thro' the spray,
To where our little Cumberland lay rocking on the bay;
And where the crippled Congress, too, as yet unused to
 wars,
At anchor swung upon the tide, beneath the Stripes and
 Stars.

As darkness fell on Hampton Roads, that long remem-
 bered night,
No choice was left our Yankee tars but strike their flag,
 or fight;
No shadow of a hope to cheer, no Providence to save,
They could but make a gallant stand, and gain a glorious
 grave.

From Fort Monroe a cry went up of strong men in
 despair,
They saw the doomed ship's streamers wave, but could
 not reach them there;

They saw the triple monsters near, with dark insatiate
brow,
And treason floating at the mast, and death upon the
prow.

Each pivot gun was in its place, each bluecoat at his
post,
And still the Merrimac drove on, as noiseless as a ghost;
On board the Cumberland no word escaped a soldier's
lip,
But every man resolved to die ere he'd desert the ship.

And now the heavy Armstrongs are groaning o'er the
deep,
And shrieking storms of solid shot from hidden engines
leap;
At once, and with an awful crash of thunder-stricken
walls,
Before the traitor's plunging prow the Union frigate
falls.

Her shattered hull is settling fast beneath the dusky sea,
With fifty gunners on her deck, too proud to bend the
knee;
And lo! from heaps of mangled men some reel with
death-dim eye,
And stagger fiercely to their guns an instant but to die.

Thro' all the thunder of the fray was gallant Morris
heard,
To left and right among the crew, who kindled at his
word;
I trow no mortal men e'er fought more truly brave than
they,
And nobly did they meet their doom upon that bloody
bay.

And still our starry banner swung sublimely at the mast,
And when the blessed ship went down it fluttered to the
last;

And as the morrow's sun arose upon the red sea sand,
Its rainbow folds were floating still above the Cumberland.

And what a Sabbath morn was that, and who can tell
the woe
That beat within our soldiers' breasts, like billows to
and fro?
Full well they knew another hour would turn the tide
of war,
And many a brother man would fall, in the cause he
battled for.

And now the floating fort again comes driving up the
sea,
Round Tanner's Point and Craney Isle, with spirits light
and free,
And pleasure boats are at the stern, with lords and ladies
gay,
To see their Southern kraken sweep our sloops of war
away.

Then onward up the Chesapeake, with naught to stay
her power,
She'll sink her flukes at Washington before another
hour,
And thro' the National Capital will howl the dogs of
war,
And Philadelphia, too, must fall, New York, and Balti-
more.

But see! what tiny thing is that, far northward on the
brine,
No larger than a grain of sand, or purple drop of wine?
What means that shouting up and down the old Virginia
shore,
And why do those old harbors ring as they never rang
before?

Go back! go back! oh, Merrimac! the Lord is on the sea,
'Twas He that put yon boat afloat, and you must let
her be;

Death rides gigantic on her tower, and warns you to
return,
Now speed you back, proud Merrimac, or a bloody lesson
learn.

Undaunted, free, the ocean-waif comes dancing down the
tide,
With Freedom's passport on her prow, and a jolly crew
inside;
And when full into view she hove, the Rebels roared
and laughed,
And swore it was a "Yankee cheese" upon a "Yankee
raft."

They scarcely deemed her worth a shot, so short, so weak,
and small,
Two port holes in a turning tub, a flag—and that was
all.
But see! Upon the traitor fierce, she rushes swift and
bold,
Like David on Goliath, in the holy war of old.

Now clouds of flashing fire and smoke around the foemen
wrap,
And deep amidst the tempest wild the cannon thunders
clap,
While crashing round the ships like hail, the iron bullets
shower,
Great God, our gallant soldiers shield in this terrific
hour!

But hark! Above the battle din breaks forth a joyous
peal,
The baby "Monitor" has crushed the Rebel's ribs of
steel;
She staggers, stricken to the heart, as a lightning-shattered
tree,
And drags her shameless, bleeding hulk forever off the
sea.

Now lift your voices, every one, and fling your banners
out,

On every sunny hill and plain, let "Freedom" be the
shout;

Huzza for noble Ericsson, and gallant Worden, too,
And glory to the "Monitor," and its heroic crew.

Of all the tales of naval strife that mortal yet has read,
There is not one compares with that at Hampton Roads,
'tis said;

And as the tide of time flows on, the story'll still be told,
How the boasted "Merrimac" went down in the Civil
War of old.

J. N. MATTHEWS.

SHE WANTED TO LEARN ELOCUTION.

[This is designed more for elocutionists to "show off" with than for any other purpose, yet it is not half so bad as the "medleys" that occasionally appear. The reader should be master of the dialects, with proficiency in facial expression, that he may "set his face" as desired. Taken all together, the dialogue, the various voices, the changes in expression from suavity to determination and even rage, few pieces are more difficult.]

A CERTAIN professor of elocution was announced to give an entertainment in a rural town and, having been delayed, did not arrive at the hall until it was nearly time to commence. He made a hasty toilet, and was pacing to and fro in his dressing-room, collecting his thoughts previous to going before his audience, when there came a loud knock upon the door and a middle-aged woman entered, leading by the hand a rosy-cheeked, buxom girl apparently about sixteen years of age.

"Be you Professor Blish?" asked the woman abruptly.

The professor bowed.

"Be you the feller what's goin' to speak pieces this evenin'?"

The professor politely replied in the affirmative.

"Sho! You don't say so now!" she replied. "Well, now, you don't look much as if you could beat the schoolmaster down to our deestrick. Why don't you raise a *mackintosh* an' whiskers? I tell ye them goes a good ways towards makin' a chap look as if he knowed

sumthin'. My darter Meely, here, wants ter larn ter speak pieces like them ere play-acter folks. I tell her that she can hold her own with any on 'em now, but she wants ter go ahead on 'em all. Ye see gals will be gals, an' about all on 'em in our deestrick have sot their caps for the schoolmaster. He's Deacon Crabtree's nephew that lives over ter Plymouth. My Meely, here, has got the advantage of all of 'em, for the master boards to our house. Meely has spoke pieces lots o' times in school, but she wants ter get so she can jest take the rag off'n all the rest on 'em."

The professor, being something of a wag, could not resist the inclination to have a little fun at the good woman's expense, and in reply to her long tirade he put on his inimitable Dutch face and said—

"Off a rollin' shtone vas der root of all efil, and a settin' hens vould catch der early vorm by chance der usual vay, alzo der early bird vould not got fat on moss ofer he don't had vorms, ain't it?"

The woman gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder, while Meely edged towards the door.

"My!" exclaimed the mother. "I didn't know you was an outlandisher, but you hain't got them sayings right, Mister—"

"Mother, you have my father much offended!" quoted the professor tragically from *Hamlet*. "Go! go! You question with a wicked tongue. No, by the rood, not so! You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife! And—would it were not so!—you are my mother! Come, come, and sit you down! You shall not budge! You go not till I set you up a glass where you may see the inmost part of you. Do not look upon me, lest with this piteous action you convert my stern effects. Then what I have to do will want true color,—tears, perchance, for blood. Good-night—and when you are desirous to be blessed, I'll blessing beg of you."

"My! what a feller he is to run on! He acts most as if he was crazy, Meely," said the now awe-struck woman, gazing upon the stern features of the professor. "You are mistaken, mister, I hain't married to a second husband; 'twas my sister Samantha that married her hus-

band's brother, and that was Erastus Cornwall. She married Jabe for her first husband,—Jabe Cornwall, an' he run off an' left her. Somebody found out that I was a comin' ter see ye, an' they've tried ter set ye agin me; I see how 'tis, blast their picturs. Meely, you shall learn to speak pieces now if it costs me a dollar."

Suddenly the expression on the face of the elocutionist changed, and he became the veritable Yankee, self-sufficient and ready for an argument, as he repeated from *Darius Green and his Flying Machine*:

"Does the little chatterin', sassy wren, no bigger'n my thumb, know more'n men? Jest show me that or prove't a bat's got more brains 'n's in my hat 'n I'll back deown 'n not tell then—"

"Massy!" exclaimed the woman. "What does the man mean?"

"He calls me a sassy wren," whined Meely.

"Look a-here, mister!" cried the mother, angry at the idea that her daughter had been insulted, "I'll go right home and tell my husband jes' how you've treated me. I guess you'll find out who you're a talkin' to. My husband is one of the select men an' he's school agent in our deestrick; he's—"

"Mon Dieu, madame!" interrupted the professor with a perfect French accent and manner, "he been dead tree tousand year! See, ze lettaire writing by Christopher Columbo; write eet himself,—hees own handwriting all by heemself. Oh! Santa Maria, zees ees ze bust, an' zees ees ze pedestal!"

"My dear man," said the woman, sympathizingly, "I'm sorry for ye. I see now what you mean; you ain't right in your head. You've been on a bust and feel as if you'd been dead three thousand years. I've heard my husband say that he felt so once after he went to a raisin' an' took a little too much rum an' merlasses. You jist take a smart dose of lobelia tea an' it'll make ye as bright as a new pin. I see now that yer a Frenchman, but I don't know but yer jest as good as a Yankee; and French teachers is the best, they say. I want my darter,—she's smart, if I do say it,—I want her ter be able ter read with the best on 'em. She kin beat the Joneses now, an—"

"Thim Hoolihan b'ys is all readers!" interrupted the elocutionist, drawing his features into a perfect picture of a Hibernian's countenance and assuming an Irish dialect. "Thim Hoolihan b'ys is all readers, but Teddy jist skins 'em all alive! Wid their pennies an' paynuts an' marbles ivery wan iv his pockets he'll fill be the twhist av his wrist! An' sich tactics as Teddy knows well to contrive. They'd gladly thrade off their book larnin' for Teddy's superior skill!"

"Why bless me, he's an Irishman an' crazy at that! Meely, les git right out of here."

"Und zo dot schoolmeester did kick dot lambs kvick owet,
But still dot lambs did loaf round on der outsides
Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently aboud,
Until Mary did come alzo from dot schoolhouse owet,"
went on the professor.

"You are mistaken, mother," said Meely; "he's a Dutch gentleman—I don' like Dutch folks."

"What though an homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray and a' that,
Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!"

was the response in perfect Scotch dialect.

"Oh, yes; I suppose you're just as much a man as ef you was an American. I believe in everybody's havin' their rights," replied the woman apologetically.

"I'll have my *bond*!" shouted the professor, assuming the fierce, vindictive, sinister expression of countenance attributed to Shylock. "I will not hear thee speak! I will have my bond, and therefore speak no more!"

"I haven't got no bond that belongs to you," returned the woman, beginning to grow angry, "and as for speakin', I'll say what I please! There ain't no man on this American continent goin' ter tell me ter shet up, 'thout I sass him back. You're a crazy, outlandish fool, an' I don't want my darter to larn none o' sich doings. I honestly believe you're drunk!"

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold!" quoted the elocutionist from *Macbeth*. "What

hath quenched them hath given me fire:—I laid *their* daggers ready; he could not miss them! Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't. This is a sorry sight! Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more. Macbeth doth murder sleep.* Whence is that knocking? What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes! Hark! more knocking! Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, and show us to be watchers. Hence! horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!"

This was said with all the fire and fervor which the speaker could command, and seemed to enthrall for the moment the angry, disappointed woman, who fancied herself a butt for the ridicule of a lunatic.

"Poor man," she said, pityingly, "how bad his folks must feel. I wonder they let him go round so alone. Come, Meely, I guess we'll take his advice an' go home an' get on our night-gowns; but I'm sure I sha'n't sleep a wink this blessed night. Good-bye, mister. If I had anything to do with you I should shave yer head an' put on a blister; blisters are powerful good in such cases."

She went out, leading her daughter by the hand, and closed the door softly behind her. She did not go straight home, however, as she had proposed, but stopped to the entertainment, and as she presented a piece of cinnamon bark to Mrs. Jones, who sat in the seat before her, she took occasion to inform her that they'd got "a feller to speak pieces this evenin' that belongs to every nation under 'he sun, an' is crazy besides."

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

Describe vividly the scene which resulted in the destruction of the cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabizæ by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79. Ashes, lava and showers of sand buried the cities many feet in depth. Recent excavations have brought to light household utensils and works of art, and disclosed the architecture, manners and customs of the people. Grain stored away nearly twenty centuries ago has been taken from these ruins and planted, and it did not fail to germinate.]

The balmy day is fading, the sun adown the west
 Its golden couch is spreading, a monarch at his rest.
 The dying day grows brighter as slow it ebbs away,
 Until its sunset splendors outvie the noontide day.

The last slant rays are gilding with dreamy mellow
light

The city's haughty towers, Vesuvius' frowning height;
A thousand lordly mansions flash back its golden beams,
From gilded spire and turret an added radiance streams.

There where the grim old warriors do guard the city's
rights

Their brazen shields and helmets are gleaming flashing
lights,

As shines belted Orion, or glows the Dragon's crest,
As gleams the Star of Morning fresh risen from his rest.

Ah, ne'er more glorious sunset hath prest Pompeii's
walls,

Nor happier feet gone thronging the city's spacious
halls;

Night's curtains slowly, softly have shut the city in,
Her loves, her wealth, her beauty, her lust, her shame,
her sin.

Now joyous feet of dancers press light the marble floors,
And happy youths and maidens crowd through the open
doors;

The choicest wines are tasted, the daintiest viands fed,—
Pompeii's loveliest lady to-night her lord will wed.

What care they though Vesuvius her murky torch
uprears

And shakes her grizzly terrors; they scout the idle
fears.

In vain portentous murmurs distend the mountain's
side,

E'en while the noble chieftain doth pledge his blushing
bride,—

In vain the snows eternal that pile the mountain's crest
Have fled away in terror, spurned from her heaving
breast.

In vain the vivid lightnings cleave fast the tortured air;
The banqueters are heedless, no danger troubleth there.

Gay lovers tell the story first heard by Eden's birds,
While dark-eyed maidens shyly reply with sweetest
words;

The revel now grows deeper, the wine more freely flows
And shameful crime, unpunished, unblushing freely
goes.

Oh, for that ancient prophet to warn the city now,
While God, who spoke from Sinai, speaketh from Vesu-
vius' brow!

Oh, for some blast to waken, to show them now their
fate,

To point with trumpet warnings to dangers that await!

It comes! the forked lightnings flash through the lordly
hall

And bolt on bolt swift follows. A terror seizes all.

The lovers pause affrighted, the dancers silent stand,

The drinkers' cups unheeded fall from each nerveless
hand.

The lamps burn pale and feebly, while from each shadowy
nook

Amid the livid flashes wan spectres ghastly look;

The shuddering earth is heaving with great Vesuvius'
pain,

So from her rending bosom she pours the fiery rain.

A sudden wail of terror, a rush of tramping feet,

A mob pours shrieking, struggling, into each blazing
street;

And beauty is forgotten, bright gems unheeded lie,

The helpless and the feeble unaided drop and die.

Sirocco blasts benumb them, the blazing hailstones scathe;
Hot embers beat against them, hide deep their darkened
path,

'Till struggling through its darkness some welcome haven
saves,

Or buried 'neath its ashes they find their nameless
graves.

And where is he who lately stood by his trusting bride,
Her chosen spouse, and watched her with just and loving
pride?

And where the Roman guardsman who kept the city's
gate?

Have they also forsaken their charges to their fate?

Lo, long have circling ages since that eventful day
Rolled, where unmarked, forgotten, Pompeii buried lay,
Till now the prisoned city is loosened from her thrall,
Has risen from her ashes—casts off her gloomy pall.

With awed and careful footsteps we walk each quiet
street,

Well-worn by ancient passers, deep marked by countless
feet;

A lonely, silent city, unowned, untenanted,
Whose walls are massy tombstones, a city of the dead.

Within a hall palatial two skeletons we find
There lying as they perished, with arms still intertwined;
In death they quiet slumber, the bridegroom by his mate,
No fears in life could part them nor death could separate.

And at the city's entrance the Roman sentinel
E'en at his post of duty remaining died and fell;
A skeleton in armor guarding Pompeii's gates,
And faithful to his orders the Great Reveille waits.

MARION N. SINCLAIR.

SUFFERING AND HOPE.

[Extract from a sermon on "The Heavenly Purpose in the late Floods and Cyclones," by Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, in the People's Church, Chicago. Much liberty has been taken in abridging.]

FROM causes that perhaps lie beyond our limited knowledge our earth is passing through a period of unusual atmospheric and electrical disturbances. The even balance of the great forces seems to have become unsettled. The generally peaceful elements are at war, and storms and floods desolate the land.

These are but surface agitations, and the passing commotions of wind and water that so affect our human affairs do not interfere in the least with the established order of Nature. Our earth still travels in her orbit, and the nights, days and seasons come and go, and all our related planets are in their appointed places. There is nothing in all this, as some have thought, that indicates any weakness or wearing out of the great machinery of the heavens, or that threatens even the stability of the earth. These are but passing phases; little surface agitations through which our planet is passing, and when these forces are spent the old equilibrium will be restored.

This is the philosophical view of the unusual phenomena of the last few years. But such argument does not remove nor even materially modify the facts of human suffering caused by this war of the elements. Indeed, the admission of an established order—of a plan of the universe—makes it the more a necessity upon thought to take up this related fact and try to find for it also an explanation.

If there were no great natural order—if all were chance; if we believed that the universe was ruled not according to law, but ruled by law—that is, by blind, unreasoning power—we should not need to offer any explanation. There would be none to offer, for in that case there would be no reason in things, and hence no need of reasoning about them. But believing as we do in a living God, and that that God is a loving Father, and that His care and providence are over the least as well as the greatest of worlds and beings, we, as His rational children may ask—must ask—not only why such afflictions as those caused by floods and storms are permitted, but we must ask the larger question, why the whole plan of the wide creation has in it so large an element of suffering? Suffering in some form is the lot of all; and sufferings incident to great calamities, whilst in the aggregate they seem greater, yet there is in this fact of the many, of the associate character of the suffering, a something that makes it easier to bear.

The larger question on our hands then is not to ex-

plain why the Atlanta was permitted to drift upon the rocks, nor why the swollen rivers overflow and wash away homes, and the wild tornadoes carry destruction and death in their way, but why have earth and ocean always been the seeming foes as well as the willing friends of man? Why do children suffer? Why the innocent suffer? Why is the earth a tomb as well as a dwelling-place? Why suffering and death at all?

Let us then look, not upon the calamities that have so marked the last few years, but study these rather as a past, forming a part in that larger scene of the uncertain and the unsatisfying that is the appointed lot of all who dwell upon the earth.

Another statement, valuable by way of removing an old error, should be made. It is that such calamities as storms and floods and earthquakes belong to the natural order of things, and are not sent as punishments for the sins of the people. That thirty or more towns and cities along the Ohio river have suffered from the flood, or that the people of the Southern States have suffered from a tornado, is no evidence that they were any worse than the people of any other section. A storm will blow down a church just as naturally as it will a saloon; and one will burn just as readily as the other.

That God punishes sin is certainly true; but the mistake is in supposing that these wholly natural events are special visitations for that purpose. That much of the suffering of our world is due to the violation of natural laws is also true. In this way many suffer from disease and poverty and intemperance, and such suffering is chargeable to man and not to God. And that God has connected suffering with wrong-doing as a means of correction and purification from sin is also true; and is an evidence of mercy. And that through the sins of one others may suffer—not as being guilty, but through the laws of association, as children suffering because of the sins of parents, or neighbors through the wrongs of neighbors—is also true. But it does not follow that God sends a cyclone or a flood to destroy a whole town or to devastate whole sections of country in order to destroy a few sinners. Nor does it follow that if a family suffer

from sickness or fire, it is because of sin ; it may be from ignorance or carelessness. But it is not God's method of government to thus destroy. If one violate a physical law, he suffers the consequence in his body, whether he be saint or sinner. If he violate a moral law, he suffers as one guilty.

The whole Book of Job turns largely upon this very point. His property was destroyed, his family scattered, his body afflicted ; and the argument of his three friends was that he had sinned. But Job felt innocent, and maintained his innocence ; and in the end God comes forth and refutes this old error that suffering from any calamity is evidence of having sinned, and vindicates the innocence of the great sufferer. And that argument is needed to-day, for the old error is still present and many are tortured by it. I have known many mothers to think that they loved their children too much, and that therefore God had taken them away. It is not possible to love a child or wife or husband too much. The danger is that they be loved too little.

For a clear understanding of the providence of God we must free ourselves from the old idea and come to see that the innocent and the potentially good need training as a means of reaching strength and courage and wisdom, and all the qualities of higher being. Here is a child, and we wish to teach it obedience and make it wise and strong and loving and true ; to do this we set the child to bearing burdens and mastering difficulties, and we send it to school and then out into the world. But what for ? Not that the child has done wrong, but that he needs developing. A discipline that was all sympathy and had no judgment would not make a man. Manhood comes from struggle. But some one might say that the parents were cruel in subjecting the child to hardships, and might think that the boy had done some great wrong, or that some one, a thousand or six thousand years ago, had done wrong, and that the boy was being punished. But we know he is being trained for manhood.

The plan of Providence, then, is to place man on earth for development through labor and trial and suffering. And with this thought before us, it is difficult to con-

ceive of a world better suited to such a purpose. The necessities of life compel man to labor; and that is our education of both body and mind.

But in such a life we have to deal with the perishing, with the unsatisfying, and have to pass through trials and losses and sufferings. All these have their places in the development of patience and endurance, and sympathy one for the other. Suffering is a part of our education—not bodily pain alone, but the sufferings of mind and heart. And this is the hardest lesson for us to understand. Men are staggered at the thought of suffering in a world projected by a merciful God.

We often render more difficult the situation by not distinguishing clearly between suffering and punishment. Suffering is a part of the plan; it belongs to love, is a part of love, the burden of love, and as such is shared by all holy beings and by God himself, and will be so long as love shall find souls struggling in darkness or bound in sin. Punishment presupposes wrong. It can have no place nor use with the innocent. The innocent conscience cannot suffer as guilty, nor can it be punished as such. You may burn the body, but the conscience is free. But when it does wrong, conscience becomes its own accuser—inflicts its own punishment. And punishment with God is but mercy or love coming forth in correction.

And now one other fact remains to be considered, and that is that a large part of the suffering of our world does not necessarily belong to the plan of God, but results rather from some form of ignorance, or carelessness, or abuse. We have not yet learned how to take care of ourselves nor how to take care of the earth intrusted to our keeping. We abuse both. We cut down the great forests in Western Virginia and Pennsylvania, and we drain off the surface-water from the great prairies and turn them into underground channels, and then wonder why Providence causes a flood down the Ohio river! We empty our sewers into the lake and pump them back again to drink, and blame Providence that we are sick. Men will yet learn that the whole earth is like a farm, and must be cared for. Human beings rash

on in ignorance or defiance of the laws of life; they are intemperate; and society wonders that God has a world full of drunkenness, and crime, and jails, and penitentiaries.

God cares for the birds and the animals, and they need no houses for the fallen, nor prisons. But God has intrusted the care of man to himself; and when man abuses this trust sufferings follow; and when he sins punishment must come. And these are the great teachers of the race. And glad may we be that they are ever present and ever faithful in their work.

And over all this troubled scene there rises the light of hope. Through all the suffering years of time this light has somehow fallen upon the pathway of every soul. It is the spirit of God forever brooding over the chaos of time. It is the voice of God speaking in every hour of trial, and echoing on through eternity. O, long and weary may be the years, and many and bitter may be the tears by the way; but the creation shall yet be delivered from corruption and shall shine in the glory of God. And with this hope singing in our hearts we can work and suffer on, nor count the moments long, for out of all this prolonged agony of earth this new creation shall yet arise; and then shall be given back to you and to me what the grave has taken away, and O, sweeter and dearer will be the rest and the peace of Heaven because we have passed through the sufferings of time.

REV. H. W. THOMAS.

THE STERN PARENT.

[From among *The World's* nonsense jingles, the following and *The Humble Servant Girl* on another page are selected. Much liberty has been taken with this class of pieces, in abridging, altering, and rewriting, to adapt them to our purpose. The author sagely remarks: "To write 'go-to-meeting close' would be to sanction a too common but utterly reprehensible vulgarism; it is better to enrich the language with the sonorous verb 'to propothes,'"—which he proceeds to do in this wise.]

'Tis of two young lovers the tale I shall tell,
Each one loved the other exceedingly well,
And the youth he has put on his go-to-meeting clothes,
And gone to the maid's father for her hand to propothes.

"Oh grant me your fair daughter's hand, sir, I
 pray;
 And for worse or for better, till my dying day,
 Her I'll cherish, have, hold, honor, love and obey."

Rose up the old man with a terrible sneer,
 And led the youth out to the street by the ear,
 And lifting his foot—not in kindness was it—
 Gave vent to the curt monosyllable "Git!

Young man, your trip here you will find did not
 pay;
 If courting my daughter you e'er come this way,
 I'll be the death of you—you mind what I say!"

He took his fair daughter, in spite of her prayers,
 And locked her fast into her bedroom up-stairs,
 And vowed from that chamber she never should stir,
 Till she'd wed an old husband he would pick out for her.

"You shall not come out of your chamber, I say,
 Till that silly young fool you have ordered away,
 And unto the man I have chosen said 'yea!'"

As soon as 'twas dark, with a rope-ladder long
 Came the youth, and he whistled three bars of a song;
 The window she oped; down the ladder she sped,
 And in half an hour more they were fast mar-ri-ed.

"If any one knows any just cause why they—
 Join your hands, if you please, and then after me
 say,

'I, John, take thee, Mary,' " and *et cætera*.

"O, John," said the bride, "we must homeward go now,
 And ask him his blessing to give; anyhow
 I left on the table behind me my sat-
 Chel, all packed full of things, and I want to get that.

He cannot do more than to spurn us away,
 And as my poor ma's husband we really may
 Go so far as call on him and wish him good-day!"

"Marie," said her husband, "I'll go, but you mind
 If 'gainst me he raises his foot save in kind-
 Ness I'll lick him, for he is no longer *your pa*
 But now he is only *my* father-in-law.

If he tries to continue the same game to-day,
 Though he is your father and his hair may be gray,
 I will very soon show him two at that can play."

They went home to her house, and could not understand
 When her father came forth and wrung each by the
 hand,
 And said, "Bless you, my children," and "be kind to
 her, boy ;

I know all about it, and wish you much joy !
 I have no fatted calf that's convenient to slay ;
 But I've put on ice here some nice Verzenay,
 And the finest Havanas I've purchased to-day."

As he saw the old man looking pleased as the rest,
 The young man softly said to himself, "I'll be blest
 If I understand this," and he said unto her
 Pa, "Why did you fire me out, honored sir ?
 Enlighten my darkness, old gentleman, pray ;
 For I can't see why you, having kicked me,
 straightway
 Should make me your son-in-law—no, by my fay."

"Ah," said the old man, as he smiled a wise smile,
 "A right costly thing is a wedding in style ;
 A check it would take, sure as I am alive,
 In four figures, and like as not it might be five.
 There's trousseaux, and dresses, and *point appliqué*,
 And bracelets for bridesmaids, and for each a
bouquet,
 Besides a ten-dollar-a-head supper gay.

"But, thanks to my innocent stratagem, free
 Of expense for my child's wedding-feast I shall be ;
 My girl whom I love I see happily wed
 And I am some five thousand dollars ahead.
 My daughter is married and there's nothing to pay ;
 Be off on your bridal-trip, children,—away !
 'What I don't know it isn't worth knowing—
 hooray !"

A NEW DECLARATION.

[This "declaration of human rights" was read by the author at Lebanon, Illinois, July 4, 1883, at a temperance picnic given by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The manner of reading is the same as that employed in the original Declaration—earnest, forcible, and dignified.]

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve their connection with the Government to which they have hitherto owed allegiance, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind demands that the causes should be clearly set forth which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right and duty of the people to alter, or to abolish it; that it is the first law of self-preservation that any State or Nation may, and of right ought to, do all those things which are necessary to perpetuate its own existence; and to abolish all those practices and to counteract all those influences which are calculated to ruin the body politic, and destroy society.

For many years the inhabitants of this country have suffered from the cruel acts and oppressive measures instituted by King Alcohol, with the evident design to reduce them under an absolute despotism, and after long and patient endurance of flagrant wrongs, and after having made many and fruitless efforts to obtain redress, until it is plainly evident that nothing can be hoped from appeals to his justice or mercy, we, the people of these United States, having resolved to cast off the authority of this tyrant, do unite in this declaration of the causes and reasons which constrain us to take so important a step, and of the miseries and grievances which have been inflicted on us by him, until his government has become a burden too heavy to be borne. The history of his course toward us in the past is a history of repeated injuries and

usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States, and the subjection of the people, through their depraved appetites and passions, to his complete control.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world :

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has caused the enactment of laws which have opened the sluiceways of destruction, pouring forth upon the people of this land a dreadful tide of intemperance, with all the attendant evils of drunkenness, disease, and death.

He has bribed in various ways, and under various disguises, the legislators, the judges, and the juries of the country to prevent the enactment and the execution of laws, however needful for the welfare of the public, which would interfere with his nefarious traffic in intoxicating liquors, or prevent the accumulation of wealth by himself, at the expense of the comfort, the fortunes, the lives, and the future well-being of his victims.

He has taken away our property, earned by patient, faithful labor, and reduced our families to beggary and want.

He has diverted the wealth of the Nation from its proper office to the support of the criminal, the pauper, and the idiot, made such by his blighting influence.

He has locked up vast sums of money from the legitimate uses of trade and commerce in the jails, the penitentiaries, and the asylums, these having been made necessary by the vices and crimes he has stimulated into activity among the people.

He has extorted many millions from the laborers of the Nation to be expended in maintaining the police forces, the courts of justice, and all the machinery of Government, devoted largely to a vain effort to remedy the evils he himself has inflicted upon society.

He has transformed the fruits of the earth, given for the sustenance of man and beast, into a death-dealing poison which changes men into demons.

He has diverted the labors of thousands from productive occupations to the preparation and distribution of

the fiery flood which desolates our land. He has smitten the people with insanity and idiocy, and filled our asylums with maniacs and drivelling idiots, and our prisons with criminals.

He has enticed our boys from their homes, and sent them forth as tramps and vagabonds in the land, and, instead of good citizens, they have become the dangerous classes of society.

He has won our young men from lives of sobriety, industry, and frugality, to a course of drunkenness, indolence, and wastefulness.

He has drawn away our young women from the paths of virtue to dens of infamy and frightful depths of degradation.

He is responsible, directly or indirectly, for three-fourths of all the crimes committed, and four-fifths of all the murders done.

He has dragged down the gifted and noble of all classes from positions of honor, trust, and usefulness, and with ruined reputations, and names disgraced, has consigned them to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom.

He has blighted the sunny, happy years of childhood, and caused the little ones to pass their lives in squalor, misery, and want; and homes that might have been the abode of perennial happiness have been turned into habitations of infernal misery.

He has prostrated the public press to his purposes and uses, so that, too often, instead of nobly speaking out for justice and right, and the good of the people at large, it basely yields to his demands to be sustained in his efforts to crush and ruin our race.

He has infatuated very many of the office-seekers and office-holders with the belief that it is far more important to promote his interests than to labor for the welfare of the people at large.

He has changed, in many places, the Holy Sabbath, with its hours of peaceful quiet, a day devoted to religious observances and the worship of Almighty God, to a day of revelry, drunkenness, and debauchery.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned

for redress in the most humble terms ; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A ruler whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the sovereign of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to those engaged in making and selling alcoholic drinks. We have implored them to have pity upon the suffering wife and the ragged, starving children ; we have appealed to every sentiment of our common nature to induce them to withhold the deadly draught from our boys and young men and the habitual drunkard, but all in vain. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and humanity, and have laughed us to scorn.

We have exhausted all our resources in our endeavors to obtain relief from those engaged in the traffic in distilled and fermented liquors, and have utterly failed. The only course left us to pursue is to dissolve completely our connection with so unjust, so tyrannical, so oppressive a power.

We, therefore, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do solemnly publish and declare that the people of this land are, and of right ought to be, free and independent ; that we are absolved from all allegiance to King Alcohol, and to all his adherents ; that, as free and independent citizens of these United States, we have the right to break away from his control and to banish the tyrant from our land.

And for the support of this declaration and the accomplishment of our arduous undertaking, we earnestly invoke the aid and sympathy of the civilized world, the fervent prayers of all Christian people, and the help and guidance of Almighty God. And we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

REV. F. O. BLAIR.

THE GOLDEN AXE.

THE GOLDEN AXE.

[An old fable told in a new style.]

A WOODMAN was working beside a stream:
His axe gave many a glittering gleam,
As with sturdy stroke
The gnarled old oak
Gave fitfully forth its chip by chip,
Clean cut by the sharp-edged axe's lip;
And branching limbs, high up in air,
Began to sway now here, now there,
As the severed sinews, one by one,
Lay bare to the rays of the setting sun.

Whack! crack!

Crack! whack!

And echoes flung their voices back.
The woodman smiled as strokes fell fast,
And hurried on to strike the last,—

When losing his grip,

The axe did slip

Out from his hands down into the stream,
And sank from sight with a glittering gleam,
While the waters splashed and rippled away,
And seemed to laugh in derisive way,—
While down on the bank, in utter dismay,

The woodman sank

In the grasses dank,

And tears did start from each watery eye,
Which saw no aid in earth or sky.
The branches aloft mocked his despair,
And dropped their acorns in his hair,
And seemed to sway in very delight
At the mourning woodman's sorry plight.

Now, these were the days

We read of in plays,

When goblins, and fairies, and naiads, and satyrs
Had much to do with humanity's matters,

And talked,

And walked,

And chattered, and sung,
And played,
And strayed

Woods and waters among,
And cut up their pranks,
With curses and thanks

From those who, according to what they received,
Good or ill of those creatures fully believed.

Now Mercury heard,

First, the crash of the axe,
Then the splash of the axe,

And quickly a word

Of inquiry put to the woodman affrighted,
Who, as if a live ghost at his feet had alighted,

Sank back in alarm

All fearful of harm.

Scarce raising his head,

He modestly said,

How in cutting the oak the axe had "cut stick"
And was now far away on the road to Old Nick.

Then Mercury stooped. When he rose, he did hold,
All dripping with water, an axe made of gold;

"Not mine, my dear good man,

Not mine," said the woodman.

Again dipped old Mercury into the stream,
And bright, in his hand, did a silver axe gleam;

"Not mine, my dear good man,

Not mine," said the woodman.

"Neither silver nor gold was the axe I have lost;
'Twas of steel; and of course of much smaller cost;
And, though I am poor, there's nothing will make
It honest the things of another to take."

Again Mercury down in the water did feel,

And this time brought up an axe made of steel.

"'Tis mine!" cried the woodman, with genuine pleasure

"'Tis mine!" and he grasped his water-lost treasure.

His honesty pleased old Mercury so
 He laid the three axes all out in a row,
 And said to the woodman,
 "Come, take them, my good man ;
 These axes are yours, and thus I will pay
 The first honest man I've met with to-day."

A covetous fellow, hearing the tale,
 Went and dropped in his axe, and set up a wail,
 Which Mercury hearing, came to the place,
 And told the loud brawler, with dignified grace,
 To point him the very identical place,
 And with infinite pleasure
 He'd find his lost treasure.

Then Mercury, plunging just where he was told,
 Brought up a bright axe all glittering with gold.
 Said the covetous man, "'Tis the one that I lost—
 The axe that I purchased at very great cost."
 And he reached out his hand and clutched at the prize.
 When, lo ! it vanished away from his eyes !
 Nay, more, the axe which in fact was his own
 Old Mercury far down the river had thrown ;
 And the covetous man soon found to his cost
 The gold axe was gone, and his own he had lost !

And here's the first moral ; the most solemn fact is,
 Dishonesty's always a very poor practice ;
 And this is the second ; be true to yourself,
 Nor barter your conscience for pitiful pelf.
 Don't clutch at gold axes that are not your own ;
 Use well what you have, let others' alone ;
 Or else when you stand on eternity's brink,
 You'll see all your ill-gotten treasures to sink ;
 And though you will wish to flee from Old Nick,
 You have lost your steel axe with which to "cut stick."
 SAMUEL BURNHAM, in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*.

A BOY'S LECTURE ON "KNIVES."

[The "lecture" should be given in a boy's own style. Imitate tones and manner as closely as possible.]

THE second of the John Spicer course of lectures was held in Barn Hall yesterday afternoon, and was listened to with attention. The furniture was arranged as on a previous occasion, except that on the right of the butter firkin was placed a chair borrowed from the house.

When all was ready, Superintendent Dick invited the waiting audience to "come in," requested "more stillness," and explained that Mr. John Spicer was waiting to have a hole in his trouser-leg sewed up, and would be in presently. Mr. John Spicer soon came in, and was greeted with that prolonged clapping which is sometimes called applause. He produced his lecture and proceeded as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My subject is knives. There are two kinds of knives. I will mention them. Eating-knives and jack-knives. You must not put eating-knives in your mouth, you can a jack-knife, because then you do not have any fork—I mean when you are eating raw sweet potatoes or raw turnips, or any raw things out of doors. You can do nineteen things with a jack-knife. I will mention them—whittle, sharpen pencils, clip off finger-nails and thumb ones, play mum'lti-peg, cut knots, punch holes, shock out clams and oysters, clean fishes, cut your name on anything, eat apples and pumpkin pi—seeds and other things, make whistles, whet it on a whet-stone, cut your fingers with it, break it, swap it, lose it, find it, give it away. Every fellow that borrows a jack-knife ought to give it right back again. I don't mean before he is done with it.

A jack-knife is made of two parts. I will mention them—the handle and the blade. You can have a knife with six blades, if anybody will give you one. Your father and mother hardly ever give you a six-blader. They do not think it is best. Some little fellows have numb jack-knives. Numb jack-knives are made not to cut; my little brother has a numb jack-knife. Jack-

knives are very easy to lose. A fellow almost always loses his knife. He feels very sorry when he first finds out he cannot find his knife. He does not believe that knife is lost. He keeps feeling in his pocket, for he believes it is there somewhere under his ball or his jews-harp, or his pocket-handkerchief, or amongst the crumbs. Then he begins and empties out all these things, and turns his pocket inside out, and shakes it, and stands up, and shakes his trousers-leg, and looks down on the floor, and puts them all in again, and then he begins to hunt.

One day I lost my knife, and I hunted for it in ninety-seven different places. I will mention them—in my mother's work-basket, in her other work-basket, in her darn-stockings bag, in eight of her bureau drawers, in six cracks of the floor, up garret, in the ash-pail, all over eight floors crawling, in the cookie-pot, in my mother's pocket, in the baby's cradle, in the apple-barrel, on four top shelves, on seventeen other shelves, in the spoon-holder, in ten of my father's pockets, in fourteen of my big brother's pockets, in four of my pockets, on six mantelpieces, in the waste-basket, in my sister's doll-house, in her bureau drawer, in the bed-clothes chest, in my mother's trunk, in four of my sister's pockets, and all the time my knife was in my trousers-leg, inside of the outside part of the trousers-leg, back of the lining of it.

Ladies and gentlemen: Many thanks for your kind attention. My next lecture will be on "Swapping."

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ in *Wide Awake*.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

[Jackson's last words were; "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Impersonate Uncle Tom's voice and the General's. Read in the first pages of this book how to imitate the tones of a dying man, and practice carefully.]

THE lightning flashed across the heaven, the-distant
thunder rolled,
And, swayed by gusts of angry winds, the far-off church
bell tolled,

The billows crashed against the rocks that kiss the
ocean's foam,
And eager pilots trimmed their sails and turned their
skiffs for home.

As darkness fell upon the earth, and we were gathered
round
Our blazing hearth, and listening to the storm's terrific
sound,
We all looked up to Uncle Tom, who sat beside the fire,
A-dreaming of the by-gone days, and of disaster dire.

For memory brought us back again to times of darkest
woe,
When, strong in hand and light in heart, he fought the
Northern foe.
He often spoke of '46—the fight on Mexic plain,
How Buena Vista heights were reached while bullets
fell like rain;

How Shields had gained Chapultepec, how Santa Anna
fled,
And how the sisters labored even where the bullets sped;
And oft he spoke of later times, but always with a sigh,
When South and North rose up to fight *en masse* for
cause or die.

And, as beside the fire he sat and piped his meerschaum
well,
We asked, to pass the time away, that he a tale should
tell.
He paused a moment, then he laid his good old pipe
aside,
And said, "I'll tell you boys, to-night, how Stonewall
Jackson died.

"We were retreating from the foe, for Fredericksburg
was lost,
And on our flank, still threatening, appeared the Union
host,
Down by the Rappahannock, in our dismal tents we lay,
And the lightest heart was heavy with our grave defeat
that day.

“ For 'tis better for a soldier like Montgomery to die
Than live to see his comrades from a hated foeman fly,
But reverses often come upon defenders of the right,
And justice seldom conquers, boys, when nations go to
fight.

“ With heavy hearts we laid us down, but mind you not
to sleep,
Nor did we turn aside to sing, or turn aside to weep.
But, as we pondered o'er our griefs, a sudden moan was
heard,
Far louder than the willow's moan when by the wind
'tis stirred.

“ It woke the camp from reverie, it woke the camp to
fear ;
And louder, louder grew the wail, most dreadful then to
hear.
And nearer came the weeping crowd, and something
stiff and still
Was borne, we knew not what it was, but followed with
a will.

“ At last within our Gen'ral's tent the precious load was
laid,
And then a pallid soldier turned unto us all, and said :
' We thought it hard, my comrades brave, to lose the
field to-day ;
But harder will our struggle be to labor in the fray ;
For he is gone, our gallant chief, who could our hopes
restore,
And rout and ruin is our fate, since Stonewall is no more.'

I cannot tell you how we felt or how we acted then,
For words are weak to tell a tale when grief has
mastered men ;
But this I know, I pulled the cloth from off brave
Jackson's face,
And almost jumped with joy to see him gaze around the
place.

"But, boys, it was a fleeting dream, a vacant stare he cast;
He did not see the canvas shaken by the sudden blast;
He did not see us weeping as we staunch'd the flowing blood,
But again in battle fighting he was where the foeman stood.

"'Order Gen'ral Hill to action,' loud he cried, as he was wont;
And then he quickly added: 'Bring the infantry to front.'
As he saw the corps pass by him—as it were—in duty's call,
Suddenly he shouted: 'Drive them—charge upon them, one and all.'

"Then he turned aside and, smiling, said with voice of one in ease:
'Let us cross the foaming river; let us rest beneath the trees.'
Then we waited, boys, and watched him, but no other word he said,
For adown the foaming river had our leader's spirit sped."

PAUL M. RUSSELL.

WAS IT JOB THAT HAD WARTS ON HIM ?

[Clearly bring out the three voices.]

"Pa," said young Mulkittle, "was it Job that had warts on him?"

"Didn't I tell you," exclaimed the father, "that I would punish you if you ever again attempted to question me in regard to the Bible?"

"But I want to know."

"Why don't you instruct the child?" asked Mrs. Mulkittle.

"Because he's too foolish to be taught anything. He doesn't really want to know, he merely wants to talk."

After remaining silent for a few moments, Mr. Mul-kittle suddenly remembered that he had not answered the boy's question in regard to Job, and not wishing to leave the child under the impression that the biblical example of patience was afflicted with warts, he exclaimed, "No."

"No what?" asked the boy in surprise.

"I say that Job did not have warts."

"What was the matter with him?"

"He had boils."

"Did God make the boils come on him?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To test his patience."

"How?"

"Why, to see—that is—to determine the extent of Job's fidelity."

"Job didn't want the boils, did he?"

"I suppose not."

"But God wanted him to have 'em, didn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And if God wanted you to have boils, you'd have 'em, wouldn't you?"

"I think so."

"But you don't want 'em, do you?"

"No."

"But if God wanted you to have 'em, you'd have to have 'em, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"But you don't want God to want you to have to have 'em—"

"Dry up, sir. You never will have any sense. I am ashamed of you, and don't want to associate with you," and the good man went into his study and composed a sermon on the "Early Instruction of Children."

LITTLE ROCK GAZETTE.

ON THE STAIRWAY.

[A charming bit of verse. Imitate the tones of the bell as well as you are able, and speak the last line of the first stanza in a child's voice.]

THE little children on the stairway
 Cased in a slippery glare of sleet
 By post and railing vainly clamber;
 Slight hold is there for baby-feet.
 High in the cold air 'swings the school-bell;
 "Come up! come up!" its clang commands;
 A quick thought flies from lips to fingers,—
 "Tis easier taking hold of hands."

Now laughter lights their rosy faces;
 Stout arms the faltering strugglers lift.
 Now all at last have won the ³threshold
 And out of sight within they ⁴drift,
 Flinging back bloom upon the snow-wreaths;
 The blank, white world reflects their smile:
 Their word has cleared for us a pathway,
 Though Alps of ice the highroad pile.

We all are children on the stairway,
 Weary of vain attempts to climb,
 Or, strong ourselves, forgetting others;
 While silver peals of duty chime
 High in the ⁵beckoning heaven above us;
 And, welcome we or dread the call,
 Upon the steps we may not linger,
 Ascend we must, slide back, or fall.

Whose is the fault if this one stumbles,
 If that laments a hopeless bruise,
 Or if another sits despairing?
 "Yours,—mine,—who timely aid refuse."

Indicated Gestures. 1. AF. slight swing of the hand to imitate motion of the bell. 2. Turn head as a little girl speaking to one at her side. 3. HF. Ptg., a little above horizontal; sustain the hand until the next gesture. 4. Change hand to S. with a light waving movement from you; as though following them as they pass in the door. 5. Ptg., almost overhead. 6. HF. Ptg.

Small honor to go up unhindered
 While a tired brother by us stands.
 The little children, they shall teach us
 " 'Tis easier taking hold of hands."

Still ¹up and ²down on Virtue's ladder
 Unnumbered beings come and go,
 With faces turned to nether darkness,
 Or sunned with a celestial glow.
 The truants out of Duty's heaven,
 The white and dazzling seraph-bands,
 Are brethren still ; and struggling upward,
 " 'Tis easier taking hold of hands."

LUCY LARCOM.

ROLAND AND DIANA.

A Trying Piece.

[The following affecting tale is commended to all who wish to test their ability in spelling and pronunciation. Some might think the author was laboring under a *spell*, and pronounce him insane, but we assure them that there is no ground for any such suspicion.]

ROLAND and Diana were lovers. Diana was ephemeral but comely, hypochondriacal but not lugubrious, didactic but not dishonest, nor given to ribald or truculent grimaces. Her pedal extremities were, perhaps, a trifle too large for playing organ pedals successfully, but her heart was not at all adamant, and her address was peremptory without being diffuse. Roland, on the other hand, was of a saturnine countenance, at once splenic and combative in disposition, so that his wassails and orgies were almost maniacal in their effects. He was a telegrapher by profession, having received a diploma from Caius College, but aggrandized his stipend by dabbling in philology, orthoepy, and zoology during his leisure hours, so that he was accused of fetichism and tergiversation by his patrons. Still his acumen and prescience were such that only a misogynist would discern that he was an aspirant for the gallows. His acetic, rather than his ascetic nature, naturally inclined him to

visit a chemical laboratory, well filled with apparatus, to which he had access, whence he often returned with globules of iodine and albumen on his caoutchouc shoes, which subjected him to the risk of numerous altercations with his landlady, a virago and pythonesse in one, and with the servant, her accessory or ally. Roland had, however, become acclimated to his place, received everything with equability, reclined upon the divan where he contemplated the elysium where Diana dwelt, and addressed donative distichs to her in the subsidence of raillery.

There was a certain artisan who endeavored to dispossess Roland in the affections of Diana. He had sent Diana a ring with onyx, a chalcedonic variety of stone, and once hung a placard where he knew she would see it from her casement, but she steadfastly rejected his overtures and ogled him as if he were a dromedary. The artisan betook himself to absolatory prayers, but continued his digressions and inquiries. Roland became cognizant of this amour, and, armed with a withe, he inveighed against this "gay Lothario," who defended himself with a falchion until Roland disarmed him, houghing his palfry withal. After the joust, the artisan abjectly apologized, albeit in a scarcely respirable condition, then hastened to the pharmacist's æarie for copaiba, morphine and quinine, and was not seen again till the next Michaelmas. Roland returned on Thanksgiving Day, took an inventory of his possessions, which consisted of a large package of almond cement, a package of envelopes, a dish of anchovy sauce, a tame falcon, a book of acoustics, a miniature of a mirage, a treatise on the epizootic, a stomacher lined with sarcenet, a cerement of sepulture, a cadaver and a bomb. The next day the hymeneal rites were performed, and she became thenceforth his faithful coadjutant and housewife.

EDUCATIONAL REPORTER.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

[A capital piece for impersonation. Let the schoolmaster's voice be heavy with *very* strong Irish accent and the boy's light with little of the dialect. Study variety, that the first half of each verse may vary a little from all the others, thus avoiding monotony in the repetitions. To do this change emphasis, rate, force, etc. See hints on dialogue reading under *How to Impersonate*.]

"Come here, my boy, hould up your head
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Just tell me who King David was—
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"King David was a mighty man,
And he was king of Spain, Sir;
His eldest daughter, Jessie, was
The 'flower of Dunblane,' Sir."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Sir Isaac Newton—who was he?
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Sir Isaac Newton was the boy
That climbed the apple-tree, Sir;
He then fell down and broke his crown,
And lost his gravity, Sir."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Jist tell me who ould Marmion was—
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Ould Marmion was a soldier bold,
But he went all to pot, Sir;
He was hanged upon the gallows tree,
For killing Sir Walter Scott, Sir."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Jist tell me who Sir Rob Roy was;
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to
The King of the Cannibal Islands;
He spoiled a pair of breeches, and
Was banished to the Highlands."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Then, Bonaparte—who was he?
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Old Bonaparte was King of France
Before the Revolution;
But he was kilt at Waterloo,
Which ruined his constitution."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Jist tell me who King Jonah was;
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"King Jonah was the strangest man
That ever wore a crown, Sir;
For though the whale did swallow him,
It couldn't keep him down, Sir."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Just tell me who that Moses was,
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Shure Moses was the Christian name
Of good King Pharaoh's daughter;
She was a milkmaid, and she took
A *profit* from the water."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Jist tell me now where Dublin is;
Now tell me if you can, Sir."
"Och, Dublin is a town in Cork,
And built on the equator;
It's close to Mount Vesuvius,
And watered by the 'crathur.'"

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, Sir;
Jist tell me now where London is;
Now tell me if you can, Sir,"

"Och, London is a town in Spain ;
'Twas lost in the earthquake, Sir ;
The cockneys murther English there
Whenever they do spake, Sir."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,
Ye're now a jintleman, Sir ;
For in history and geography
I've taught you all I can, Sir.
And if any one should ask you now
Where you got all your knowledge,
Jist tell them 'twas from Paddy Blake,
Of Bally Blarney College."

JAMES A. SIDNEY.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

Glimpses at the Life of John the Baptist.

It is the second year before the birth of Christ, in the days of Herod. The sun has risen, and his warm rays are darting fiercely down upon the bald and rugged rocks of far-off Judea. The soil is parched and sterile, and as far as the eye can reach all nature is clothed with a sombre mantle. No fresh-verdured plains are seen, no lofty snow-capped mountain peaks, no flowing rivers or rippling rills, no bright sky-pictures of Nature's painting, no plats of flowers and waving grasses. The vision tires with the monotonous neutral tint everywhere spread out before the eye. Far to the west the blue waves of the Mediterranean are dashing restlessly upon the rock-strewn coast of the land of the Philistines, washing the beach of Joppa and the ancient plain of Sharon, or beating impatiently at the base of Carmel's rocky bluff, while the surface of the Great Sea (as the Mediterranean at this time is called) is dotted with ships and galleys passing hither and thither. To the east of Judea, calmly reposing beneath the glare of the sun now pacing lazily toward the zenith, with its dark waters unruffled by the slightest ripple, lies the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan is silently pouring, and from the Mount of Olives

the Brook Kidron comes winding slowly down. To the south of Judea is the Desert of Petra, and to the north the pleasant land of Samaria, while in the east, a short distance from the Dead Sea, lies the bleak Judean wilderness. Thus our scene opens.

Let us wend our way upward over the rising ground until, as the sun is low in the heavens, we reach the highest point, Hebron. Though the country of Judea is bleak and uninviting, it is not altogether out of harmony with the inhabitants who dwell within its cheerless borders. There is among the people a sort of moral stupor, a deadness to spiritual objects, an insensibility to the life of religion. Darkness is spread over all the services of the day, and the superstitious people have lost the true spirit of God's word. But even in this dark age there lingers the spark of faith, and the people believe that a brighter day is yet to come. Here in this temple we may listen to words of the old prophet Malachi: "Behold, I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." "Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, he shall come, said the Lord of hosts." We may also hear the prophecy of Isaiah concerning the voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, "prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Let us approach this temple. Here in the outer court we find a vast multitude of worshippers, each offering a silent prayer as the Priest within burns incense upon the altar. Let us, unobserved, view the Priest, an aged man. Zacharias, "of the course of Abia." Years ago he wedded Elizabeth, of the daughters of Aaron, and the life of the holy couple presents a striking contrast with that of their cotemporaries, in the days when ignorance and superstition is the rule and not the exception. At the close of day the aged patriarch left his faithful help-

mate, lonely because no children were given to shorten the slowly dragging hours of the evening of life, and bent his steps toward the temple to perform the holy duty which has fallen to his lot. See him as he casts the incense on the fire and retires with his head reverently bowed. But as he raises his eyes he beholds an angel standing at the right of the altar. Tremblingly he listens while the prophetic words fall upon his ears, and he is assured that a son shall bless his old age, who, filled with the Holy Ghost, shall go before his Lord in the spirit and power of Elias. Like Sarah, the wife of Abraham, who laughed in the face of the Lord's messenger, Zacharias is incredulous, and asks a sign. This lack of faith is punished by the granting of the identical favor wished, and he is suddenly deprived of the power of speech, which, however, is to be restored to him after the birth of the infant John.

Let us now leave Judea for a period of thirty years. Returning, we will ask this weary traveler reclining by the wayside concerning the events that have taken place during our absence. He informs us that the angel Gabriel appeared also to Mary at Nazareth; that Mary visited Elizabeth and rejoiced with her, departing at the birth of John; that our Lord was born six months after at Bethlehem, heralded by a celestial meteor; that Elizabeth, when apprised of the massacre of infants at Bethlehem, fled with her child into the wilderness, where she soon after died, and that Herod commanded the death of Zacharias for refusing to inform the rulers where his son was concealed (which statement we may have reason to doubt); that John lived for years in seclusion, growing in faith and sanctity, well aware of his divine mission as the forerunner of Jesus, in every way fitting himself in his ascetic life for his grand work, the son of priestly parents—the last of the prophets—the Herald of our Lord; that “he drank neither wine nor strong drink, and was filled with the Holy Ghost from his birth;” that his followers believe him the Messiah, but he with lowly spirit repeatedly denies aught beyond a divine mission to prepare the way for the coming of Christ.

But let us pass on. What means that noise, growing louder and louder as it approaches? Suddenly from a curve ahead there appears in sight a vast company of men, women, and children. But who is their leader, that stern, rough man, after whom the multitudes are so closely following? As he comes nearer, notice that fearless look in his eyes, as with bowed head he walks slowly along, glancing occasionally from left to right and speaking in low tones to those who press eagerly behind him. He is apparently about thirty years of age. Observe how strangely he is dressed, how different from his companions. Is it the oddness of his costume that attracts this large company of followers? He wears a coarse mantle of camel's hair which, falling loosely around his form, is bound with a leathern girdle. His appearance, demeanor as well as attire, clearly indicates that his life has been spent away from his fellows, among the rocks of the vast wilderness, his food being locusts and wild honey. The man before us is a hermit—it is John the Baptist. Now he halts, and the people crowd around him anxious to hear what he may say. Mounting a little eminence, he pauses a moment while the crowds stand breathlessly waiting. As you look upon him you see that his aspect is supernatural, you perceive an indefinable something that commands attention and respect; before he utters a word you feel that you are in the presence of one mighty with power from above. He speaks, and the first utterance pierces his hearers with the conviction of truth,—“Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” Then with a forcible, earnest manner he tells the story of the fulfilling of the prophecy, that in “the spirit and power of Elias” he comes to herald the Saviour of the world. They mistake the “voice of one crying in the wilderness” and fall down to worship him, but with lowly spirit he again and again informs them, “I am not the Messiah, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose.” He then begins to preach repentance. The people wonder at his powerful words and bold, earnest manner. Though “he did no miracle,” they hear the truth as they never heard it before, and its power is irresistible. The preaching continues until a

great wave of regeneration sweeps over the souls of the vast assemblage. They are led to the shore, and the sun, as it bursts forth from the veiling clouds, lights up the scene with a flood of heavenly radiance, as if basking in the smiles of the Almighty Father.

Another picture. The holy St. John is again addressing the multitudes and baptising in the Jordan. In the distance, a little group of men we see silently approaching. The words of the preacher so hold the attention of his listeners that they heed not the approach of the little company. Your gaze is particularly attracted by the gentle, serious face of the central figure in the group. He is a man of medium height, with a graceful, even elegant figure, fair complexion, regular features, mild blue eyes and shapely hands as soft as a woman's. The face is a winning one, handsome, refined, and spiritual; upon the brow, high, smooth, and white, the delicate veins may be traced through the transparent clearness of the skin; in striking contrast with the pearly whiteness of the face, made radiant by the softly beaming light of those gentle eyes, the rich brown hair falls luxuriantly upon the graceful, sloping shoulders. He presses through the throng and presents himself for baptism. St. John instantly recognises our Saviour (for he it is), and, surprised that his Lord should solicit the ordinance at his hands, he says, "I have need to be baptised of thee, and cometh thou to me?" But the gentle reply is, "Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Now the Baptist takes Jesus by the hand; he leads him down to Jordan's tide, and for an instant the rippling waves roll above him. Emerging, with the crystal water dripping from his garments, a purer, more celestial look seems to overspread his face. Hark! a distant fluttering sound breaks upon the ear. Nearer and nearer it comes, until a white dove, emblem of innocence and purity, approaches our Saviour, rests for a moment upon his form, then silently soars away, while we hear a loud, mysterious voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." A feeling of awe and reverence creeps over the vast assemblage at the divine presence and wonderful exhibition of God's power and majesty.

Again we see John baptizing in the Jordan, this time a little further to the north of Judea. A chariot approaches, attended by a numerous retinue. It halts, and the Tetrarch of Galilee, Herod Antipas, alights. The multitude make way for him and he listens attentively to the eloquent words of the speaker. The keen eye of the prophet rests for a moment upon the haughty monarch, and then fall from his lips words of reproof. Herod, though often of late attracted to the spot by the wonderful powers of the holy man, is incensed at the rebuke of his own personal sins. Instantly his manner is changed. A quick command, and John is led from the spot and hurried into prison. But even now the mighty ruler relents. He respects the goodness of the man and fears the Jews, who hold the prophet in great esteem, but Herodias, the unlawful wife of Herod, entertains toward the prisoner a deadly hatred.

Time creeps slowly along, but at last arrives the birthday of the great and mighty Herod. Tramp, tramp, tramp, and the halls of the palace resound with the tread of lords, high captains and distinguished potentates who come to do honor to the Tetrarch. Dinner is served, and the resources of the whole province contribute to the magnificence of the repast. Then music sounds, and the air is filled with dreamy strains of the harp, while Salome, the daughter of Herodias, appears and dances before the assembled company. Presently she pauses and with a final courtesy leaves the room. The throbbing, pulsing waves of music cease, and approving plaudits pass from lip to lip. In delirious ecstasy Herod recalls the graceful dancer and promises to grant whatever favor she may be pleased to ask. Instructed by her mother, Salome replies, "You may bring me the head of John the Baptist in a charger." Like a thunder-clap the cold-blooded request strikes upon the ears of Herod. His heart prompts him to refuse; his pride urges him to accede to the wishes of the heartless Herodias. Flushed with wine and goaded by the taunts of his companions, he snatches a shallow vessel or charger from the table and with a remorseful conscience tenders it to his waiting servants with the bloody command. They, not daring to disobey the

order, approach the dungeon where in quiet repose the prophet lies.

Let us veil the painful scene, only remembering that in the death of the forerunner of Christ—the Herald of our Saviour—there terminated the *earthly* existence of this fearless messenger, but beyond this life, in the heavenly city, he shall forever shine among happy angel bands, reaping the Eternal Father's reward for duty performed; of him the Saviour has said: "There is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist."

FRANK H. FENNO.

PIANO-MUSIC.

[This piece is an illustration of "sound the echo of the sense," and, if well rendered, will produce an amusing illustration of rampant piano-playing. The successive changes sufficiently indicate the elocution; first soft, then *staccato*, etc. The head-note and selection are taken from *Swinton's Fifth Reader*.]

First a soft and gentle tinkle,
 Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,
 Then a stop,
 Fingers drop,
 Now begins a merry trill,
 Like a cricket in a mill;
 Now a short, uneasy motion,
 Like a ripple on the ocean.
 See the fingers dance about,
 Hear the notes come tripping out;
 How they mingle in the tingle
 Of the everlasting jingle,
 Like to hailstones on a shingle,
 Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
 Of a sheep-bell! Double, single,
 Now they come in wilder gushes,
 Up and down the player rushes,
 Quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes.
 Now the keys begin to clatter
 Like the music of a platter
 When the maid is stirring batter.
 O'er the music comes a change;
 Every tone is wild and strange:

Listen to the lofty tumbling,
 Hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
 Like the rumbling and the grumbling
 Of the thunder from its slumbering
 Just awaking. Now it's taking
 To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking;
 Heads are aching, something's breaking.
 Goodness gracious! An't it wondrous,
 Rolling round, above and under us,
 Like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous?
 Now 'tis louder, but the powder
 Will be all exploded soon;
 For the only way to do,
 When the music's nearly through,
 Is to muster all your muscle for a bang,
 Striking twenty notes together with a clang;
 Hit the treble with a twang,
 Give the bass an awful whang,
 And close the whole performance
 With a slam—bang—whang!

SWINTON'S FIFTH READER.

RELATION OF THE MOSQUITO TO THE HUMAN FAMILY.

[This humorous speech, never before in print, is inserted by permission of the author. He has delivered it repeatedly and always with great success. Its absurdity is its taking characteristic, and it should be given in a serio-comic or "ridiculous" manner. Clearly bring out every point.]

GENTLEMEN, MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES: I rise before this augustus body with feelings more easily described than imagined. I come to address you upon a subject in which you are all concerned—a subject upon the decision of which depends the destiny of a nation. And I wish to speak in language so simple that even the women and children may be able to understand me.

Subsequently to the time previous to taking up and proceeding without any premeditated, foregone, incombustible, predisposed, circumlocutory remarks either directly, undirectly, refrigeratively or sedimentatively, it would be well beyond the peradventurability of a

doubt, owing to the unmotional bosoms that swell up in my feelings, and also owing to the undoubted, insophisticable, uncontradictable fact that I have not had more than five month's notice that I would pour forth my eloquence on this memorable occasion or such an infinitesimal and predeterminable subject, and owing to my unexperimentable and unphilosophicable experience and knowledge of the subject under consideration, and from the fact that this audience is composed principally, chiefly and wholly, without any superannuated division or subdivision, of males and females irrespectible of sexes; owing to these facts, dispositions and *cornsiderations*, it would be preferring upon my honor if possible an additionable mark of disrespectfulness and humanitarianism to say, as is customary on such occasions, that I am particularly unprepared to address you at this time, but, as you have communicated together for the sole and individual purpose of hearing my honor speak, I shall endeavor to interest, entertain and instruct you for the short space of not more than four hours and a half.

The first pint I would call your attention to is not exactly a pint, but a definition of the question. What does the question mean? When one first looks at it he thinks it is a difficult question to solve, but after he has gazed out upon the broad fields of nature, upon the starry heavens, and watched the twinkling of those little planets, and has slept for three nights in the Dismal Swamp, where these valuable animals of which we are speaking are so numerous, he will arise with all the vim and magnitude of his soul like a swollen frog and exclaim, "That animal possesses my blood." Let us proceed to enter into an analysis and *nolle prosequi post mortem* exemplification of the animals before us.

What is man? Man is an amphibious, plantigrade, hyporetted quadruped of the *genus felix* or *genus rana*, carnivorous in some respects, herbivorous in some respects and jubiverous in the rest. He lives principally on goats, herrings, kerosene oil and common whiskey. He does not live alone, but usually has another man living with him called the *wo-man*.

But let us proceed to define mosquito. The mosquito

is a high-bred, carnivorous, digitigrade, edentate, hiped animal of the *genus homo*, closely allied to the armadillo. Habits precarious, similar to those of man. His food is chiefly ham and eggs, ice cream, and oysters on the half shell. Accepting these definitions as laid down by Daniel Webster in his Booktionary on the trans-mogrification of animals, I see no possible hyperitergated, *newcorn*-giterated, doggerable, circumrotation out at which any man who denies the relation between the mosquito and man can expire. Would you doubt the word, the ability, the circumnavigable, inconfutable qualifications of Daniel Webster? Then I will refer you to the Hypography of Boe Hickman, Charles Guiteau, Granves Montelle, Jesse James, Jack Shepherd and Tom Collins, whose fame has spread from the Palmetto of the sunny North to the lofty Pine of the frozen South. Hear what Jesse James says: "*Poeta mosquito non fit*," the translation of which is, "A poet ate a mosquito and had a fit;" "*Naturam si furca expellas tamen usque recurret*," "You may drive away a musquito with a pitch-fork, but he will come back again." Listen to what Tom Collins says: "*Quidquam cupigeret, hamum qui muskurat, bolus in stupum flere, et mosquito unet*." And many others which I could expire on, but Time, that most unequivocal destroyer, forbids me to mention them. Dare any man argify the question after such evidences as these?

But another pint. Man sings. Ditto the mosquito. What music is more charming or so touches the feelings and arouses a man from drowsiness than the sweet-toned and melodious voice of a mosquito? Who on hearing the sweet, gentle voice of a mosquito will not reach forth to gather him in, that he may come in closer contact with him? Who would not wake from his sleep, be he as sleepy as sleep could be, on hearing the mosquito during the stillness and darkness of a midnight hour?

But again—for I must hasten to conclude my remarks to the finis—man is a moral being. Ditto the mosquito. Did you ever hear of a mosquito committing laudanum by taking a dose of suicide, or committing larceny or murder by hanging himself, or going into bankruptcy, or readjusting a state debt, or doing anything that did

not concern his own precombustibility or navigational conflagration? No! he attends to his own affairs disregarding all the revolutionary dogmatizations of man's transmagnifycanbandanduality.

Picture to yourselves a poor, innocent, harmless mosquito on a cold winter's night singing for something to eat. That man's heart must indeed be as hard as the Rock of Niagara or the Falls of Gibraltar who is not touched with the profoundest and most sympathetic feeling as he looks out upon such a scene as this. But I will not dwell longer, as I already see the tears trickling down your cheeks. I have only one practical remark to make in winding up, the extreme force of which you will all see. Shakespeare said that John Milton told Lord Byron and Ben Johnson that Beaumont and Fletcher were heard to whisper that Sir Walter Raleigh and John Ford had said that Lord Bacon and Edmund Spenser had responded to a question which Sir Philip Sydney had been supposed to propound to Thomas Sackville, who seemed to be satisfied that John Lyly had never thought that Robert Green and George Peele would be surprised if Edmund Waller and Francis Quarles had heard that Sir Thomas Brown and Thomas Fuller were under the impression that Jeremy Taylor had remarked to Samuel Butler that John Dryden was heard talking to William Congreve about the remark of John Locke to a friend in which Sir Isaac Newton was believed to have imagined that Sir Humphrey Davy had suggested that Liebig might have known that Edgar Poe had said that Alexander Pope and George Washington had told Henry Clay that President Arthur was heard talking about a report in which the honorable Zebedee Simpkins was heard to repeat the fact that mosquitos are related to the human family.

W. J. E. Cox.

"THAT'S BUT NAT'RAL."

[This poem is by a professor of Scotch dialect and literature in the Detroit Training School of Elocution and English Literature. "Weel, Jenny," said the Rev. Walter Dunlap to the bride, "do ye like Jock?" "Yes, sir!" replied Jenny, "I like Jock rale weel." The reverend gentleman smiled in a quiet way, and then said, "that's but nat'ral, Jenny, ma woman."]

THE spring had brought out the green leaf on the trees,
And the flow'rs were unfolding their sweets to the bees,
When Jock says to Jenny, "Come, Jenny, agree,
And just say the bit word that ye'll marry me."
She held down her head like a lily sae meek,
And the blush o' the rose fled away frae her cheek,
And she said, "gang awa, man! your head's in a creel."
She didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

Aye! she liked him rale weel.

O! she liked him rale weel,

But she didna let on that she liked him rale weel.

NOW Jock says, "Oh, Jenny, for a twalmonth and mair,
Ye hae kept me just hanging 'tween hope and despair,
But, oh! Jenny, last night something whisper'd to me
That I'd better lie down at the dyke side and dee."
To keep Jock in life, she gave in to be tied,
And soon they were book'd, and three times they were
cried;

Love danced in Jock's heart, and hope joined the reel;
He was sure that his Jenny did like him rale weel.

Aye; she liked him rale weel,

O! she liked him rale weel.

But she never let on that she liked him rale weel.

WHEN the wedding day cam', to the manse they did stap.
At the door they gat welcome frae Mr. Dunlap,
Who chained them to love's matrimonial stake;
Syn'e they a' took a dram and a mouthfu' o' cake,
Then the minister said, "Jock, be kind to your Jenny,
Nae langer she's tied to the string o' her Minnie;
Noo, Jenny, will ye aye be couthie and leal?"

"Yes, sir," simper'd she, "for I like him rale weel."

Aye! she liked him rale weel,

O! she liked him rale weel;

"That's but nat'ral," he answered, "to like him rale well."

A. WANLESS.

CURFEW BELLS.

[The poem "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" is known to all, but the following prose narration will prove a new recital of an old familiar story and will please all. Some features appear which are not found in the poem, and they will add to the interest.]

It lacked quite half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the wattled roof of his cottage stoop, and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy metallic throbs of the Cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess, and with tears scarcely dry he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, reigned and expiated his weakness before all England in Jasper's time; and now he who, under his army, held all the Commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than monarch, and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and sorrow.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled sky.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and re-crossed by the annals of the years that had gone before, that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little recked he that Cromwell's spearmen were camped on the moor beyond the village—that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen a league away; he only knew that the bell that had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with slow step toward the gate when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble, with all of its roundness and dimples. Her great solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass; I am deaf, and cannot hear your clatter."

The voice raised, and the hands clasped and unclasped, and wrung themselves together palm and palm.

"For heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the curfew to-night."

"What, na ring curfew? Ye must be daft, lassie!"

"Jasper, for sweet heaven's sake, for my sake, for one night in all your long life, forget to ring the bell! Fail this once, and my lover shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear? my lover, Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that the Lady Maud gave me, and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily De Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as ye're mother had. What, corrupt the bell-ringer under her Majesty, good Queen Bess? Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! What is your lover to me? Babies have been born and strong men have died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa! awa!"

And out on the village green, with the solemn shadows of the lindens lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood, handsome and brave and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great Cromwell wielded was so prone to fall, what he or other had done. He had been scribe to the lord up at the castle, and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking, while the gentle Lily De Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion to her, had, without seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and held them fast. Then he had joined the army, and made one of the pious soldiers whose evil passions were never stirred but by sign or symbol of Popery. But a scorned woman's plans had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die.

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark greenwood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt, the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers ; the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it ; the green, straight walks of the village ; the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But, ah ! more vividly than all he saw the great red sun with its hazy veil lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more than human pity !

He was a God-fearing and God-serving man ; he had long made his peace with heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him, but the sweet face of Lily De Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for his life. She had wearied heaven with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down ; slowly the last red rim was hid behind the greenwood. Thirty seconds more and his soul would be with his God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it ? He always felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers with his clear grey eyes upon them, he waited. The crimson banners in the west were paling to pink.

All nature had sounded her curfew, but old Jasper was silent !

The bell-ringer, with his gray head yet bared, had traversed half the distance that lay between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form went flitting past him, with pale, shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah !" the old man muttered ; "how swift she flies ! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done." Huldah was the good wife who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeting form was not

Huldah's; it was Lily De Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the Cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragoons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet and plead."

She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps; her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black carvings. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns; its pictured saint and carved image of the Virgin, which the pillagers of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vandal of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass across her death-white brow; up—still up—past open arcade and arch, and griffin, and gargoyles staring at her from under bracket and cornice, with all the hideousness of mediæval carving; the stairs, flight by flight, growing frailer beneath her young feet; now but a slender net-work between her and the other world; but still up.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought Commonwealth, could not purchase from her. Up—ah there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, hung the bell.

A worm-eaten block for a step, and one small white hand had clasped itself above the clapper—the other prepared, at the tremble, to rise and clasp its mate, and the feet to swing off—and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver, and the young feet swung from their rest, and the tender hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing. There was groaning and creaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the strokes

came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not forgot its cunning, nor his arm strength. The tender, soft form was swung and dashed to and fro. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let one stroke come, and a thousand might follow, for its fatal work would be done. She wreathed her white arms about it, so that at every pull of the great ropes it crushed into the flesh. It tore her, and wounded and bruised; but there, in the solemn twilight, the brave woman swung and fought with the curfew, and God gave her victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself: "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arms. My ears, too, have failed me. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears that have gone false, and not thou. Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep, and the hands hung wounded and powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled May-pole before the village green. Here was the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and as beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and an angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying toward him. Pikeman and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived—why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms, and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release the prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night that shut the scene out from her envious eyes and sepulchred her in its gloom.

At the next matin-bell old Jasper passed away, and at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but whose memory had always been with him.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES XXI.

A Ballad of the Revised Time.

[With the change of time upon the railroads, making all points between certain degrees of longitude agree in their reckoning, the question was raised whether it would not be better to have timepieces numbered from 1 to 24 instead of 1 to 12 as at present. Thus the clock would strike 21 at 9 o'clock, P.M.]

He met her on the corner when the summer sun hung low ;

They were roaming in the gloaming, as young people will, you know.

She was blonde and sweet and slender, and she diffidently coughed ;

He was gallant, dark and tender (not to say a trifle soft).

So he raised his hat and chatted on a dozen different things :

On the latest style of collars, and the way that Patti sings ;

And he murmured in some sorrow when their pleasant walk was done,

" Can't I meet you, love, to-morrow, when the clock strikes XXI ? "

Now when the leaves were blushing in the crimson tints of fall,

And in all the high-toned restaurants you'd hear the plover's call,

Her ancient pa suspected—a cruel man and stern

Within whose breast the holy fire of romance did not burn.

So he lay around and listened 'till one golden afternoon

He fell upon the lovers like a bad adult simoom ;

And above her girlish pleadings come the dull thud of his shoe,

As it struck the rear of Charley's form, and the clock struck XXII.

He limped away, but soon unto his love found heart to
speak,

He begged her to be his alone on dollars six a week.

She fled her parents sinister, and gave them both the
slip,

And straightway to the clergy did the loving couple
skip.

And now he holds his nasal against the grindstone fleet,
To buy victuals from the butcher, and make both ends
to meet;

While at the weary Journal to make both sides agree,
He drives his pen diurnal when the clock strikes XXIII.

The years have passed, they're safe at last, there's little
more to tell;

He's failed a half-a-dozen times, and now is doing well;
And if her eyes are not so sharp as when their love was
young,

Why, what the years have robbed them of, they've given
to her tongue.

He's grown quite chummy at the club, and on instal-
ment night,

When home he weaves his crooked way beneath the
weird moonlight,

And with a trembling hand he thrusts his toothpick in
the door,

Then in the hall they meet and greet, and the clock
strikes XXIV.

ORTH HARPER STEIN,

In Texas Siftings

THE ARCTIC MARTYRS.

[Extract from a sermon commemorative of the victims of the Jeannette Expedition.]

ONE success of the Jeannette Polar Expedition is in giving the world demonstration of unparalleled courage. Remember that it is different from that courage which we all admire—courage in battle. It was a more difficult courage, for it was against the dumb elements. Going into ordinary battle, the soldier knows that there is

a possibility that the enemy may give way through cowardice. But icebergs never get afraid, and are never thrown into panic. The most difficult of all courage was the courage of De Long and his men, for they fought not other men who may be routed, but dumb forces of Nature, which never give any quarter, and never surrender and never die. God in olden time sent forth Joshua and Elijah and Paul by their example to teach the world courage. Now he sends the Schwatkas, the Franklins, the Dr. Kanes, the Livingstones, the Stanleys, the De Longs, the Amblers, the Collinses, who do honor to the human race. More now than ever before there are giants among men, great throngs of men still conquering fatigue and hunger and physical woe, that they may present the round earth to the cause of geographical discovery. We have found out at last how the world is bounded—on the north, on the south, on the east and on the west—by the courage of man and the goodness of God. It is not more weighty, such explorers' discovery of the features of the globe, than what they discover of the capacity of man when he sets out for great enterprises.

We want more men of that kind to work the reforms of State and Church, endurance that cannot be frozen out by the world's frigidity. What is detaining the church of God in our days is its namby-pamby membership. We have plenty of Christians in the vineyard ready to sit down and eat grapes, but few De Longs to push out into the cold. Yet God is fitting out expeditions on all sides, and men and women are wanted who care little for their own comfort, and every thing for what they can do for others. Frederick Oberlin commanded such an expedition, Florence Nightingale another, Alexander Duff another, John Howard another, Bishop Asbury another. If you cannot command an expedition, you can join one.

Another success of this Polar Expedition is in the fact that it has persuaded the whole world that it is now time to stop pushing in that direction. It is a great thing for the world to know when it has struck the impossible. Never until now has every reasonable and

enterprising man been willing to call a halt. All down through the days of Cabot, and John Franklin, and Dr. Kane, and Nordenskjold, and Schwatka, the world has thought that there was an important passage to be discovered, and great things to be won for geography, but the impression has come upon the most hopeful of us that God does not mean the race to move any further that way. If there were fifty Northwest Passages, of what use would they be to the world if only one ship out of a hundred could reach one of them? Besides that, the whole demand for a Northwest Passage has changed from the fact that this continent has been cut through three times by railroads, and what is the use of going so far around when we can go straight through? Besides that, it is demonstrated that there is nothing there more valuable than frozen islands, and that the only crop yielded is ice, sheaves of ice, stacks of ice, harvests of ice, to fill garners of ice. This De Long expedition has proved that God does not want the world to be occupied any further up that way. By the solemn emphasis of this polar disaster He says: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." Without this last expedition the world would not have been satisfied. Let neither private munificence nor Governmental authority pay another dollar or allow another life to be lost in Arctic expeditions except it be relief enterprises. God has bolted and barred that gate and written on it "No admittance." Let not our foot attempt to pass it, for there are too many armed sentinels pacing up and down to make it safe for us to attempt to break through. God has some reservations. The Bible says He keeps something even from the angels, and is it strange that He should keep something away from the human race? There must be paths where Jehovah can walk alone and without being questioned by human impertinence.

De Long and his men have made for us a most important discovery, for they have found for us the limits of useful exposure. If Columbus was to be honored for finding the shore of this continent, let these dead men have an imperishable monument, for the fact that they have, with their suffering predecessors, found the shore

of the Divine secret. It is a great thing to have seen for themselves and for all ages the burnished barriers of the Omnipotent, and to have just looked through the crystal pickets of the fence marked "No Thoroughfare." Blessed are those men and those nations who are wise enough to know that there is a limitation to human thought and to human courage, and that at the highest latitude ever reached by ship's prow or reindeer sled is the white altar on which the human race must kneel in humble defeat, crying with Job: "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place."

Another great success of this Polar expedition has been the demonstrating to the world more powerfully than ever before that our departed friends, however far off and however long gone out of life, are ours after death as much as before, and this by Divine and unmistakable intuition. Neither private nor Governmental largess can build so high or so brilliant or so vast a monumental shaft for those men as those uplifted splendors around the North Pole.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE LION'S RIDE.

THE lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide

Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.

By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close crouches the grim chief;

The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more

The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er

With Krall fires; when the Caffre wends home through the lone karroo;

When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste—what see ye?
the giraffe,
Majestic, stalks toward the lagoon, the turbid lymph to
quaff;
With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him
down to cool
His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and
brackish pool.

A rustling sound—a roar—a bound—the lion sits astride
Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so
ride?
Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state
To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits
elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with
ravenous greed;
His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the
steed.
Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,
Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the
moonlit plain!
As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring
eyeballs strain;
In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast his life
is fleeting;
The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous
beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the path of
Israel traced—
Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the
waste—
From the sandy sea uprising, as the waterspout from
the ocean,
A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's
fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture whirs on
high;

Below the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,
And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the
horrid race;

By the footprints wet with gore and sweat, their
monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear,
the while

With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's
painted pile.

On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength
remain!

The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in
vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls and breathes his
last;

The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's
fell repast.

O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried;
Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of beasts
doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

SMELLING BY TELEPHONE.

MONDAY morning last, a Marshall County farmer from near Bremen drove into the city with a load of wheat, which he disposed of at the mill. After unloading, the farmer went down-stairs into the office to warm. Tom Hill was talking through the telephone just as the old man came in. He had probably never heard of a telephone, much less seen one and he was inclined to think the big miller was crazy, standing up there talking to a little box, saying "Y-ee-s—since when?"—etc. When Tom saw how astonished the old farmer was, he determined to have some fun, so when he rang off, he stuck his nose to the receiver, and exclaimed, with his

nose all out of shape, "Geewhilikins! what a breath that fellow's got."

The old man's astonishment gave way to curiosity, and he said: "Meester man, vas is dot?"

"A telephone," exclaimed Tom. "You can talk to anybody through this, or hear anybody talk if they are hundreds of miles away."

"Shiminy cracious, dot is vas mein Sophy reads aboud in der noosbaber, und I say to mein frow it vos a shdory, der delefone vas a kick against Brovidence—it vos a Yankee lie," and the old man examined the instrument with childish curiosity.

"Vos I underferstand dot you shmell a man's breath in dot delefone?"

"Anybody's breath, my friend, if it smells bad. Why, we can tell whether a man smokes Havanas or not, or whether he drinks whisky or beer, the moment he speaks through the telephone."

"So help me cracious! Vat vill der Yankee make next?"

Suddenly a bright thought appeared to strike the Marshall County farmer, and turning to Tom, he said: "Meester Miller, ven I told you mein frou, Katrina, vos come to town mit me, und—und—you will oxcoose me ven I told you vot a breath Katrina has. It shmells badder as—as—oxcoose me, meester—vos you ever shmell sauer-kraut ven it was schpiled in der summer vedder?"

Tom held his nose and nodded.

"Vell, dot vas someding like mein Katrina's breath. You vill beg mein barden, meester, for I sait so, but somedimes I dinks I could never shtand it anymore to shtay mit Katrina und dot orful breath.

"You must oxcoose me, for Katrina is so bashful apout dot breath; don't gif me away. But vat I vas shust going ter say, I tought to meinself, Katrina she shbeak English booty goot. Vill you dell me where she can shbeak droo the delefone, so I can hear it and shmell dot breath, so I can dell der neighbors?"

"O, yes. You just have her step into Morgan's grocery, and then you come down here and hear her

talk, and judge for yourself, if you can smell her breath that far off."

While the old man was hunting up his wife, Tom sent out and got a piece of Limburger cheese and a lump of asafetida and smeared the telephone with them. When he saw the old man coming, he rang up Morgan's grocery, and the old lady was calling her "Yawkob" just as he came in the door.

"She's talking," said Tom, holding his nose and gagging, "and—I beg your pardon, but I don't think you overstated the matter about her breath; I never smelled anything like it in my life; it's worse than a decayed fish market. We'll have to fumigate the premises, sure."

The old man took the receiver and put it to his ear, and called "Katrina, vos you dere?" and then they carried on a brief conversation. When they got through, he handed the receiver to Tom with a disappointed air, and said:

"Vell, dot delefone was a great dings, und I believe shust what you haf said about her dalking dru it, but as for dot smelling her breath, I dinks it vas not a sook-cess."

"Why, my friend," said Tom, still holding his nose, "don't this smell like her breath?"

"Not mooch, not mooch. It vas too mild. I dinks it lose much strength on der way."

SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

[Relate the story and do not read the poem—that is, make the story more prominent than the rhyme. Employ great eagerness at the approach of the bridegroom and let the manner and voice indicate great sadness at the repulse.]

ROBED in scarlet and blue for the festival near,
 With each cheek as fair, and each eye as clear,
 They went forth at the eve, e'er the night cloud had
 rolled
 O'er the sunset's bright glory of crimson and gold.

With their lamps swinging forth, on their silver-wrought
chains,
They stood still and looked o'er the darkening plains,
But naught, naught could they see through the gathering
gloom
Of the far distant train of the glorious groom.

"He comes not, he comes not, but as yet 'tis not late,"
They murmur, and seat themselves calmly to wait,
And they whisper the tales of his valor and love,
While the stars come out singly and sparkle above.

He comes not, he comes not, and the silence reigns deep;
Till at length overpowered they slumber, they sleep;
But their lamps pale and flicker, how faintly they
gleam
While all smiling and childlike how sweetly they dream.

As with veils half withdrawn from each raven-tressed
head
And the dimpled cheeks pressing the turf-covered bed,
Is there not on some brows just a shadow of care,
While the others are only so carelessly fair?

Sits there not on some lips more of firmness and truth,
While the others but pout with the beauty of youth?
While the stars alone watch them in fair Palestine,
Dark, dark grows the landscape and weird grows the
scene.

Hark! for through the dark midnight there rings out a
cry;
"Oh, awake ye! awake ye, the bridegroom is nigh!"
He comes! oh he comes! and the swift echoes fly
From the east and the west, lo, the bridegroom is nigh!

Like the birds from a covey how startled they rise,
They dash away sleep from their raven-fringed eyes,
While some trim their lamps, that the flame may burn
clear,
See the others stand weeping and trembling with fear.

"Oh, sisters! dear sisters, for the love that you bear
To our bridegroom beloved, your oil with us share,
For our lamps are gone out; to relight them again
Give us oil, for the Bridegroom draws near with his
train."

"Ah, nay; not enough for you too have we brought,
But hasten ye rather where the oil may be bought.
Hark, he comes! Oh! he comes, our beloved most fair,"
As a burst of wild music breaks on the night air.

"See, he comes! oh, he comes!" and with lamps burning
bright
The five that were ready flew forth with delight,
And the stars above paled, while arose the glad shout,
And the torches and flambeaux were tossing about.

Then they entered the hall, where the bride 'neath her
veil
Was blushing one moment, the next turning pale,
Like the morning her cheek and like midnight her eye,
And the great door was closed, for the storm-clouds were
nigh.

Hark! for now hear the coming of swift sandaled feet,
The young deer of the forest is scarcely more fleet,
And the five that were foolish knocked loud at the door,
"Let us in! for our lamps have been filled," they im-
plore.

"Oh, haste! haste! for the clouds hide the stars from
our sight,
Wild roars the whirlwind and dark grows the night;
And we hear from within the dear voice of the groom;
Let us in! for we stand chilled and damp in the gloom."

Then out to the listeners the voice that they loved
Came so clear, by their pleadings untouched and un-
moved,

"The voices I hear I have ne'er heard before,
For I know ye not—know ye not—closed is the door."

Then far in the midnight there wailed a sad cry,
"Our Star, Love and Bridegroom, 'tis we that are nigh!"
But fainter and fainter till lost was the sound,
The storm and the darkness had closed them around.

E. V. T.

HOW JAKE FOUND HIM.

[Impersonate the wistful, pleading voice of the child, the reproving tone of the old man, the kindly voice of the German, the hurried manner of the lady, and the rebuff of the men.]

It was Saturday morning, clear and cold. The bells were ringing, and the people were going into the churches in the upper part of the city, the same as on Sunday. A ragged, pale-faced boy loitered around the door of one of them, and finally plucked up courage to slide into the porch and gradually to edge into the door and slip unobserved into a back seat. He was a little fellow, with auburn hair and light blue eyes, and if he had been washed and combed and well-clad, would have been a pretty boy; but he bore the marks of ill-usage, and had the forlorn air of that most pitiable object, a neglected child.

He looked cautiously about him, and when the organ began to sound seemed utterly confounded. And no wonder, for little Jake had never been inside a church before in all his miserable life. He was nobody's child, and lived down by the river with an old man who starved him to make him beg and beat him to make him steal. This morning he had been driven forth without breakfast and forbidden, with curses, to return until he got some money. He was feverish and ill and shivered in the piercing air, and with a dull indifference had taken his way aimlessly from the filthy and poverty-stricken quarter where he lived toward the broad avenues and beautiful homes of the prosperous world, and in the same dull way had drifted into the church.

Wreaths of evergreen and scarlet holly and exquisite flowers made the place beautiful. The organ pealed, the singers sang joyous strains, for it was Christmas morning, the gladdest time of the year to the happy, but

nothing to Little Jake, who had never heard of it, but a bitter, cold day when he had no breakfast.

By and by the minister rose and began to talk. His voice was soft and pleasant, and in a simple way he told the story of the first Christmas. Little Jake was all ears. He enlarged on the fact that Christ, to whom a wonderful star guided the wise men, was the richest and most generous of beings; that one had but to ask to receive from him the choicest treasures. So simple and gracious was his language, so hearty his assurance of welcome, that hope sprang up in the heart of the child, and he felt if he could only get to Christ he would have plenty to eat and some money given him so he should not be beaten when he returned home.

The service was soon over, the people began to go out of the church and Little Jake went out with them. He hung around the door until every one was gone, hoping to see the soft-voiced minister, but he went out by the vestry door on the other side of the church. Little Jake meant to ask him where Christ lived. After shivering around a long time, he was forced to give him up and make up his mind to ask some one else. He was a timid child, and met with so many rebuffs when he went out to beg that he shrank from approaching people on any errand, and he passed a great many persons as he wandered up and down the streets before he could summon courage to make his inquiry. Finally, however, a pair of young girl friends came along, arm in arm, walking slowly and deeply absorbed in confidential conversation. Little Jake approached them.

"Do you know Christ?" he asked, timidly. They gave him no answer, but with a startled air hastened their steps, turning once or twice to look at the child. He sighed and wandered on. It was very cold and nearly every one walked briskly, and Little Jake was too timid to arrest their steps. An old man leaning on a cane seemed a likely person to listen to and answer his questions, and the child plucked up courage to ask him where Christ lived.

"Speak louder, little feller," he said, putting his hand on his ear.

Little Jake repeated the question, accenting the name. An expression of rebuke appeared on the aged face.

"You're a bad little boy, I'm afeared," he said. "Don't you know it's wicked to swear? And on Christmas Day, too," and he shook his head and went sorrowfully away.

The short winter afternoon was wearing to a close before he made another attempt. He turned the matter over in his mind and concluded to vary his form of address. A stout German woman's honest face emboldened him to accost her.

"Please, ma'am, be you acquainted with Mr. Christ?" said a plaintive voice at her side. She paused at once.

"Christ, Christ," she said, with an effort to remember. "Would he be German?"

Little Jake didn't know.

"What would you of him, mein kind?"

"He's agoin' to give me some money," said poor Little Jake.

"I not know him, but I give you one penny," and she gave it and hastened on.

A finely dressed lady dropped her handkerchief; he picked it up and ran after her. Plucking her cloak to arrest her attention, he held out the handkerchief.

"It's yours, ma'am," he said simply.

She felt in her muff. "Why, so it is; I'm much obliged, little boy."

"Please," began little Jake, timidly, "could you—"

"Of course I'd give you something if I had my portmonnaie," she said impatiently, "but I haven't and you'll have to take the word for the deed," and she hurried away.

Tears came to Little Jake's blue eyes.

"I didn't want nothing only to ask where he lived," he thought.

Night was falling, and he had neither begged nor found Christ, and the dread of returning to his wretched home empty handed emboldened him to make another appeal. He put his question to two prosperous looking men, and the pleading voice and little wan face ought not to have appealed in vain, whatever the question might be.

"Get out, you little vagabond," said one, and the other, "What are the police for, I'd like to know," and their angry voices were soon lost in the distance.

It was night, and the stars were out in the frosty heaven. Little Jake looked up the long street, and above where it seemed to come to a point in the sky shone the mild lamp of the evening star. His head throbbed with pain, his weary limbs ached, his feet and hands were benumbed with cold, but the star filled his soul with fresh courage.

"It's his star," was his glad thought. "The man said it stopped over the place where he is. I'll go there," and he started off up the street.

Block after block was wearily passed, and still the star was far, far off. Poor, patient Little Jake was very weary, wandering all day without food, and the porch of a church he was passing looked like a refuge from the wind, where he might rest a moment. He climbed the steps and sank down—a little huddled heap in the corner.

"Couldn't find him to-night," he muttered. "In the morning"—and Little Jake was asleep.

Presently it began to snow and snowed all night, and the wind drifted it into the porch and covered Little Jake with a soft white coverlet. The city clocks struck all the hours of the night and it was Sunday morning. The sexton came to shovel away the snow before meeting time, and cleared the walk and mounted the steps to the porch. Finding a heap of something there he stooped over, brushed the snow lightly off, and disclosed the small pale face of Little Jake.

"What have you here, Jarvis?" said the soft-voiced minister coming up the step.

Jarvis raised himself up and answered gravely :

"A dead child, sir."

HIAWATHA JOHNSON'S WOOING.

[Somewhat after the manner of Longfellow, and suggestive of *Hiawatha's Wooing*.]

IN the city of Chicago,
Where her father made his money,
Lived a soft-eyed pale face maiden—
Minnehaha H. McNulty—
(With the accent on the penult),
Who was young, and fair, and slender,
And who wore her hair in frizzes.

Very beautiful was Minnie,
Free from care of all description,
And as William J. McNulty
Paid her bills for fancy dry goods—
Bills for dresses right from Paris,
Diamonds, sealskin sacques, and so forth,
He would often let his memory
Wander back a score of summers
To the time when he was courting
Agnes Genevieve McCarthy
(Now the mother of his daughter),—
How they used to sit at even
On the front step of her father's
Mansion on the Rue de Tiger,
Swapping lovely lies about their
Wild affection for each other.
And as William J. reflected
On the past and on the present,
It occurred to him that Minnie
Had a habit of surpassing
Her mamma in point of wardrobe.

Minnehaha went out riding
In a handsome side-bar wagon,
And her parent drove an equine
That was thought to be quite speedy.
Down the boulevard they traveled,
Every now and then proceeding
To pull out and knock the spots off
Some more unpretentious flyer,

Until Minnie and her father
Had about reached the conclusion
There was nothing in Chicago
That could make the old horse hustle.
So they chatted on the topics
Of the day—Maud S.'s record,
Mr. Beecher's indigestion,
And his love for Henry Irving.

But anon the ear of Minnie,
(Pretty ear with pink of sea-shell),
Caught the soft and murmurous breathing
Of another horse behind them—
Of another horse that seemed to
Be in something of a hurry,
From the way in which he made the
Landscape vanish in perspective.
So she punched her father gently
'Twixt the sixth and seventh riblets,
And suggested that, unless he
Had a wild desire to witness
The surrounding country through a
Cloud of dust, he'd better hit the
Old bay horse just about amidships
With the whip, and holler at him.

You have seen the tempest raging
On a wild and rocky seacoast,
You have read about the battles
In which thousands bravely perished
They were nothing to the struggle
That took place between McNulty's
Old bay horse and the gray racer
That the stranger deftly handled.
He was handsome, was the stranger,
With a form like an Apollo,
And he steered the big gray racer
With a skill that won the heart of
Minnehaha as she sat there
And beheld her parent distanced.

"Hold, brave youth!" cried out McNulty;
"Pull your horse up and come hither.
I would speak with you concerning
That good steed which you are driving.
Will you sell him? What's his record?
Does he ever have blind staggers?
Is his owner a poor widow
Who is forced by want to sell him,
Or who argues that the climate
Where her husband now has gone to
Is too sultry for fast driving?
Seek not to deceive me, sonny,
With a tale extremely gauzy,
But get down to bed-rock figures
On your horse, and let me have them."

Then up spoke the youth whose driving
Had enamored Minnehaha:
"I will never sell my horse, sir,
For I value him too highly.
With the swiftness of a whirlwind
He can draw two in a buggy,
And the famed steeds of the desert
Fall so far in speed below him
That, if one should try to pass me,
I opine his driver quickly
Would conclude that he was going
In the opposite direction.

"Money cannot buy this horse, sir,
But to you I'll gladly give him,
If you only will allow me
To pay court unto your daughter,
She who sitteth now beside you
In the flush of maiden beauty;
Sitteth there like any lily,
Tall, and fair, and pure, and stately.
I have loved your daughter madly
Ever since I first beheld her
As I came up on the near side
Of your buggy and went past you.

Without her my life is aimless,
 All my hopes are wrecked forever;
 And unless my love returned is
 I will jump into the river."

"You may have her," cried McNulty;
 "Have her with a parent's blessing.
 And before the winter cometh,
 When the leaves are turning golden,
 You shall marry Minnehaha
 In a style to make your head swim.
 For I love my only daughter
 And would make her whole life happy.
 Take her, Hiawatha Johnson—
 (You will notice that I know you)—
 Take her with this horse and buggy,
 And let me get in behind that
 Racer with Abdallah action.
 I will give my Minnehaha
 To the man who pineth for her,
 And console myself hereafter
 With a horse that beats 2:30."

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

HOW UNCLE HENRY DYED HIS HAIR.

[The Old Bachelor relates an experiment of his youth.]

You see, in those days I wasn't but about twenty-one or two years old, and bein' everlastin'ly tormented about havin' red hair, and that right in the face of the girl you was courtin', too, was jest the most aggravatin' thing you can think of; and so, when I read the advertisement of Swindler Blackamore's wonderful hair-dye, which by one application changed the reddest or the whitest hair to a beautiful black or brown, as desired, you may imagine I was not a little delighted.

I was always a pretty good hand to nurse sick folks, and at this time I was stayin' in Springfield with an old uncle of mine, who had sent for me to come and take care of him. I wasn't a bit sorry to go, for your aunt

Lizzie—who was a girl then, and a good many pounds lighter'n she is now—lived next door to my uncle; and I should have been perfectly happy if it hadn't been for my red head, and that cuss I now thought I saw a way to gettin' rid of.

The directions for usin' this hair-dye were, to take the black powder and add water—beatin' it all the time till it was of the consistency of cream; then apply to the hair, rubbin' it well in, cover with cabbage-leaves, wrap a towel tightly around the head, and allow it to remain so for six hours, if a brown color was desired, nine if black. Of course, I didn't wish any one to know what I was up to; so I waited till all the family had gone to bed, and about eleven o'clock I began operations by going to the pantry after a bowl in which to beat my powder and water to the "consistency of cream," as the fellow's advertisement said. My aunt's room was close by, and I was very careful not to make the least noise at first; but by and by I got so interested in beatin' up my black cream, that I swashed it most too loud, and she heard me.

"Henry," says she; "Henry, is that you?"

"Yes, aunt," says I, as meek as Moses.

"Why, what be you a-doin in there?"

"O, nothin'," says I, "only fixin' a little somethin' for my head."

"Your head!" says she; "why, what's the matter with it? It's as red as ever—ain't it?"

And with that she laughed; and I said to myself, exultin'ly, "yes, it's red now, but it shan't be long," and began to beat again softly. But it took a good while for the powder to mix with the water, and by and by I forgot myself, and began to beat louder again.

"Henry," calls out my aunt again, "what be you a-doin' in there, anyway?"

"O, never mind, aunt, never mind," says I; and by that time my black cream was pretty well beaten up, and I took it up-stairs to rub it on. I was sleepin' on a cot in my uncle's room, so as to be handy if he wanted me in the night, and I had to step around pretty softly, so's not to waken him.

First, I took an old hair-brush, and dipping it in the stuff, began to rub it on to my head, and if there was any virtue in strength I meant to have it out ; so I laid it on well, and scrubbed it in all around, centre, and sides, and edges, close to the top of my forehead, and down by the back of my neck. If my hair was red after that night it shouldn't be for want of my tryin' to alter it ! Pretty soon, while I was rubbin' away, I made too vigorous a stroke, and brought my elbow against the bay-rum bottle, on the bureau, with results disastrous to the bottle ; and the noise awoke my uncle. " Why, Henry," says he, " what upon airth air you a-doin', a-keepin' me awake all night ? " The old sinner'd b'en snorin' for nigh five hours.

" Well, never mind, uncle," says I, " never mind ; I'm only a fixin' my head a little ; you go to sleep again."

After that I spread the cabbage-leaves thick over my head, tied a big towel over all, and went to bed.

After a while, my uncle, he woke up again, and called out :

" Why, Henry ! What is't smells so ? Why, it's sulphur, I du declare ! Du get up, Henry, and see what's the matter."

" O, never mind, uncle, never mind," says I ; " it's nuthin', only the stuff I was a-puttin' on my head."

" What was ye a-puttin' stuff on your head for ? Got a headache ?"

" Yes," says I ; and by that time it was true, for the stuff was burnin' my scalp off ; but I tried to make myself believe it was only because I was tryin' to keep awake, for fear I should forget the time, and allow my hair to become black, instead of brown ; and I only wanted it a very light brown, as I thought would agree best with my complexion. At 3 A. M. I was up, and went down into the sink-room to undo my head, for I didn't want all creation to be askin' me what I was a-doin'.

First I took off the towel. " Mercy !" says I, " if my head's as black as that towel is ! And whatever shall I do with it ? If I burn it up, the sulphur'll smell so all the neighbors'll think the Mischief's here on a visit. But I didn't dare to leave it about ; so into the fireplace

it went. Next I took off the cabbage-leaves ; that is, I tried to ; but O, my ! how they did stick ! I couldn't get off a piece bigger'n a fo'pence-ha-penny at a pull, anyhow, and it was all of five o'clock before I got that part of my job done. By that time I'd got a little bit out of conceit with the hair-dye, but when I got a look in the glass, I was a good deal more out of conceit with myself. I never saw such a sight in all my born days ! The hair was red no longer, but dyed, sure enough, blacker than a fresh-polished stove ; and not alone that, it was stiffer than a pack of porcupine quills, all standing straight out from my head. Well, now, what I should do I didn't know, for this was worse than the reddest hair the world ever saw ; but I began to scrub harder to get the stuff off than I did the night before to get it on ; but nothin' was of any use. First I tried simple water ; then I put some fancy soap to it ; and after that I resorted to my aunt's soft-soap barrel ; but though I've often noticed that "soft soap" would smooth down obstinacy where nothin' else would, it had no sort of effect here. Finally, my aunt came down stairs.

"Why, massy sakes alive, Henry ! What upon this created earth hev you b'en a-doin' to yourself ? Be you a-goin' to die ?"

"No," says I, "*I have dyed*, and this is what has come of it."

And then she began to laugh ; and she laughed and laughed till the tears ran down her face, and she couldn't stand up, but sot right down on the sink-room floor, a holdin' on to her knees, and laughin' till I thought she'd choke, and hoped she would.

"How you do act, aunt," said I, reprov'n'ly. "I should think you might try to help a poor feller out o' this mean fix."

At this she tried to stop laughin', but couldn't for quite a spell, and she'd had to make several false starts before she could get up ; and when she did she could only suggest that the best thing I could do was to grease my hair down as smooth as I could, and keep my hat on all the time.

When I went in to fix my uncle for his breakfast, I

didn't let any more light into the room than I could help, and kept my hat well shoved down on my head. Pretty soon the old fellow noticed it.

"Why, Henry," says he, in a shocked sort of way, "your hat on in the house? I thought you'd b'en brought up to more manners."

"Well, never mind, uncle," says I, as soothin'ly as I could; "there's somethin' the matter with my head, and I'll have to keep my hat on for a while, to keep from ketchin' cold."

"I'll excuse you, then," said he, forgivin'ly; and I slipped out of the room as quick as I could.

About nine o'clock there was a knock at the door, and Mary, my cousin, answered it. Pretty soon she came back.

"Henry, you pesky lookin' fellow," says she, flatterin'ly, "it's Lizzie Blackwell, and she wants to see you."

"Mercy on us!" says I, "I can't go! Beg her to excuse me. Tell her I'm *very particularly* engaged. Tell her I *can't* leave, *anyhow*. O, Mary, *don't* stand there a-laughin' at me, you hussy, you, but do be a dear, good girl, and go back and tell her she *must* excuse me."

So Mary started, and then I was sorry enough, for I loved your aunt Lizzie then most as much as I do now; and I was afraid she'd never forgive me; but I *couldn't* have her see my head!

In another minute back came Mary.

"She says she can't excuse you; she *must* see you, on business." So out I went, and there, if you believe it, that traitress Mary had gone and told Lizzie the whole story, and cheated me into goin' in there to show myself, and if those two girls didn't have fun enough at my expense for the next two months! For the dye-stuff wouldn't come off only as the hair grew so it could be cut, and it looked, if anything, funnier than at first, when it had half-grown, so that there was a thick red mat next my scalp, surmounted by a stiff black fringe. Lizzie says it did look funny, but I owned up about it so handsomely, and took all her ridicule so good-naturedly, that she fell in love with me on the spot.

ETHEL GALE, in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[The world has seen few more independent thinkers and fearless actors than the subject of this poem. His conscience for his mentor, whatever he believed wrong he rebuked untiringly and with all the force of his nature. Though by many pronounced cynical and pessimistic, we can but honor such a spirit that dares to "do right though the heavens fall."]

WHAT shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree that
sheltered the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea and guarded the
fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from its
eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver cord
must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the dust
to its earth return.
And tears are never for those who die with their face
to the duty done:
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste, and
the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended, the brave one
has gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their wealth of
affection attest.
From the midst of the people is stricken a symbol they
daily saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than Human
Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice was a
prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth, and faithful, though the world
were arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, a threatening voice
has past;
But the lives of those who believe and die are not blown
like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed
to the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when Union was
traitor to Right!

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them to understand

That the highest crime may be written in the highest law of the land.

"Disturber" and "Dreamer" the Philistines cried when he preached an ideal creed,

Till they learned that the men who have changed the world with the world have disagreed ;

That the remnant is right, when the masses are led like sheep to the pen ;

For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a king and write them down in a book ;

New men, new lights ; and the father's code the sons may never brook.

What is liberty now were license then ; their freedom our yoke would be ;

And each new decade must have new men to determine its liberty.

Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening front the while ;

Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or clear to the outward file ?

Its pioneers are the dreamers who heed neither tongue nor pen

Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from the lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial ! But weep not, rather rejoice,

For his fearless life and his fearless death ; for his true, unequalled voice,

Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of human right ;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the weak one's fight ;

For his soul unmov'd by the mob's wild shout or the social sneer's disgrace ;

For his freeborn spirit that drew no line between class or creed or race.

Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the lesson he
taught was good;
There are no classes or races, but one human brother-
hood;
There are no creeds to be outlawed, no colors of skin
debarred;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one
hope, one guard.
By his life he taught, by his death we learn the great
reformer's creed;
The right to be free, and the hope to be just, and the
guard against selfish greed.
And richest of all are the unseen wreaths on his coffin-
lid laid down
By the toil-stained hands of workmen—their sob, their
kiss, and their crown.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

"THE ROIL BENGOL TAGGER."

[This is little Johnny's composition on the "Roil Bengol Tagger, and should be read in a boy's most effective manner.]

ONE time there was a man which had a tagger, and the tagger it was a sho, and the man he tuk the money fur to git in. The man he had a big paper nailed onto the tagger's den, and the paper it said, the paper did: "The Roil Bengol Tagger, sometimes called the Monnerk of the Jungle. Hands off. No Techin' the Tagger!" The monnerk of the jungle it was always a layin' down with its nose between its poz, and the folks which had paid for to git in they was mad cos it wouldn't wock and rore like distant thunder. But the sho man he said: "That's ol rite when I get the new cage done, but this is the same cage which the old feller broke out in Oregon, time he et up them 17 men and their families." Then the folks they wude ol stand back and tock in whispers while the tagger slept. But one day a feller which was drunk he take to punchen the tagger with the mast hed of his umbraller, which stampeded the oddience wild, and wimmin folks they stud into chairs and hollered like

it was a mouse, but the drunk chap he kep a jabbin the monnerk of the jungle cowl. Pretty sune the monnerk it bellered offle and rigged, but the feller kep a pokin like he was fireman to a steam engin. Bimeby the monnerk it jumped onto its hine feets and shucked itself out of its skin and rolled up its sleefs and spit onto its hend and spoke up and said : " I behang if I can't jest wollip the pea-green stuffin out the gum dasted galoot which has been a proddin this ere tagger !" And the oddience they was astonished, fer the tagger he wan't no tagger at all, but just a man wrapped up in a tagger's skin.

PUNCH.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

[The peculiar rhyme gives an added charm to this piece, which affords opportunities for fine oratorical display. The visions are supposed to be seen along the course of the stream of time, which is represented by the gestures as flowing from right to left past the speaker.]

I SAW in the naked forest a scattered remnant cast,
A screen of 'shivering branches between them and the
blast ;
The snow was falling round them, the dying fell as fast :
I looked to see them perish, when lo ! the vision ²passed.

Again mine eyes were opened—the feeble had waxed
strong :
The babes had grown to sturdy men, the remnant was a
throng ;
By shadowed ³lake and ⁴winding stream and all the
⁵shores along
The howling demons quaked to hear the Christian's
godly song.

They slept—the village fathers—by river, lake, and
shore,
When far adown the steeps of time the vision ⁶rose once
more.

Indicated Gestures. 1. HL. with tremor upon the emphatic syllable. 2. HL. hand sweeping outward as though erasing a picture. 3. HO. Ptg. sustained. 4. Finger moves in zigzag line from HO. toward HL. indicating course of stream. 5. Same as 4, but use open hand instead of pointing finger. 6. HF. hand thrown upward, palm front.

I saw along the winter snow a spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks a tattered ¹flag
they bore.

Their leader rode before them, of bearing calm and
high,
The light of ²heaven's own kindling throned in his
awful eye.

These were a nation's champions her dread appeal to try.
³"God for the right!" I faltered, and lo! the train
⁴passed by.

Once more the strife was ended, the solemn issue tried,
The Lord of hosts, His mighty arm had helped our
Israel's side.

Gray stone and grassy hillock told where the martyrs
died,
And peace was on the borders of victory's chosen bride.

A crash as when some swollen cloud cracks o'er the
tangled trees,
With side to side and spar to spar, whose smoking
⁵decks are these?

I know St. George's bloody ⁶cross, thou mistress of the
seas,
But who is she whose streaming bars ⁷roll out before
the breeze?

Ah! well her iron ribs are knit, whose thunders strive
to quell

The bellowing throats, the blazing lips that pealed the
Armada's knell!

The mist was cleared, a wreath of stars ⁸rose o'er the
crimsoned swell,

And ⁹wavering from its haughty peak the cross of
England ¹⁰fell.

Indicated Gestures. 1. HF. hand waves to imitate flag. 2. AF. Ptg. upward. 3. AF. bh. 4. HF. lh. waving movement toward the left. 5. HO. lh. sustained. 6. Ptg. a little higher than 11, sustained. 7. Wave of hand. 8. HO. lh. hand rises, (9) trembles and (10) abruptly falls. Make a pause after "England" and let the hand suddenly drop as you pronounce the word "fell."

O trembling faith, though dark the morn, a heavenly
 torch is thine;
 While feebler races melt away, and paler orbs decline.
 Still shall the fiery pillar's ray along the pathway shine
 To light the chosen tribe that sought this western
 Palestine.

I see the living tide 'roll on, it crowns with flaming
 towers
 The icy capes of ²Labrador, the Spaniard's ³land of
 flowers.
 It streams beyond the splintered ridge that parts the
 northern showers,
 From ⁴eastern rock to sunset ⁵wave, the ⁶continent is
 ours.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

[The success of this piece depends upon the impressive rendering of the woman's appeal.]

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question arose whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable looking woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and, raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said about temperate drinking being the father of drunkenness is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drink-

Indicated Gestures. 1. HO. lh. hand sweeps to left, at 2 points HO. at 3 points HL. and is sustained. 4. HL. lh. sustained. 5. HL. right hand, sustained. 6. Emphatic stroke with both hands.

ing of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided, and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you [*pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor*] as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

“The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape, and, one after another, were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word!” And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: “I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!”

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon, and physician hung their heads, and when the President of the meeting put the question: "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was: "No!"—*Memoir of George N. Briggs, late ex-Governor of Massachusetts.*

THE HUMBLE SERVANT GIRL.

[From the nonsense verses in the newspapers this is borrowed and some portions altered so its author would hardly recognize it, the better adapting it to our purpose.]

THERE is no person walks on earth—
 Oh, keep this truth in mind—
 Too humble to do a heap of good,
 If he or she's inclined.

There dwelt in a great boarding-house,
 In wicked Gotham town,
 A man who had a black mustache—
 A colonel of renown.
 He had a something in his walk,
 A hitch—a halt—as one
 Who in the late war was wounded sore,
 At Antietam or Bull Run.
 But when you closer looked, that you
 Were wrong you'd plainly see—
 His walk was as distinguished as
 That of Guinevere or me.
 And there dwelt in that boarding-house
 A matron wondrous fair,
 With all the morning in her cheek,
 The midnight in her hair.
 Her eyes were bright as stars, her pearls
 Of teeth as white did gleam
 As sheep just washed (see *Solomon's Song*)
 That come up from the stream.
 I trow, although you widely sought,
 That you would nowhere see
 A man as handsome as he was,
 A woman fair as she.

And there dwelt in that boarding-house
A girl as humble as
Sophronia Sphynx, the protégé
Of Gorgon Sally Brass.
Winter and summer, night and morn,
Beneath her mistress's frown,
She brushed the mud from the soiled shoes
And scrubbed the stairway down :
And oft she wept o'er her dreary lot
And wondered if perchance
She ever the humblest part should play
In a real-life romance ;
Oh, but to balk a villain dark
Of his unsuspecting prey,
Like the match-girls in the paper that came
Wrapped round the bread each day !
Ah, never can be realized
The visions of her trance,
For the kitchen-maid in a boarding-house
Sees little of romance.

There is no person walks on earth—
Oh, keep this truth in mind—
Too humble to do a heap of good,
If he or she's inclined.

Between that matron wondrous fair
And that military man
Sprung up a false love and its course
With awful smoothness ran.
Her husband was in the West Countrie—
Confiding in his spouse,
He traveled Ohio and Kentucky
For a wholesale clothing-house.
And she with the military man
Had made arrangements due
Before her old love should come on
To be off with the new.
And she and her lover had packed their trunks
And fixed the time when far
They should fly from that moated boarding-house
In a berry-brown Pullman car.

The little serving-maid knoweth of it,
Kens their arrangements all ;
Now the sweet saints lend her strength and wit,
She is so timid and small !
The day has dawned when they should fly,
The lover, the faithless spouse ;
Why is there such excitement in
That quiet boarding-house ?
Oh, why do the lovers ring the bells
Of their rooms with mickle din ?
Oh, why when the servants answer the bells
Will the lovers not let them in ?
Oh, the gallant Colonel hath been robbed—
Of what he will not say ;
And with a sickness she will not name,
Sick lies that lady gay !

The gallant Colonel hath been robbed,
But he will not send across
For the police, nor to any soul
Will he proclaim his loss ;
Yet he hath taken his loss to heart,
For he stayeth in bed all day
And biddeth a surgeon eminent
To come to him straightway.
And, oh, the beauteous dame is ill,
Close she her curtain draws,
And she will not of her malady
The symptoms tell, or cause ;
Nor may a single person's foot
Her guarded threshold cross,
And one who listens at the keyhole
When the leech comes, says so weak
The lady is that her voice is changed
And you scarce can hear her speak.
Her doctor says in a couple of days
That she will be quite well ; he
Adds she must remain secluded quite
And diet on broth and jelly.
And all throughout that boarding-house
Is naught but whisper and clatter,

For nobody knows, though every one
Would know, what is the matter.
Only the simple kitchen-maid,
With humble, artless air,
Cleaneth the mud from the soiled boots
And scrubbeth the dusty stair.

Yet bliss is in that little maid's heart,
Because she hath to-day
From a designing villain saved
His unsuspecting prey.
The drummer hath got her telegram
And is on his homeward way,
And the Colonel's unsuspecting wife
And deserted children, they
Are hurrying hither from the shores
Of Massachusetts Bay.
And in the trunk of that kitchen-maid,
Her ribbons and things beneath,
Lie a costly artificial leg
And a set of pearly teeth.

There is no person on this earth—
Just keep this truth in mind—
Too humble to do a heap of good,
If he or she's inclined.

N. Y. WORLD.

OUR AIN COUNTRIE.

[The reader who can well assume the dialect and sing the words appropriately can hardly fail to make a touching recitation.]

ON an afternoon in December little Walter Graham lay pillowed in mamma's lap, his life ebbing fast away. The malignant croup, that dread disease that cuts short so many little ones and is the terror of all loving mothers, held Wallie fast and tightened its cruel fingers upon Wallie's throat until mamma almost prayed death to claim her darling, that he might be freed from pain.

Only a short time since the little feet, encased in his first boots, had made noisy but sweet music to mamma's

ear, the firm, red cheeks glowed with health, and in a few hours the summons had come for Wallie, the pride and hope of the Graham household.

After a terrible effort to breathe easier he gasped, "Sing, please, mamma."

Now mamma knew just what her boy wanted to hear, as no old Christian Scot loved the hymn "My Ain Countrie" more than her boy, but how could the sore, stricken mother sing when she wanted to wail? She began in a queer, shaky voice:

"I'm far frae my hame an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langd for hame bringing an' my father's
welcome smiles,
I'll ne'er be fre' content—"

Here a sob smothered the melody, for she knew Wallie was not far frae his ain countrie. Papa took up the words:

"I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day
the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring—"

But he, too, broke down, and Aunt Esther softly sang,
"His bluid hath made me white an' his hand shall dry
my ien
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie."

Wallie's breathing was now easier, his head dropped lower, his pulse fluttered feebly; he tried to smile even in his pain.

Then the aged minister, who had known mamma in her girl days, sung in his high, tremulous voice:

"Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain noo be gangin' unto my Savior's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom even witless lambs like me,
An' carries them himself to his ain countrie."

Wallie's head sank lower; he lay still, so very still, and then we knew he had gone to his ain countrie.

One day she wept as before, and said to the old nurse, "My boy was too sweet and pretty to be hidden under ground."

"He isn't too pretty for where he's gone," said Auntie Hepsey.

Instantly came the new thought and with it comfort. No, thank God, he was not too pretty for where he was gone, where eye hath not seen, or ear heard, or heart conceived what God hath prepared for those who love him. The ignorant servant had done what friends refined and cultured had not—given comfort to the sore heart.

In a quiet country cemetery, where the myrtle grows in profusion, the starry blue flowered glossy green-leaved myrtle conceals all that is unsightly, and the stately cedars that remind us of the cedars of Lebanon make the sweet, weird music peculiar to the pine and cedar when soft winds sound the notes, grand and full or faint and sweet, and among their boughs sweet singing birds build their homes. A small grassy mound marked by a marble shaft tells us that Walter sleeps there.

We loved the lad, and miss the merry shout and tramp of the noisy feet, and with the young mother think of the dainty waxen form as last we saw it in its dainty satin-lined casket, and our eyes ached to see him again in his fleshly form, then we think of the pure, white soul that has been "carried in his bosom to our ain countrie," and we know it is well with the child.

"God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

THE PEWEE AND THE WILD-ROSE.

[This pretty little poem was written expressly for FENNO'S FAVORITES by the author of *Unknown* and *Fatherless Joe* in No. 1. The idea of the bird caroling forth its song of love to the wild-rose is poetic and beautiful. Mrs. Ralston has written much, and all her productions are charming. Some of them have won great favor among public readers.]

A PEWEE sat on a wild-rose bough
In rapt delight, as he wondered how
The tiny bud which the rose-tree bore,
And opening hourly more and more,

Would look as it spread its petals fair
Out to the sun and the summer air.

The morning had in beauty broke,
And all the feathered songsters woke
To greet the dawn; then bear the cares
That come to bird-life unawares.

The Robin to his consort told
Again love's story, new tho' old;
The King-bird sang his joyous strain
Ere winging o'er his wide domain
His steady flight; while from the blue
The Lark's glad song came dripping through
The Bluebird cast one lingering gaze
Upon his mate; then sought the maze
Of rankling grass, near purling brooks—
For well he loveth Nature's nooks.
The Oriole flashed his brilliant wings
Above the nest that rocks and swings,
As restless zephyrs passing nigh
Sing to his young a lullaby.
The Mocking-bird from each had caught
Some vocal gem, of sweetness wrought,
To shower again abroad, at will,
In carol, or melodious trill.

At length the floweret oped its eyes,
And spread its petals in surprise,
For wonder filled its soul to see
The ardent-gazing, blithe Pewee!

The Pewee saw the mantling blush
Creep o'er the flower in deep'ning flush;
The tear that trembled on her cheek;
(Such tender language blossoms speak;)
His heart was touched; and to her sigh
The gentle bird then made reply.

"Dost wonder much, O Flower most dear,
That no sweet sister waits thee here,

To whom thou couldst for solace turn,—
Lo, for thy love my heart doth yearn;
O smile on me as blossoms may,
And bless my life this summer day.”

The lovely wild-rose bent to hear
The Pewee's words of love and cheer,
And listened as he strove to tell
Of what each day to him befell—
Of life, in action wisely spent,
Pursuing every good intent,
And of his joy to muse and brood
O'er every change in Nature's mood.

So wide a realm of thought to scan
Were worthy of the powers of man;
Yet birds discern with glimmering sense
The greatness of Omnipotence,
Who deigns their simple lives to bless,
And clothes the flowers with loveliness.

Thus passed the hours; but ere 'twas noon,
The fainting earth as in a swoon
Lay motionless; of aspect dire
The sun shot rays from eyes of fire.
The Pewee sought the grassy shade,
The trembling wild-rose sore dismayed
Clung to the bough; aghast with pain,
The earth longed for the cooling rain.

Beneath the grass the Pewee lies,
To dream, and to soliloquize;
And thro' the sultry mid-day hours
Longs like the earth for cooling showers.
At length the welcome breezes blew;
The sun his fervid beams withdrew;
A change came o'er the landscape wide;
And to the Rose the Pewee cried:

“Behold a gathering cloud appears;—
A sombre cloud,—all fringed with tears;

I see the vivid lightning flash ;
 I hear the answering thunder crash ;
 And know that in the darkened sky
 Jehovah's chariot rolleth by ;
 In distant echoes, lo, it jars
 Along the pathway of the stars !

"The thick'ning clouds their masses band
 And scatter freshness o'er the land ;
 The rain descends ; earth's pulses beat
 With quickened life ; the clouds retreat ;
 And as we look, the earth and I,
 In wonder at the changing sky,
 By God's own hand a bow is bent
 That spans the spacious firmament."

The Pewee ceased his lofty strain
 And sought the lovely flower again,
 Alas, for him no wild-rose blooms,
 Or sheds abroad its sweet perfumes ;
 The rushing wind hath laid it low
 And cast its petals to and fro !

This learned the thoughtful, sad Pewee,
 The sum of life may chance to be,
 To live,—to love,—to fall, and leave
 Some faithful, loving heart to grieve ;
 To live,—to love,—to fall, and then
 Perchance one day to rise again !

MRS. H. N. RALSTON.

MR. GRIMSHAW'S MISTAKE.

A SAVANT at work and a savant at play ! What a different creature ! Of the many who were accustomed to listen to him with deference and respect at various gatherings of the learned, how few would have recognized him now !

Mr. Theodore Grimshaw could never have been very young, I think. He was sixty-five at the date of this

little narrative, and had friends as old as himself who maintained that, in his school-days, he was not in the least like a boy, and that in early manhood he was as little like other young men as could well be imagined.

Throughout his parchment-like existence Mr. Grimshaw had been absolutely impervious to the tender passion. His warmest feelings were those which he bestowed upon the future commerce of the town; while the interest he took in the Water Supply of his neighborhood was stronger than any ever won from him by blue eyes or brown.

In the calm security of his wealth, noted ability, and dried-up temperament, Mr. Theodore Grimshaw went to dine one evening at the house of a married friend, an M. C. of expansive waistcoat and with an unconquerable conviction that the importance which attached to him in the rural district he represented was equally felt in town. As this gentleman kept an invaluable cook and gave many dinners, no one interfered with his delusion.

But the M. C. had a sister, and she was a widow. The widow was just under forty, and in the full possession of much beauty, which—as the dear departed could no longer value it—she now desired should be a comfort to another. She thought Mr. Grimshaw looked lonely, and it was but a short time before she convinced him that he was so.

It seemed that, in proportion to his former callousness, Mr. Grimshaw was now to suffer the tortures of love. His fair one first attracted, then repelled him; and it was just three weeks after the dinner-party at which they had first met that the elderly gentleman, by an effort of his mighty intellect, pulled himself together and resolved to ask the momentous question. With extraordinary care he dressed himself, and was caught by his soft-stepping servant in the act of gracefully bowing and presenting a hair-brush to himself in the glass. Could the astonished man have seen the choice bouquet with which his master afterwards ascended the steps of the M. C.'s house, he would have understood better why the hair-brush had been practiced with.

The flowers were accepted gracefully, and, although suffering from such thumps of the heart as trade and commerce had never given him, Mr. Grimshaw felt pleased at the glow of courage which inspired him, and fell to business.

"If I may hope——," he softly whispered, and the widow drooped her eyes and blushed. She had long decided that his fortune and the carriage it would enable her to drive in were worth a real blush. She yielded her hand and returned the faintest pressure.

"My life shall be devoted——"

"What remains of it," mentally corrected the widow, with a critical glance at the bald patch on her suitor's head.

"To your happiness," pursued Mr. Grimshaw.

The conversation then turned on place of residence. He had always lived in town, but—would she like the country better?

She would not have him change his habits for the world—country places were mostly damp. Yes, she adored flowers; but where were they so beautiful as in the city?

Thus far all went well. Visions of a quiet residence where art should render everything as harmonious and beautiful as the home of such a woman should be flitted deliriously through the brain of the happy Mr. Grimshaw, and with impassioned fervor he flung himself on his knees and implored the widow to name the day.

Silence, save for their own voices, had reigned supreme. Flowers bloomed in the balcony, sweet scents were wafted in by the gentle breeze of early summer, and, for the first time in his life, Mr. Grimshaw felt young. If he had only looked less withered, his attitude might have moved a stone.

With gentle hesitation the widow listened and would have speedily fixed an early day, while praying for delay; but, in place of her dulcet accents, there rang out clear upon the silence a child's shrill voice from the adjoining room—only divided from this by heavy curtains, through which a pair of blue eyes peeped eagerly:

"Come, Nelly! Come and see the funny old gentleman saying his prayers to mamma!"

An electric battery could not have caused Mr. Grimshaw a greater shock. First, his mortification that his most sacred privacy had been pried into; next, that terrible word "mamma!"

"You have children, then?" he inquired, in an aggrieved tone.

"Of course; every one knows I have five," announced, with some petulance, the fair widow.

"I did not know it, madam. It is altogether unfortunate—I—ah—can't bear children."

"Say no more, sir," loftily interrupted the injured lady, sweeping from the room.

All Mr. Grimshaw's friends can now recognize him again, and from his uninterrupted interest in the trade bulletins and organized charities the world reaps a rich harvest—or will, some day.

THE RECOGNITION.

[This is one of the many short pieces with a *point*—suitable for a very short recitation but specially adapted for an after-piece or encore. The artistic style of both writing and delivering pieces of this character is to keep the point hidden until the very last, then suddenly and strongly to bring it out and immediately conclude. Many pieces are spoiled by allowing the hearer to become prepared for the ending, which thus loses its pith, or by continuing after the story has all been told. Impersonate and let the concluding clause come out strong.]

HOME they brought their sailor son,
Grown a man across the sea,
Tall and broad, and black of beard,
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake and mouth to kiss,
Both he offered ere he spoke;
But she said—"What man is this
Comes to play a sorry joke?"

Then they praised him—called him "smart,"
"Brightest lad that ever stopt;"
But her son she did not know,
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
 Set a pigeon-pie in sight;
 She saw him eat—" 'Tis he! 'tis he!"
 She knew him—*by his appetite!*

WILLIAM SAWYER.

AN ARCTIC AURORA.

[A piece of grand description. Employ the orotund quality of voice and let the tone be rich and full.]

AMONG the few pleasures which reward the traveler for the hardships and dangers of life in the far north, there are none which are brighter or longer remembered than the magnificent auroral displays which occasionally illumine the darkness of the long polar night, and light up with a celestial glory the whole blue vault of heaven. No other natural phenomenon is so grand, so mysterious, so terrible in its unearthly splendor as this; the veil which conceals from mortal eyes the glory of the eternal throne seems drawn aside, and the awed beholder is lifted out of the atmosphere of his daily life into the immediate presence of God.

One night as we emerged into the open air there burst suddenly upon our startled eyes the grandest exhibition of vivid dazzling light and color of which the mind can conceive. The whole universe seemed to be on fire. A broad arch of brilliant prismatic colors spanned the heavens from east to west like a gigantic rainbow, with a long fringe of crimson and yellow streamers stretching up from its convex edge to the very zenith. At short intervals of one or two seconds, wide luminous bands, parallel with the arch, rose suddenly out of the northern horizon and swept with a swift, steady majesty across the whole heavens, like long breakers of phosphorescent light rolling in from some limitless ocean of space.

Every portion of the vast arch was momentarily wavering, trembling, and changing color, and the brilliant streamers which fringed its edge swept back and forth in great curves, like the fiery sword of the angel at the

gate of Eden. In a moment the vast auroral rainbow, with all its wavering streamers, began to move slowly up toward the zenith, and a second arch of equal brilliancy formed directly under it, shooting up another long, serried row of slender colored lances toward the North Star, like a battalion of the celestial host presenting arms to its commanding angel. Every instant the display increased in unearthly grandeur. The luminous bands revolved swiftly, like the spokes of a great wheel of light across the heavens; the streamers hurried back and forth with swift, tremulous motion from the ends of the arches to the centre, and now and then a great wave of crimson would surge up from the north and fairly deluge the whole sky with color, tinging the white snowy earth far and wide with its rosy reflection. But as the words of the prophecy, "And the heavens shall be turned to blood," formed themselves upon my lips, the crimson suddenly vanished, and a lightning flash of vivid orange startled us with its wide, all-pervading glare, which extended even to the southern horizon, as if the whole volume of the atmosphere had suddenly taken fire. I even held my breath a moment, as I listened for the tremendous crash of thunder which it seemed to me must follow this sudden burst of vivid light; but in heaven or earth there was not a sound to break the calm silence of night, save the hastily muttered prayers of the frightened native at my side, as he crossed himself and kneeled down before the visible majesty of God. I could not imagine any possible addition which even Almighty power could make to the grandeur of the aurora as it now appeared. The rapid alternations of crimson, blue, green, and yellow in the sky were reflected so vividly from the white surface of the snow that the whole world seemed now steeped in blood, and then quivering in an atmosphere of pale, ghastly green, through which shone the unspeakable glories of the mighty crimson and yellow arches.

But the end was not yet. As we watched with upturned faces the swift ebb and flow of these great celestial tides of colored light, the last seal of the glorious revelation was suddenly broken, and both

arches were simultaneously shivered into a thousand parallel perpendicular bars, every one of which displayed in regular order, from top to bottom, the seven primary colors of the solar spectrum. From horizon to horizon there now stretched two vast curving bridges of colored bars, across which we almost expected to see, passing and repassing, the bright inhabitants of another world. Amid cries of astonishment and exclamations of "God have mercy!" from the startled natives, these innumerable bars began to move, with a swift dancing motion, back and forth along the whole extent of both arches, passing each other from side to side with such bewildering rapidity that the eye was lost in the attempt to follow them. The whole concave of heaven seemed transformed into one great revolving kaleidoscope of shattered rainbows. Never had I even dreamed of such an aurora as this, and I am not ashamed to confess that its magnificence at that moment overawed and frightened me. The whole sky, from zenith to horizon, was "one molten mantling sea of color and fire, crimson and purple and scarlet and green, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind,—things which can only be conceived while they are visible." The "signs and portents" in the heavens were grand enough to herald the destruction of a world; flashes of a rich quivering color, covering half the sky for an instant and then vanishing like summer lightning; brilliant green streamers shooting swiftly but silently up across the zenith; thousands of variegated bars sweeping past each other in two magnificent arches, and great luminous waves rolling in from the interplanetary spaces and breaking in long lines of radiant glory upon the shallow atmosphere of a darkened world.

With the separation of the two arches into component bars it reached its utmost magnificence, and from that time its supernatural beauty slowly but steadily faded. The first arch broke up, and soon after it the second; the flashes of color appeared less and less frequently; the luminous bands ceased to revolve across the zenith; and in an hour nothing remained in the dark starry heavens to remind us of the aurora except a few faint clouds of luminous vapor.

Such are the scenes which repay the traveler for his journey to the far north—scenes beyond description and comprehension, far surpassing in grandeur the natural and artificial beauties of Europe or America; overshadowing the beauties of this world, and picturing the bright shores of the world beyond; convincing the observer of the reality of a supreme ruler of the universe, maker of heaven and earth.

A WELSH CLASSIC.

AN unlettered clergyman wanting a place
(His manners were genial and pleasant his face),
Received a kind letter inviting him down
To preach to a church in a large country town.

The town was uncultured, old-fashioned and plain;
The principal business was harvesting grain,
And none of the church-members ventured to speak
A word of the Hebrew, or Latin, or Greek.

For this very reason they wished all the more
A scholar well grounded in classical lore;
While a candidate might just as well stay away
If he didn't quote Hebrew at least once a day.

The divine about whom this odd story is told
By the *Times* of Manhattan was cunning and bold,
And, knowing they wished for a classical man,
Though he didn't know Latin, he hit on a plan.

For he thought, "We shall see how much shrewdness
 avails,
Though I cannot read Greek, I'm a native of Wales;
If a few Welsh expressions I cautiously use,
It may rival the Hebrew in pleasing the pews."

On the critical day, with exceptional grace,
With well-attuned voice and well-controlled face,
He read from the Bible a passage or two,
And remarked, "My dear friends, this translation won't
 do.

"To be sure 'tis correct, but if beauty you seek,
Hear the rhythmical sound of original Greek!"
Then boldly a medley of Welsh he recited,
And marked the effect on his hearers benighted.

The children gazed up with a wondering stare,
Their mothers assumed an intelligent air,
While the deacons all nodded as much as to say
That Greek was by far the more excellent way.

A still bolder venture he hazarded next,
By a curious way of announcing the text:
"These words, as my hearers have noticed, of course,
Have lost nearly all their original force.

"In the Hebrew how clearly the thought flashes out."
And more of his Welsh he proceeded to spout;
When what was his horror to spy near the door
A jolly old Welshman, just ready to roar!

Overcome with remorse, and foreseeing the shame
Exposure would bring to his reverend name,
The preacher's mad impulse at first was to run,
But the Welshman's round face so brimming with fun

Suggested a possible plan of escape,
Which none but a terrified person could shape;
He bravely confronted that dangerous smile,
And coolly continued his sermon awhile,
Till at length without showing the least agitation,
He rallied himself for a final quotation:

"The rendering here is decidedly wrong,
Quite different thoughts to the Chaldee belong."
Then Welshman in pulpit to Welshman in pew,
In the barbarous dialect they alone knew,

Cried, "Friend! By the land of our fathers, I pray,
As you hope for salvation, don't give me away!"
The joke was so rich the old Welshman kept still;
And the classical parson is preaching there still.

H. H. BALLARD.

NEGRO WORSHIP IN THE SOUTH.

[This is in no sense a funny piece, and must not by manner or otherwise be made such. If the reader can give it in its sincerity, it will prove an effective reading, but it must not have the careless shuffling rendition of the Negro burlesque. Some incidents in it are amusing, but the sermon came from the heart and no one with respect can ridicule it. With the exception of the words of the hymn, the names used, the ejaculation of the old lady and the fact that three separate visits to two churches are put into one scene to give greater completeness, it is a truthful narration in every particular. The sermon was written from memory, but is so exact that it is doubted whether the preacher himself could deny that it is in his own words. It has never before been published.]

ONE Sabbath afternoon in early winter I was passing along the streets of a wealthy and aristocratic southern metropolis, when my attention was directed to a rather odd-looking building, upon the steps of which stood an aged negro. Thinking that it might be a negro church, which I had never attended (in the South, at least), I accosted him. He assured me that it was a church of colored people and that I would be welcome inside. I at once ascended the two large stairways, one after the other, leading to the main audience-room, entered and took my seat. I observed that I was the only white individual present. Taking occasion to view the surroundings, I remarked that the room was large, low, and contained an immense number of windows; the wall-paper dingy and dirty. Two coal stoves heated the room, and these were replenished from a large wooden pail that was carried from one to the other by the officious sexton. The audience that filled the room to overflowing were all in their gaudiest clothing, and the preacher rose and said:

"My bruddern, dis is de day dat you hab set apart to come heah an' pay fufty cints toward de 'spenses ob de chu'ch. Now, w'y shud I stan' up an' 'mind you dat you is to bring yo' fufty cints? Isn't I done my part w'en I is preached to you ebery Sunday all de yeah? An't it my part to preach, an' an't it yo' part to pay? Now, w'y shud I talk money to yo' ebery Sunday? Folks comes in heah an' dey says dat we talk money—money—money all de time. Now, w'y shud I talk money so much to yo'? W'y don't dese deacons git up an' mind yo' 'bout it? Is it my part more'n 'tis deirs? Is it, an' if it is, w'y is it? I is willin' to preach to yo'

Sunday after Sunday, but I don't want to talk so much 'bout de money part. Don't let me hab to 'mind yo' ob dis agin. Mr. Clerk, yo' take yo' place at de table an' de members will come up an' pay in deir fufty cints."

Here one colored individual arose, and with step sedate and slow, in harmony with the dignity of his position, took his place at the table. The congregation rose, one by one, and, making their way to the front, deposited their money and returned to their seats. This opportunity of a display of their ribbons and finery was improved to the utmost. Negroes would rush for the door, soon returning in triumph with their contribution. Soon this part of the programme was brought to an end, and the clerk handed the money and a list of names to the minister. He examined them carefully, then proceeded as follows:

"My bruddern, dar's a mifstake somewhar. Mr. Johnsing has give me de list of names an' de money dat you has paid, but 'taint right. Dars fufteen names here, an' at hawf a dollah apiece dar ought to be seving dollahs an' a hawf, but dar's only seving widout any hawf. Now, what's become of dat hawf a dollah?"

The congregation looked puzzled, and were unable to solve the mystery. At length "Mr. Johnsing" seemed to realize that something needed vindication, and he said:

"Brudder Jones, I done guv yo' all de money dey handed me, an' de names is all right."

"But," interrupted the preacher, "yo' sec for yo'se'f dar must be a mifstake. Now," he said, "all yo' dat kin count, yo' keep track." And he proceeded to read the list.

"Brudder Wash'n'on, fufty cints." The congregation replied in chorus, "Fufty cints."

"Brudder Myers, fufty cints. Dat makes a dollah." Congregation, *sotto voce*, "One dawlah."

"Brudder Smiff, fufty cints. Dat's a dollah an' a hawf." Congregation in chorus, "Dawlah an' a hawf."

"Sistah Jeff'son, fufty cints—two dollahs." "Two dawlahs." "Sistah Briggs, fufty cints—two dollahs an' a hawf." "Two dawlahs an' a hawf." "Brudder Barts,

fifty cints—tree dollahs.” Reply by congregation as before. At last, “Brudder Jimson, fifty cints—seving dollahs. Reply, “Suven dawlahs.”

“Now,” said the preacher, “heah’s anudder name. How yo’ done gwine ’count for dat?” No reply, but a wondering expression on every countenance. “Didn’t some of yo’ put in twuntty-five cints instead of fifty cints?” queried the preacher. “I put in fif’y cents,” said a burly negro in the corner. “So did I,” “An’ me,” “An’ me,” at once broke in the chorus of voices, while a fat negress brought up the rear with a shrill, piping tone, “De Lawd knows I didn’t cheat, noways.”

“Well,” resumed Brudder Jones, “I want yo’ to know dat I can’t ’count for de money dat I hasn’t had. Dis collection come to seving dollahs an’ I can’t ’count for no moah. Yo’ mus’ be moah cahful after dis, fur we can’t have dese mifstakes. Let us sing.”

Then in a high-pitched voice he gave two lines of the hymn,

“De gawspel ship has long been sailin’,
Boun’ fur Canaan’s peaceful shoah.”—

And the whole congregation took up the song, if song it could be called, for it was not a tune but a kind of indescribable weird, wailing chant, beginning with a natural pitch of voice, gradually swelling into a mighty volume of sound and decreasing at the last. The next two lines were given out and sung by the congregation.

“All who wish to sail foh glory
Come an’ welcome, rich an’ poah.”

Several more stanzas were sung, or chanted, the singers taking turns, breaking forth in wild bursts of song and seemingly vieing with one another as to who could drown the voices of the rest. The vast chorus of sound rose and fell with the same cadence upon every couplet, being taken up by one and then another, increasing in volume until it filled the whole room, then suffered gradually to die away in those peculiar notes that when once heard never can be forgotten.

By this time the church was crowded—yes, packed—with listeners. After singing again, the preacher, a tall, powerful man of great stature, arose and began his discourse. He commenced slowly and laboriously, uttering about four words at each impulse and then making a long pause. But, as he warmed up with his subject, he spoke with greater ease and was at times truly eloquent. From the middle to the end of his sermon his voice took a high pitch, never varying from it except at stated intervals when it would rise or fall one tone and then usually on a single word. Thus the monotone was broken in such a way as to become really musical. It was a sort of chant, and the hearers seemed to be held spell-bound. The preacher began in this way:

"My hearers, de tex'—dat I shall take—dis evenin' is dis.—It will be foun'—in first C'rinthians—foahteenth chapter an' eighth verse:—'*F'oh if de trumpet—give an oncertain soun'—who shall prepare himse'f—foh de battle?*'—Now, my hearers,—Paul wrote dese words—to de inhabi—tants of *Corinth*.—Paul was a very—wise man in dese days—an' he give much—good counsel to de—'habitants of *Corinth*."

The minister continued in this way, then parenthetically he added: "I wish you'd picked out an easier tex'—dis is *awful* hard." Presently he said, "I wish some of you brudders would let down dem winders—seems to me yo're tryin' to *smover me out*." Soon a child began to cry, whereupon he said rather harshly:

"Wish dat chile 'd stop cryin'. What yo' bring yo' young 'uns here for, anyhow? Mus' be yo' haint had much bringin' up or you'd know better'n to bring 'em here to 'sturb de meetin'. 'Taint no place for 'em heah. Take 'em out! I can't be bothered in dis way. Don't want no more foolin'—take away dat young 'un! Come heah 'n' cry 'n' bother 'n' fool roun'—I can't preach—*take 'way dat young 'un!*"

By this time the child had ceased its interruption, and the preacher resumed.

"Dis sermon is 'bout trumpets. De trumpet is a large instrument for blowin' through for de purpose of bein' heard to a great distance. Dar's sev'ral kinds o' trum-

pets. Dar's tree kinds—de Trumpet ob War, de Trumpet o' Jub'lee an' de Trumpet ob God. De Trumpet ob War is used in de battle. Dar's de two armies draw'd up in line, facin' each oder, an' ev'ry man with a musket an' powder. De battle's just gwine to begin. De sogers is all examin'in' deir guns an' deir am'nition to see if dey's in good trim. De officers is a-ridin' up an' down de lines. De flags is flyin', de drums beatin', de sentry marchin'—an' now, listen! W'at is dat s'rill noise dat you heah pealin' 'long de sky? De men all bears it an' dey grabs up deir haversacks an' deir canteens an' sees dat deir ca'tridges is all right. W'at is dat noise? *It is de trumpet.* De Trumpet ob War! De trumpet soun's, dey form in line an' de battle begins. De trumpet didn' give no oncertain soun', my brudderin'—it give a *positif* soun', an' de men all hurried to de battle.

"Den dar's de Trumpet o' Jub'lee. In de ole days of Abraham an' Jacob an' Isaac dey had slaves for seven yeahs, an' den dey was free. Dat was de Trumpet o' Jub'lee w'en dey all had deir freedom an' was free men an' free women. So it was a few yeahs ago. De Trumpet ob War blowed, de sogers was a-fightin' an' a-fightin', an' bimeby sounded de Trumpet o' Jub'lee, an' de war was ober. De pore colored man he could go home to his wife an' his childr'n an' dey was his for he was *free*. He was free an' *dey* was free, for de Trumpet o' Jub'lee had sounded an' all de slaves was free men. De shackles fell off an' dey could clasp deir arms roun' deir wives an' childr'n, for dey was *free*, FREE, my bruddern, an' all because ob de blowin' ob de trumpet.

"Den dar's de Trumpet ob God. We is all a-livin' heah on dis earf doin', it may be, de bes' we kin, an' if we does so it is all right, for den we an't 'fraid ob de trumpet w'en it blows. But if we an't doin' de bes' we kin—if we an't hones'—if we lies, or steals, or does anything de Good Book tells us not to do, den w'at shall we say w'en de great, g-r-e-a-t Trumpet ob God blows an' we hab to go befo' de Great Mah's'r? An' dis trumpet won't blow wid no oncertain soun'. It will be a mighty blast from de Angel Gabriel, an' de sun will **stan'** still, an' de moon grow pale, an' de earf rock, an'

de mountains shall topple, an' de seas shall be moved. De graves will all open, an' all de dead will rise an' see deir God. O, my bruddern, w'at an awful day will dat be! W'at a nawful day for de pore sinner! W'at a *nawful* day for de man dat lies! W'at a *nawful* day for him dat steals. W'at a *nawful* day for all dat an't hones'! W'at a terrible day will dat be! W'at a *terrible* day for de pore lost sinner! But, my deah hearers, for de man dat done right, an' lived right an' done de bes' he knowed how, it won't be a terrible day for him. It won't be an awful day for *him*. It will be a day of praise, my bruddern,—a day of thanksgivin'. De Lord will come in glory. He will ride upon de clouds. De crimson clouds ob de sky will be his chariot. He will come in glory an' r-a-d-i-ance, my bruddern. He will say 'All you dat love me, come dis way.' An' all de mighty hosts will say 'Dis is de way to de Lord. Dis is de way to *our* Lord. Dis is de way to glory.' An' he will mount up, *up*, up to de skies, an' de great doors o' heaben 'll swing w-i-d-e open an' in will march dat g-r-e-a-t procession with de Mighty Chief at de head. Dar won't be any moah trumpets ob war, for wars will be no moah; dar wont be any moah trumpets o' Jub'lee, for sorrow'll be no moah, an' care'll be no moah, an' trouble will be no moah, an' harps'll swell de chorus for ever an' for ever; dar won't be any moah trumpets ob God to call us up higher, for we shall have reached de highest; we shall be with our God an' see His face and serve Him an' play upon de harps an' sing de praises ob our Lord. Heaben'll be a mighty big place. It'll hold thousan's an' thousan's all a-praisin' God an' shoutin' Hallelujah! hallelujah! But, my bruddern, if you want to be one ob dis great company, don't let yo trumpet give no oncertain soun'. Do what is right an' never do what is wrong—never gib an oncertain soun'. Let yo' trumpet alw'ys soun' for de Lord an' den yo' can be one ob His followers an' praise Him for ever an' for ever."

The sermon was remarkable. The peculiar chant which the preacher employed, the earnestness and impressiveness of his manner, the musical tones and the

eloquence of the words produced a striking effect upon the listener. The preacher's form would rise to its full height, the large pulpit Bible held high above his head, and his climaxes were reached with indescribable force.

The congregation were greatly affected, and the minister was continually interrupted by the demonstration of his hearers. Old negroes would shout at the top of their lungs, negro women would scream and shriek in a way almost blood-curdling. The whole house was in an uproar. Screams, shrieks, cries, and yells filled the air. An old negress rose and commenced dancing while screaming at the top of her voice. She was instantly seized by four or five others, and the shrieks were renewed with added vigor.

When the sermon ended, weird chanting was resumed, and we left to meditate upon the phase of life which we had witnessed. This impulsive people had given us ideas that we never before possessed. Theirs is a religion of feeling—of the heart and not of the head—but no one should judge them without weighing well their advantages and disadvantages, and remembering that true sincerity will far outweigh many of the graces and proprieties that seem to us so all-important. Truly, their trumpet gives no "uncertain sound," and, if their religion leads them to a life of greater usefulness and honesty, who can blame them for the crudeness or peculiarity of their worship? Compare their customs with those of people far more enlightened and see whether there are not found many religious forms equally primitive and, to us, meaningless as some adopted by our colored brothers.

FRANK H. FENNO.

FOR A WARNING.

[A story with a moral.]

I CAN tell just how it happened, though it's fifty years ago,
And I sometimes think it's curious that I can remember so:

For though things that lately happened slip my mind,
and fade away,
I am sure that I shall never lose the memory of that
day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he wrote us in the
fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favorite of them
all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but I couldn't
always tell
When my pie-crust would be flaky, or the poultry
roasted well;
So I felt a little worried—if the truth must be confessed—
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as our house-
hold guest.

Just a week before Thanksgiving Ezra rode one day to
town,
As I needed things for cooking—flour and sugar, white
and brown;
And I worked like any beaver all the time he was away,
Making mince and stewing apple for the coming holiday.
I was hot, and tired, and nervous, when he galloped home
at night—
All that day my work had plagued me, nothing seemed
to go just right.

"Here's the flour, Lucindy," said he: "it's the best there
is in town;
I forgot the other sugar, but I've brought enough of
brown."
"You're a fool!" I cried in fury, and the tears began to
fall;
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I thought he
ought to know;
But he turned as white as marble when he heard me
speaking so.

Not a word he said in answer, but he started for the door,
And in less than half a minute galloped down the road
once more.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and
fear and shame ;
He was good and kind and patient ; I was all the one to
blame.
And the hours wore on till midnight, and my heart
seemed turned to stone,
As I listened for his coming while I sat there all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbor : " Ezra has been
hurt," he said ;
" Found beside the road unconscious ; taken up at first
for dead."
Just behind him came four others with a burden slowly
brought ;
As I stood and dumbly watched them you can guess of
all I thought !

Oh, the days and nights that followed ! Ezra lived, and
that was all ;
And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst that might
befall.
Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases now and
then
Dropped from fevered lips, and told me what his painful
thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving dawned upon us. Job came early,
shocked to meet
Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he hoped to
greet.
Not a word we spoke together in that hushed and
shadowed room,
Where we waited for the twilight darkening down to
deeper gloom ;
For the doctor said that morning : " There is nothing
more to do ;
If he lives till after sunset, I, perhaps, can pull him
through."

Just as five o'clock was striking Ezra woke and faintly stirred;

"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the words I faintly heard.

How I cried! You can't imagine how I felt to hear him speak,

Or to see his look of wonder when I bent to kiss his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's coming up the walk—

But I've had a purpose in it; 'twasn't just for idle talk. Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make your quarrel up with Gray?

It may save a world of trouble, and it's near Thanksgiving day.

CAROLINE B. L. ROW.

WOMEN VS. HEROISM.

[This article recently appeared as an editorial by the "funny man" of a leading Republican journal. It was suggested by an incident that occurred in one of the city schools.]

The powerful incitement which Love and Beauty gives to Valor is and always has been a favorite theme with poets and romancists. Many of the most exquisite things in our literature, as well as that of other languages, are fragrant flowers, forced into life by the noble desire of men to do deeds worthy of the fair ones whom they loved. What, for instance, could be finer than this little gem of Tennyson's?

Thy voice is heard through rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands;
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

This is the romantic—the imaginative side of it. Has it another for the actualities of life? We firmly believe it has. If the concurrent testimony of all the men we meet on the street corners, in the bar-rooms and elsewhere have any value whatever, lovely woman, instead of being the inspirer of deeds of magnificent courage, is most frequently the chill frost that nips the same just at the inopportune moment when intrepid impulses are about to blossom into acts of signal daring.

For instance, it is the commonest thing in the world to meet the man who tells us that when he heard the midnight burglar despoiling him of his goods and chattels he would have sprung from his couch and, naked-handed, rushed upon him, and either throttled or tore him limb from limb, but just as he was on the point of putting this summary lynch-law into execution, the wife of his bosom laid her restraining hand upon his shoulder, and said, in tones that he could not but heed:

“Don’t, Charles Agamemnon; don’t for my sake.”

So the burglar was allowed to escape his rightful doom.

So the country is just full of men who positively ached to rush to the tented field during the rebellion, and perform such prodigies of valor and destruction as would have brought Lee and Stonewall Jackson whimpering to their knees, but every time their boiling patriotism reached the point where they could no longer restrain it, their wives, or sisters, or mothers, or some other meddlesome female deprived the country of the services of these military prodigies, and themselves of the renown that they would have won, by just saying at the critical moment:

“Rodney,” (or James, or Hannibal, or Bonaparte, as the case might be,) “How can you think of leaving *me*?”

During the war the North put 2,000,000 of very good men into the field, but if we are to believe all that is told us in moments of confidence, if it had not been for the tears of lovely women five or six millions of vastly better men would have gone and made mighty short work of the insolent hordes of Secession.

Jeff. Davis is not above telling the same kind of

preposterous little lie in his book. He says that when he was corralled by the cavalry in Southern Georgia and a stalwart young Michigander rode up in front of him, with a levelled carbine, and demanded his surrender,—

"The plan I instantly formed," says Jeff, "was to defy the man, receive his fire, when he would probably miss me, then spring forward, place my hand under his foot, tip him out of his saddle, leap into his place and gallop off."

But just as he was about to put this notable plan into operation, Mrs. Davis came up and said:

"Don't, dear,"

Whereupon he didn't; he abandoned all his gallant scheme on the instant, and allowed her to drape his manly form with her water-proof, and attempt to pass him out as an old woman going for a bucket of water.

Almost as wretched a chilling of valiant aspirations by woman's meddlesomeness took place in a Philadelphia public school last Wednesday.

The name of the woman who did the cruel nipping is Miss Taylor, and she occupies the position of teacher, but strangely conceives it her duty to interfere with the development of her pupils into long haired "Terrors of the Prairies." She began her fell work by saying in freezing tones:

"John Kalor, come up here."

A 10-year-old hero, recognizing that one of the great crises of a brave man's life had arrived, rose, with stern calmness, from the desk where he had been pondering over his geography lesson, and remarking in a thrilling whisper to a confederate,

"Remember your oath,"

marched down to the front of the teacher's desk, placed his hand upon his fateful hip-pocket, and demanded in tones which his admiring companions remarked never lost their evenness:

"What does the white squaw want with 'Schuykill Jack?'"

The response of the "White Squaw" was to lay hold of the incipient scalper of the Apache and the Piute, in

that effective manner in which womankind deal with refractory husbands and boys, and hustle him out of the room, he muttering "Treachery" between his set teeth, as he disappeared from the view of the nine companions in the room who formed with him a secret, oath-bound organization, devoted to Indian-killing, maiden-rescuing, and dime-novel-reading, and christened the "Philadelphia Cowboys." Johnny Kalor, whose official name on the rolls was "Schuylkill Jack," was the redoubtable Captain of the fierce band.

The hero-quelling Miss Taylor found a seven-shooter in "Schuylkill Jack's" hip-pocket, upon being relieved of which he burst into most unheroic tears, and all his valor vanished when his father appeared on the scene and carried him off to where it is probable that a sinewy rawhide awaited him. The other nine were also summoned into the council-room of the "White Squaw," and yielded up, under pressure of her persuasive ferrule, seven revolvers and two bowie-knives.

It appeared that "Schuylkill Jack" was a worthy Captain of his fierce band, for, a few days before, learning that one of his followers contemplated exposing the organization to the authorities, he placed the muzzle of a revolver to his head, and made him swear a fearful oath to be true as steel to his sanguinary confederates.

Now the question that throbs tumultuously through the brains of the primary departments in Philadelphia is—

"Shall despotic women, clothed in a little brief authority, be allowed to stamp out every spark of American heroism and manliness in this vile manner?"

TOLEDO BLADE.

WILLIE WEE'S GRACE.

[Impersonate the child and the old colored nurse.]

HE wasn't two years old, you see;
He couldn't utter well
A single word,—this Willie Wee,
Of whom I'm going to tell.

Yet, if you gave him something good,
He always tried to say
His "thank you, ma'am" as best he could
In pretty, baby way.

And, kneeling by his little bed,
In gown of dainty white,
He shut his great blue eyes, and said
" *Our Father*" every night.

One morning when the bell for prayers
Had summoned all the house,
He glided down the nursery stairs
As softly as a mouse.

"Hi, honey! wha' ye goin' widout
You' ha'r been smooven down?"
The nurse maid cried: "The child's about
Some mischief, I'll be boun'.

"Come back dis minute, till I put
You' shoes an' stockin's on,"
She shouted down the passage, but
The runaway was gone.

And to himself she heard him say
As, muttering, on he went,—
"Papa away! papa away!"
And wondered what he meant.

Into the breakfast room he pressed,
Mounted his father's chair,
And gravely waited till the rest
Came in from morning prayer.

And when mamma and sisters three
Had taken each her place,
And paused a moment, quietly,
To say their silent "grace,"—

His head our Willie Wee low bowed,
And, folding palm to palm,
Shut close his eyes and said aloud,

"*Our Fader,—t'ank 'ou, ma'am!*"

MARGARET J. PRESTON, in *Wide Awake*.

DRINKING A TEAR.

Why Josh Spillit Refused to Drink Liquor.

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor-oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit, and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago, as a passel of us went fishing, we took a fine chance of whiskey along, an' had a heap of fun. Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me out thar drunk, an' told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night an' when I woke in the mornin' thar sot my wife right thar by

me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up and looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'.

"I wish I had suthin to drink," s's I.

"Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her, and went down to whar a spring biled up an' dipped up a cupful an' fotch it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over ter hide her eyes, and I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuck the cup an' drunk the water and the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never after drink my wife's tears again; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

FAT AND LEAN.

[Suitable for an encore.]

A THIN little fellow had such a fat wife,
 Fat wife, fat wife,—God bless her!
 She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
 And it took all his money to dress her,—
 God bless her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes;
 Fat toes, fat toes,—God keep her!
 For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
 To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,—
 God keep her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
 A sword, a sword,—God spare her!
 She took all the bed and she took all the board,
 And it took a whole sofa to bear her,—
 God spare her!

She spread like a turtle ; he shrank like a pike,
A pike, a pike,—God save him !
And nobody ever beheld the like ;
For they had to wear glasses to shave him,—
God save him !

She fattened away till she burst one day,—
Exploded ! blew up !—God take her !
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over an acre !—
God take her !

He withered so fast that *he* went at last ;—
Collapsed, dried up,—God take him !
And when he was in Death's clutches fast,
No shroud they had to make him,—
God take him !

WINTER IN LOUISVILLE.

IF you had been in that fair city on the Ohio for a few days past, you could truthfully say of it that it was beautiful. A little snow (the first of the season with one slight exception) had fallen, then a misty rain fell and froze, giving the whole city a weird and truly beautiful appearance. Every tree, branch, and bit of foliage bowed, as in admiration, at the sparkling panorama everywhere visible, while upon itself glistened diamonds, rubies and emeralds, flashing back as in defiance the rays of light that dared to trespass upon the scene.

From every housetop hung a glittering row of icicles pointing toward the greater profusion of crystal wealth beneath. All the telegraph and telephone wires were encased in a heavy protecting coat of ice, which caused them to hang like ropes of glass gracefully festooned from pole to pole. At one point, where several lines converged, the appearance was that of an immense crystal star with streams of fire flashing in all directions, equal in richness to any fairy tale that ever delighted us in our youthful days. But perhaps the prettiest antic played by the icy king of winter was the fantastic

weaving of his frosty breath upon the numerous wire signs displayed throughout the city. The geometrical figures woven in the delicate framework were beautifully incrustated and interlaced in a great variety of ways, making a pleasing appearance. The effect of all the ice-jeweling and frost-painting was greatly heightened at night, when the bright gas-jets and intense electric lights caused prismatic colors to play and flash among the sparkling, frozen dew-drops.

Such was the method employed by nature to decorate the city through holiday week. Christmas came with genial sunshine and May-day warmth—a type of the character of Him after whom the day was named; but the New Year came with all the icy beauties for a garniture—a rich profusion of scintillating gems in a flaky crystal setting, with the elegant tracery of frost-pencils illuminated by the gorgeous colors of refraction. It seems as though this beauty was given us at this special time for a purpose—to remind us how pure and bright and beautiful our lives may be for the coming year.

F. H. FENNO.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Abridged.

[A fine recitation affording great opportunities for gesture. The style is strikingly similar to the humorous *William Brown of Oregon* in No. 1. A peculiarity of these two pieces lies in the fact that many abrupt changes are required throughout; for example, the first portion of this piece should be read in a light descriptive tone, with the exception of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 9th, and 12th lines, which should be given with varying degrees of heavy force. All through the piece these sudden changes will be noticed, and they give a freshness to the lines. The irregular rhyme gives an added charm. Picture the scene—the cloud-buried mountains to the left, beyond which lie the gold fields of Idaho; to the right and just at your feet roll the waters of the surging river, and upon its bank stands the maiden. Across the river, far to your right, bend the dripping boughs from which the rich red berries hang dancing in the distance. The chief kneels at the feet of the dusky maiden, whose thoughts are with the more favored suitor, who is momentarily expected to return from his roaming beyond the snowy peaks from whose tops the sunlight flashes. With this picture in mind you will more readily grasp the gestures.]

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to¹ and fro
By peaks² preëminent in snow;

Indicated Gestures. (See *Key*). 1. HO. lh. Hand waves gracefully to right on "to" and to left on "fro," and at (2) "peaks" the index finger is thrown up toward AO.

A sounding river rushes¹ past,
 So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.
 A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
 A tawny maiden, mute and still,
 Stands waiting² at the river's brink,
 As weird and wild as you can think.
 A mighty chief is at her feet;
 She does not heed him wooing so—
 She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
 She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
 From far gold fields of Idaho,³
 Beyond the beaming peaks of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs⁴ in air—
 His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
 She turns; she lifts⁵ her round, brown hand;
 She looks him fairly in the face;
 She moves her foot a little pace
 And says, with coldness and command:
 "There's blood enough in this lorn land.

"But see! a test of strength and skill,
 Of courage and fierce fortitude,
 To breast and wrestle with the rude
 And storm-born waters, now I will
 Bestow you both. Stand either⁶ side.
 Take you my left,⁷ tall Idaho;
 And you, my burly chief, I know
 Would choose my right.⁸ Now peer you low
 Across the waters wild and wide.
 See! leaning so this morn I spied
 Red berries dip yon farther side.
 See, dipping, dripping in the stream
 Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam!
 Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
 Plunge⁹ in the stream, bear knife in teeth,
 To cut yon bough¹⁰ for bridal wreath.

Indicated Gestures. 1. DL. rh. sweep of the hand. 2. DO. 3. AO. lh. sustained to "snow." 4. HO. hand springs suddenly up from wrist. 5. Right hand lifted to arrest attention, body slightly turned to left and position sustained. Drop hand at "command." 6. DL. bh. 7. HL. lh. 8. HL. right hand; suddenly changed to HF. Ptg. on "peer," body meanwhile turned to face right. Sustained to "gleam," with strokes of gesture upon "berries" and "dipping." 9. DF. 10. Ptg.

Plunge¹ in ! and he who bears him best,
And brings yon² ruddy fruit to land
The first, shall have my heart and hand."

Two tawny men, tall, brown, and thewed
Like antique bronzes rarely seen,
Shot³ up like flame. She stood between
Like fixed, impassive fortitude.
Then one⁴ threw robes with sullen air,
And wound red fox-tails in his hair ;
But one⁵ with face of proud delight,
Entwined a crest of snowy white.
She stood between. She sudden gave
The sign, and each impatient brave
Shot⁶ sudden in the sounding wave ;
The startled waters gurgled round ;
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

Oh, then awoke the love that slept !
Oh, then her heart beat loud and strong !
Oh, then the proud love pent up long
Broke forth in wail upon the air !
And leaning there she sobbed and wept,
With dark face mantled in her hair.
Now side by side the rivals plied,
Yet no man wasted words or breath ;
And all was still as stream of death.
Now side by side their strength was tried ;
And now they breathless paused and lay
Like brawny wrestlers well at bay.
And now they dived, dived long, and now
Two black heads lifted⁷ from the foam,
And shook aback the dripping brow,
Then shouldered sudden glances home.

They near the shore at last ; and now
The foam flies spouting from a face
That laughing lifts from out the race.

Indicated Gestures. 1. Same as 9. 2. Ptg. After "hand," face front. 3. DO. bh. hands spring up from wrist. 4. HO. 5. HO. lh. 6. DO. 7. HO. ~~and~~ thrown up from wrist.

The race is won, the work is done!
 She sees the climbing¹ crest of snow;
 She knows her tall, brown Idaho,
 She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
 While tears are streaming from her eyes;
 "O² splendid, kingly Idaho!
 I kiss his lifted crest of snow;
 I see him clutch the bended bow!
 'Tis cleft—he turns! is coming now!

"My tall and tawny king, come back!
 Come swift, O sweet! why falter so?
 Come, come! What thing³ has crossed your track?
 I kneel⁴ to all the gods I know.
 Oh come,⁵ my manly Idaho!
 Great Spirit,⁶ what is this I dread?⁷
 Why⁸ there is blood! the wave is red!
 That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
 Dives down and, hiding from my face,
 Strikes underneath! He rises now!
 Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
 And lifts aloft his red fox head,
 And signals he has won for me.
 Hist,⁹ softly! Let him come and see.
 Oh come,¹⁰ my white-crowned hero, come!
 Oh come, and I will be your bride,
 Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
 O God, he sinks! O Heaven,¹¹ save
 My brave, brave boy! He rises! See!¹²
 Hold fast, my boy! Strike, strike¹³ for me!

Indicated Gestures. 1. HO. Ptg. finger slowly rises 2. Body turns to right; hands clasped upon the breast in ecstasy; eyes firmly fixed upon her lover in the distance, sustained; at "is coming" unclasp hands and throw arms entreatingly toward Idaho, sustain. 3. Hands suddenly drop and body starts back in terror. 4. Both hands drawn up to breast, palms outward. 5. Hands forward, imploringly. 6. AF. bh. 7. Lean forward eagerly, after slight pause at "dread." 8. Start back suddenly, hands clasped in agony 9. Hand raised. 10. AF. bh. pleadingly. 11. AF. 12. Ptg., sustained. 13. Bh.

Strike straight this way! Strike firm and strong!
 Hold fast your strength! It is not long—
 O God,¹ he sinks! He sinks! is gone!
 His face has perished² from my sight.
 "And did I dream, and do I wake?
 Or did I wake and now but dream?
 And what is this crawls³ from the stream?
 Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake.
 What! you,⁴ the red fox, at my feet?
 You⁵ first, and failing from the race?

"What! you have brought me berries red?
 What! you have brought your bride a wreath?
 You sly old fox with wrinkled face—
 That blade⁶ has blood between your teeth.
 Lie still, lie still! till I lean⁷ o'er
 And clutch⁸ your red blade to the shore.
 Ha, ha! Take that,⁹ and that,¹⁰ and that!¹¹
 Ha! ha! So, through your coward throat
 The full day shines!" Two fox-tails float
 And drift¹² and drive adown the stream.
 "But what is this? What snowy crest
 Climbs¹³ out the willows of the west,
 All weary, wounded, bent, and slow,
 And dripping from his streaming hair?
 It is, it is!¹⁴ my Idaho!
 His feet are on the land, and fair
 His face is lifting to my face,
 For who shall now dispute the race?"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE SAD-EYED STRANGER.

[One of Mark Twain's latest pieces—absurdity told in seriousness and sobriety—his own peculiar vein.]

POOR, sad-eyed stranger! There was something about
 his humble mien, his tired look, his decayed gentility

Indicated Gestures. Hands clasped in terror. 2. Face covered with hands; immovable a moment with unspeakable agony; hands slowly withdrawn; appearance as if dazed. 3. DF., disgust. 4. HF. 5. Repeat. 6. DF., Ptg. 7. Leaning forward, as if over the bank at the water's edge. 8. Clutching. 9, 10, 11. Stabbing and cutting furiously. 12. Hand moves smoothly along toward right. 13. DO. lh. hand rises. 14. Body turns eagerly toward left; both arms outstretched.

clothes, that almost reached the mustard-seed of charity that still remained, remote and lonely, in the empty vastness of my heart, notwithstanding I observed a portfolio under his arm and said to myself, Behold, Providence hath delivered his servant into the hands of another canvasser.

Well, these people always get one interested. Before I well knew how it came about, this one was telling me his story, and I was all attention and sympathy. He told it something like this :

My parents died, alas ! when I was a little sinless child.

My uncle Ithuriel took me to his heart and reared me as his own. He was my only relative in the wide world; but he was good and rich and generous. He reared me in the lap of luxury. I knew no want that money could satisfy.

In the fullness of time I was graduated, and went with two of my servants—my chamberlain and my valet—to travel in foreign countries. During four years I flitted upon careless wing amid the beauteous gardens of the distant strand, if you will permit this form of speech in one whose tongue was ever attuned to poesy ; and indeed I so speak with confidence, as one unto his kind, for I perceive by your eyes that you too, sir, are gifted with the divine inflation. In those far lands I reveled in the ambrosial food that fructifies the soul, the mind, the heart. But of all things, that which most appealed to my inborn esthetic taste was the prevailing custom there, among the rich, of making collections of elegant and costly rarities, dainty *objets de vertu*, and in an evil hour I tried to uplift my uncle Ithuriel to a plane of sympathy with this exquisite employment.

I wrote and told him of one gentleman's vast collection of shells ; another's noble collection of meerschaum pipes ; another's elevating and refining collection of undecipherable autographs ; another's priceless collection of old china ; another's enchanting collection of postage-stamps—and so forth and so on.

Soon my letters yielded fruit. My uncle began to look about for something to make a collection of. You may know, perhaps, how fleetly a taste like this dilates

His soon became a raging fever, though I knew it not. He began to neglect his great pork business; presently he wholly retired, and turned an elegant leisure into a rabid search for curious things. His wealth was vast, and he spared it not. First he tried cow-bells. He made a collection which filled five large salons, and comprehended all the different sorts of cow-bells that had ever been contrived, save one. That one—an antique, and the only specimen extant—was possessed by another collector. My uncle offered enormous sums for it, but the gentleman would not sell. Doubtless you know what necessarily resulted. A true collector attaches no value to a collection that is not complete. His great heart breaks, he sells his hoard, he turns his attention to some field that seems unoccupied.

Thus did my uncle. He next tried brickbats. After piling up a vast and intensely interesting collection, the former difficulty supervened; his great heart broke again, he sold his soul's idol to the retired brewer who possessed the missing brick. Then he tried flint hatchets and other relics of Primeval Man, but by and by discovered that the factory where they were made was supplying other collectors as well as himself. He tried Aztec inscriptions and stuffed whales—another failure, after incredible labor and expense. When his collection seemed at last perfect, a stuffed whale arrived from Greenland and an Aztec inscription from the Cundurango regions of Central America that made all former specimens insignificant. My uncle hastened to secure these noble gems. He got the stuffed whale, but another collector got the inscription. A real Cundurango, as possibly you know, is a possession of such supreme value that, when once a collector gets it, he will rather part with his family than with it.

So my uncle sold out, and saw his darlings go forth, never more to return; and his coal-black hair turned snow-white in a single night.

Now he waited and thought. He knew another disappointment might kill him. He was resolved that he would choose things next time that no other man was collecting. He carefully made up his mind, and

once more entered the field—this time to make a collection of echoes.

“Of what?” said I.

“Echoes, sir. His first purchase was an echo in Georgia that repeated four times; his next was a six-repeater in Maryland; his next was a nine-repeater in Kansas; his next was a 12-repeater in Tennessee, which he got cheap, so to speak, because it was out of repair, a portion of the crag which reflected it having tumbled down. He believed he could repair it at a cost of a few thousand dollars, and, by increasing the elevation with masonry, treble the repeating capacity; but the architect who undertook the job had never built an echo before, and so he utterly spoiled this one. Before he meddled with it, it used to talk back like a mother-in-law, but now it was only fit for the deaf and dumb asylum. Well, next he bought a lot of cheap little double-barreled echoes, scattered around over various States and Territories; he got them at 20 per cent. off by taking the lot. Next he bought a perfect Gatling gun of an echo in Oregon, and it cost a fortune, I can tell you. You may know, sir, that in the echo market the scale of prices is cumulative, like the carat-scale in diamonds; in fact the same phraseology is used. A single-carat echo is worth but \$10 over and above the value of the land it is on; a two-carat or double-barreled echo is worth \$30; a five-carat is worth \$950; a 10-carat is worth \$13,000. My uncle’s Oregon echo, which he called the “Great Pitt Echo,” was a 22-carat gem, and cost \$216,000—they threw the land in, for it was 400 miles from a settlement.

Well, in the meantime my path was a path of roses.

I was the accepted suitor of the only and lovely daughter of an English Earl, and was beloved to distraction. In that dear presence I swam in seas of bliss.

The family were content, for it was known that I was sole heir to an uncle worth \$5,000,000. However, none of us knew that my uncle had become a collector, at least in anything more than a small way, for esthetic amusement.

Now gathered the clouds about my unconscious head.

That divine echo, since known to the world as the

"Great Kohinoor, or Mountain of Repetitions," was discovered. It was a 65-carat gem. You could utter a word and it would talk back at you for 15 minutes, when the day was otherwise quiet. But behold, another discovery was made at the same time: another echo collector was in the field. The two rushed to make the purchase.

The property consisted of a couple of small hills with a shallow swale between, out yonder among the back settlements of New York State. Both men arrived on the ground at the same time, and neither knew the other was there. The echo was not all owned by one man; a person by the name of William Bolivar Jarvis owned the east hill, and a person by the name of Hardison J. Bledso owned the west hill; the swale between was the dividing line. So, while my uncle was buying Jarvis' for \$3,285,000, the other was buying Bledso's hill for a shade over \$3,000,000.

Now, do you perceive the natural result? Why the noblest collection of echoes on earth was forever and ever incomplete, since it possessed but one-half of the King echo of the universe. Neither man was content with this divided ownership, yet neither would sell to the other. There were jawings, bickerings, heart-burnings.

And at last, that other collector, with a malignity which only a collector can feel toward a man and a brother, proceeded to cut down his hill.

You see, as long as he could not have the echo, he was resolved that nobody else should have it. He would remove his hill, and then there would be nothing to reflect my uncle's voice. My uncle remonstrated with him, but the man said, "I own one end of this echo; I choose to kill my end; you must take care of your own end yourself."

Well, my uncle got an injunction put on him. The other man appealed and fought it in a higher court.

They carried it on up, clear up to the Supreme Court of the United States. It made no end of trouble there.

Two of the Judges believed that an echo was personal property, because it was impalpable to sight and touch, and yet was purchasable, salable and, consequently, taxable; two others believed that an echo was real

estate, because it was manifestly attached to the land, and was not removable from place to place; others of the Judges contended that an echo was not property at all.

It was finally decided that the echo was property; that the hills were property; that the two men were separate and independent owners of the two hills, but tenants in common in the echo; therefore, defendant was at full liberty to cut down the hill, since it belonged solely to him, but must give bonds in \$3,000,000 as indemnity for damages which might result to my uncle's half of the echo. This decision also debarred my uncle from using defendant's hill to reflect his part of the echo, without defendant's consent; he must use only his own hill; if his part of the echo would not go under these circumstances, it was very sad, of course, but the court could find no remedy. The court also debarred defendant from using my uncle's hill to reflect his end of the echo without consent. You see the grand result! Neither man would give consent, and so that astonishing and most noble echo had to cease from its great powers; and since that day that magnificent property is tied up and unsalable.

A week before my wedding-day, while I was still swimming in bliss and the nobility were gathering from far and near to honor our espousals, came news of my uncle's death. He was gone; alas, my dear benefactor was no more. The thought surcharges my heart even at this remote day. I handed the will to the earl; I could not read it for the blinding tears. The earl read it, then he sternly said:

"Sir, do you call this wealth? But doubtless you do in your inflated country. Sir, you are left heir to a vast collection of echoes—if a thing can be called a collection that is scattered far and wide over the huge length and breadth of the American continent. Sir, this is not all; you are head and ears in debt; there is not an echo in the lot but has a mortgage on it. Sir, I am not a hard man, but I must look to my child's interest; if you had but one echo which you could honestly call your own; if you had but one echo which was free from encum-

brances so that you could retire to it with my child, and by humble, painstaking industry cultivate and improve it, and thus wrest from it a maintenance, I would not say you nay; but I cannot marry my child to a beggar. Leave his side, my darling! go, sir, take your mortgage-ridden echos, and quit my sight forever!"

My noble Celestine clung to me in tears, with loving arms, and swore she would willingly, nay, gladly marry me, though I had not an echo in the world. But it could not be. We were torn asunder; she, to pine and die within the twelvemonth, I, to toil through life's long journey, sad and lone, praying daily, hourly, for that release which shall join us together again in that dear realm where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to look at these maps and plans in my portfolio, I am sure that I can sell you an echo for less money than any man in the trade. Now this one, which cost my uncle \$10.30, years ago, and is one of the sweetest things in Texas, I will let you have for—"

"Let me interrupt you," I said. "My friend, I have not had a moment's respite from canvassers this day. I have bought a sewing-machine which I did not want; I have bought a map which is mistaken in all its details; I have bought a clock which will not go; I have bought a moth-poison which the moths prefer to any other beverage; I have bought no end of useless inventions, and now I have had enough of this foolishness. I would not have one of your echoes if you were to give it to me. I would not let it stay on the place; I always hate a man that tries to sell me echoes. You see this gun? Now take your collection and move on; let us not have bloodshed."

And he only smiled a sad, sweet smile, and got out some more diagrams. You know the result perfectly well, because you know that when you have once opened the door to a canvasser the trouble is done, and you have got to suffer ignominious defeat.

I compromised with this man at the end of an intolerable hour. I bought two double-barreled echoes in good

condition, and he threw in another, which he said was not salable because it only spoke German. He said :

"She was a perfect polyglot once, but somehow her palate got down."

MARK TWAIN.

HOW WE TRIED TO WHIP THE TEACHER.

[As told at the old settlers' meeting. Impersonate.]

I wuz a boy of seventeen, ungainly, dull an' tall,
 Ez green ez eny gozlin', but I tho't I know'd it all.
 I went to school at Plano. I chopped up wood an'
 chored
 For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him for my board.

One day Philetus Phinney, another boy in school,
 About ez rough an' raw ez I—about as big a fool—
 Jist hinted in a private way 'twould be a right smart
 feature,
 An' giv' us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lick the teacher.
 We wouldn't ask no better fun than jist to make him
 climb,
 We'd hev a long vacation an' a whopper of a time.

The teacher he wuz sickly—he wuz not ez big ez I—
 I knew that we could bounce him if we didn't half but
 try,

Fur eny one lookin' at him would a said on sight
 'Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an' not a speck o' fight.
 His hands they wan't accustomed much to hangin' on to
 ploughs,
 To hoin' corn, to cradlin' wheat, or milkin twenty cows.
 Philetus said he'd use him for a mop to mop the floor,
 An' when he begged an' hollered that we'd hist him out
 the door.

We told the boys at recess o' the plot that we had
 planned;
 They said 'f we couldn't down him they'd lend a helpin'
 hand;

But big Philetus Phinney, he wuz tickled ez could be
To think they tho't a snip like that could lick a chap
like he;

'F I'd kick the bucket over, he'd make the teacher
dance—

He'd flop him in the water, an he'd mop it with his
pants.

We heard the school-bell ringing', we scrambled in pell-
mell;

I run agin' the water-pail, on puppus, an' I fell;
I struck upon a stick o' wood, I badly raked my shin,
The water swoshed upon me, an' it wet me to the skin.

The scrawny little teacher, why! he bounded from his
chair,

He took me by the trousers, and he held me in the ar',
Then round an' round an' round an' round he whirled
me like a top,

An' when I seed a thousand stars he sudden let me drop;
He took me an' he shook me till I tho't that I should die.
He swished me with his ruler till my pants were nearly
dry,

While big Philetus Phinney he wuz jist too scar'd to
laugh,

He let the teacher thrash me till I bellered like a calf.

An' all the other fightin' boys, with white and frightened
looks,

Sot shakin' in the'r very boots and ras'lin' with the'r
books;

And oh, how hard they studied—not a feller spoke or
stirred—

They didn't dar to whisper or to say a single word.

Whar' is that little teacher that giv' me such a scar'?

He still is peaked lookin'—he's settin' over thar'—

An' tho' he's nearly seventy, an' sickly yit, I vow

I'd hate to hev him git those hands o' his'n on me now:

He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' in his
school;

That a braggart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a fool.

EUGENE J. HALL, in "*Away Out West*."

"PEACE, BE STILL."

It was at the calm, gentle hour of twilight that a tiny vessel—a mere fisherman's boat—set sail upon the waters of a lonely lake, for the opposite shore. In the far-off West the sun had just disappeared; yet his last rays lingered upon the Eastern mountain-tops. All except one of those who occupied that little boat sat enjoying the beauty of the scene before them. All day He had been teaching and preaching to the multitudes which thronged around Him, listening eagerly to catch the words as they fell from His lips; and now, worn and wearied with the cares and toils of the day, *He slept*.

But suddenly the clouds began to gather, and the wind came sweeping over the hills, lashing into fury the waves, which rose higher and higher every moment. The crew of the little boat were powerless then, and giving themselves up for lost, turned to the stern and beheld Him whose name was on almost every tongue—sleeping still. In fear, then, they awoke Him, crying, "Lord, save us, we perish."

He awoke slowly and expressed His surprise at their fear while He gently rebuked them. Then rising and turning to the raging sea and furious winds, in a voice of divine power and sweetness He exclaimed, "*Peace, be still!*" Suddenly the wind, a moment before so terrific in its fury, gently subsided. The foaming sea, with watery mountains and deep gulfs, quietly sank to a level, with scarcely a ripple dimpling its smooth, glassy surface.

We may almost wonder that, after listening to His teachings and witnessing His miracles as they had done, they could have feared or doubted even in the midst of such extreme danger. For did not they know that the ship which carried Him could not sink? Did not they know that in that mysterious yet beautiful union of the human and divine, although the human might sleep, the divine never could? Did not they know that he was just as powerful to protect them while sleeping as when awake? Yet in this touching scene we may behold a beautiful type of our earthly life. The Sea of Galilee reminds us of Time bounded by the shores of Eternity.

In the frail bark we see a resemblance to life, filled with immortal spirits for its crew. Perchance, as we start forth on our journey, all the future looks bright, illuminated by the glowing rays of hope, and we expect a prosperous voyage, little dreaming of the storms which lie before us. Perhaps, too, as we look up to the Giver of all Good, the beautiful, silvery light of *Faith* comes to cheer us on in our journey towards an unseen world, and through that light of Faith we behold our SAVIOUR very near us. But suddenly, without a moment's warning the dark storm-clouds of adversity gather around us; temptation and trial seem to frown upon us, while the waves and the billows of unutterable anguish sweep over us. We may try to resist, but they only seem to rise higher and higher, until oftentimes we begin to doubt and distrust our Heavenly Father. At last, in our despair, perhaps, we turn to him who alone can help, crying, "*Lord, save us, we perish!*" Then, even as He exclaims "*O where is thy faith,*" He utters those thrilling words, "*Peace, be still!*"

O, the wondrous power of those holy words,—how sweetly they sound when we are overwhelmed with the cares and toils of earth. The storms of temptation and unbelief must surely roll away when JESUS thus speaks peace to the trembling, fainting heart. The light of Faith will only be the brighter and holier after the storm is over; and the weary heart thus resting in JESUS shall indeed find a blessed haven of *rest*.

VIOLET.

SUNDAY FISHIN'.

[The head-note to *The Recognition* on another page is appropriate for this also. Employ a negro's tone and, at the close, act it to the life. The more vehemence thrown in the latter portion the better. Let the changes in manner just before "*You Gus!*" and "*Laws-a-massy!*" be complete and perfect.]

HEYO! you niggers, dah, I like ter know
 Wut dat you up to yere! Well, toe by sho!
 Ef you aint fishin' on de good Lawd's day,
 Des like you done gone clah forgit de way
 Up to de meetin'-'ouse! Yere, come erlong
 Er me, en I'll show you de place you b'long.

I tells you wut, boys, dish yere chile is had
 Speunce er Sunday fishin', en he glad
 Dat he's alive! De las' time dat I broke
 De Sabbaf-day dis way, it wa'n't no joke—
 You heered me now! Dat wuz de time you know,
 I ketched de debble, en I thought, fer sho,
 Dat he'd ketch me!

You see dish yere de way
 It wuz: I tuck my pole one Sabbaf-day
 En went down to de river, at de place
 Wut I kep' baited up above de race.
 Dey use ter be a little dogwood tree
 Up on de bank, des big ernough fer me
 To set en fish in; en I use ter clime
 Into it alluz in high-water time;
 It growed right on de steep bank's aidge, en lent
 'Way out above de water.

W'en I went
 Up dah dat day de muddy river den
 Had riz en overflowed 'bout nine or ten
 Feet fum de bank, en so I tuck en role
 My breeches up, en waded wid my pole
 Out to de tree, en clime into de fawk,
 En 'gin ter fish.

'Twa'n't long befo' my cawk
 Duckt down clean outer sight, en den I felt
 De pole jerkt mos' away. I lay, I helt
 On to dat pole, but 'twa'n't no mortal use—
 Dat fish wuz boun' to make sump'n come loose.
 I had a monst'ous strong big cat-fish line,
 En so I tuck en fix my legs entwine
 Erround dat tree, en froze on to de pole,
 'Termint to swing 'twell sump'n los' der hol'.

But, laws-a-massy! 'twa'n't no yethly use;
 Fo' long I felt dat tree a-givin' loose;
 En treckly down she come, sho 'nough, kerflop,
 Into de b'ilin' water, me on top.

Yes, sir, right in de river; den dat thing
 Wut I done ketched hit give a suddint swing,
 En 'way hit tuck straight down de stream, wid me
 Er-follern arter, settin' on de tree!

Sakes, how we trabbled! en'z we rolled along,
 Hit struck me all to wunst sump'n 'uz wrong
 Erbout dat fish! He wuz a pow'ful sight
 Too peart.
 De fus' thing wut I thought I better do
 Wuz tu'n aloose dat pole; but, thinks I, "Shoo!
 I couldn't fool him dat away, en he
 Mout tu'n loose too, en grab aholt er me."

Putty quick
 I seed out in de river, right ahead,
 Joe Taylor' fish-trap, en de good Lawd led
 Us long up side it, en you mighty right,
 I jumpt on to it mighty free en light;
 En Mr. Smarty Nick, wid his ole tree,
 Sailed on, a-thinkin' still he haulin' me.

Dat's wut de matter!

Niggers, dat de way
 I quit dis fishin' on de Sabbaf-day.
 Dah aint no pole ermong yo' all I'd tech;
 En if you ain't a-hankerin' to ketch
 Sump'n you didn't barg'in for, I lay
 You better put dem hooks en lines away.

Fer members uv de church, dish yere gits me!
 Uv all de owdacious doin's I ever see,
 Dis tak'n' de Sabbaf-day in vain's de wuss
 Fer mortifyin' de morals uv— You Gus!
 Look at dat bite you got! Law bless de Lam'.
 He's a joedahter! Look out dah, doe jam
 Dat pole up dah! You trine, peahs like to me,
 To knock de fish fum off dat 'simmon-tree;

Now look! Doe jerk dat way! Law love my soul.
 You gwiner lose 'im! Yere, gimme dat pole;

I'll show you how to lan' 'im! Stiddy, now—
 Pulls like a cat-fish. Hit's de boss, I vow!
 Des wait a minute; one mo' pull is boun'
 To git 'im. Dah he is, safe on de groun'.

Haint he a whopper, dough! Hoo-wee! I lay
 Y'all dat ah fish dis blessid day 'ull weigh
 'Bout forty—Laws-a-massy! ef I aint
 Done broke de Sabbaf 'fo' I knowed it! 'Taint
 No use to laugh—you reckon I wuz gwine
 Ter let dat fish take off dis pole en line?

HARPER'S.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

[This selection, though fine, will not make a striking recitation unless much energy and "fire" be put into the sixth stanza.]

WHERE olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that
 blew,
 There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru:
 Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
 Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair;
 And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
 As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden
 brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish
 tongue,
 That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was
 sung,
 When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish route
 below,
 Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away
 the foe.
 Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
 A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
 And sent him to the war, the day she should have been
 his bride,

And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the
right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of
sight.
Since the parting kiss was given six weary months are
fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be
shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks
forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward
the north ;—
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden ; the sharpest sight
would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale ;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely
beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the
heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair, sad face is
gone ;
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly
on,—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and
low,—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride ;
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his
side ;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose
the rein ;
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon
the mane ;
He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded
hill :
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean
her ill !

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of
fear;

For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak :
“ I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee.”

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE NEW ERA.

[Oratorical style.]

THE miseries of Europe have been the prosperity of America. Each act of oppression, each new revolution choked in blood, has thrown myriads of strong men and women on the shores of the republic. The period of decomposition and destruction of the old world has been an unceasingly creative era for the United States. Here a continuous peaceful growth has matured the political ideas which the last century had taught, and on whose destruction and up-rooting the European governments had wasted their energies. Here, out of separated colonies, a confederation of states arose. It was the era of a *more* perfect union which culminated in the creation of the United States. A process of unification began, and its first stage went on through sixty years of the nineteenth century, during which time, in the fermentation of political agitation, the disintegrating questions arose to the surface, ready to be taken off. Up to the time of the civil war, the nation was still divided by the incompatible systems of slave labor and competitive work, and by an honest diversity of opinion in regard to constitutional provisions. But these distinctions have been removed by the results of the war, an arbitration honestly and conclusively accepted by all sections of our country, a new era has now commenced, and we may say it boldly,—although the feeling of the sore may remain for a while after the wound has fully been healed,—that the era of the past twenty years has put in place of what the Constitution calls a *more* perfect

union of the states the *most* perfect union of South and North, a union which will last forever because it is now based on a community of interests. The past history of America, more wonderful than a fairy tale, is but "an earnest of what shall be." We stand just at the beginning of the most brilliant part of the new century, and already we see the process of unification going on and completing itself in a thousand ways. What a wonderful history was ours, even while the land was divided in itself! What untold possibilities are there in the future now when South and North have the same hope, the same inspiration, and mingle their energy in one mighty current!

Before the beginning of this era, of which twenty years have elapsed, one might have drawn a line across the continent and said: "Here ends the community of interests; here is the North, and there is the South; here is agriculture, and there is manufacture and commerce; here is black, there is white labor; here are emigrants, there are slaves; here is public, there is private education." But twenty years of the era of complete unification have passed, and where is this line of demarkation now? It has vanished in the quick process which now is forming the most perfect union of all times. Already it is impossible to designate the South as an exclusively agricultural and the North as an exclusively manufacturing division. Look at the magnificent homes of citizens that have risen out of the ruin and desolation of war; look at the stores filled with the treasures of Southern workmanship and at the factories in their restless labor, at the streets crowded with the vehicles of commerce, and you will see that the South has taken hold of the problems of the new era. North or South it is the same people, the same characteristic energy.

Already it is impossible to draw the line between North and South and to say: public schools here, private schools there. Much remains to be done yet, but, on the other hand, there is no feature of the last twenty years that calls for more sincere admiration than the noble work done by the South to educate her people, both white and black.

F. LOUIS SOLDAN.

THE INSULTED PIG.

[A short piece with a point—which many longer ones have not. Suitable for an encore.]

OLD Billy Bump, while on a lark,
Was in a gutter laid;
Near by, a swine, with visage dark,
His humble couch had made.

Some one passed by, and with a groan
This peaceful pair espied;
He glanced, and, with a solemn tone,
This ditty forth he sighed:

How fitly matched! each calm and free
With heavy breathing sleeps;
And each to know, you need but see
What company he keeps.

The man slept on, his giddy brain
Of sober thought bereft;
But still the slur produced a pain,—
The hog got up and left.

TEMPERANCE SPEAKER.

THE GREAT COMMANDER.

[At the late reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, in Washington, George Alfred Townsend delivered the following poetical tribute to Abraham Lincoln. It is one of the best productions of the distinguished journalist. In the fifth stanza allusion is made to the following incident: The people of a city were commanded by the oracle to assemble on a plain outside of the city, and he who first saw the sunrise should be made King. A slave turned his back to the sun and looked up the shaft of a high temple where the sun's earliest rays flamed, and he cried, "I see it." He had been told to do so by a wise citizen, who stayed at home. This citizen, revealed by the slave, they made King, and he was the wisest that ever reigned there.]

CIVIL soldiers, reassembled by the river of your fame,
Ye who saved the virgin city bathed in Washington's
clear name,
Which of all your past commanders doth this day your
memory haunt?
Scott, McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, McClellan,
Halleck, Grant?

There is one too little mentioned when your proud
 reunions come,
And the thoughtful love of country dies upon the
 sounding drum;
Let me call him in your muster! Let me wake him in
 your grief!
Captain by the Constitution, Abr'am Lincoln was your
 chief.

Ever nearest to his person, ye were his defense and
 shield;
He alone of your commanders died upon the battle-field;
All your Generals were his children, leaning on him
 childish-willed,
And they all were filial mourners round the mighty
 tomb he filled.

Tender as the harp of David his soft answers now
 become,
When amid the cares of kingdoms rose and fell some
 Absalom;
And his humor gilds his memory, like a light within a
 tent,
Or the sunken sun that lingers on the lofty monument.

Like the slave that saw the sunrise with his face turned
 toward the West,
As it flashed, while yet 'twas hidden, on a slender
 steeple's crest;
So while Victory turned her from him, ere the dawn in
 welcome came,
On his pen Emancipation glittered like an altar flame.

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the drafted
 sire,
For the empty Northern hearthstone and the Southern
 home afire,
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all the future babes to
 free,
And eternal peace to garner for the millions yet to be.

Not a soldier of the classics, he could see through learned
pretense,
Master of the greatest science, military common-sense ;
As he watched your marches, comrades, hither, thither,
wayward years,
On his map the roads you followed, you can trace them
by his tears.

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the
Generals missed ;
In his inner councils harbored critic and antagonist,
But he ruled them by an instinct like the queen among
the bees,
With a wealth of soul that honeyed Publicans and
Pharisees.

Faint of faith, we looked behind us for a chief of higher
tone,
While the voice that drowned the trumpets was the echo
of our own :
Ever thus, my old companions ! Genius has us by the
hand,
Walking on the tempest with us, every crisis to com-
mand.

Like the bugle blown at evening by some homesick son
of art,
Lincoln's words unearthly, quiver in the universal heart ;
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph, in the
strain,
As when summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers
of rain.

Years forever consecrated, here he lived where duties be
Never crying on the climate or the toil's monotony :
Here his darling boy he buried and the night in vigi
wept,
Like his Lord within the garden when the tired disci
ples slept.

How his call for men went ringing round the world, a
mighty bell!
And the races of creation came the proud revolt to
quell!
Standing in the last reaction on the rock of human
rights,
Worn and mournful grew his features in the flash of
battle lights.

Once, like Moses from the mountain, looked he on the
realm he won,
When the slaves in burning Richmond knelt and
thought him Washington.
Then an envious bravo snatched him from the theatre
of things,
To become a saint of Nature in the Pantheon of Kings.

Faded are the golden chevrons, vanished is the pride
of war;
Mild in Heaven his moral glory lingers like the morning
star,
And the Freeman's zone of cotton his white spirit seems
to be,
And the insects in the harvest beat his army's reveille.

All around him spoiled or greedy, women vain and
honor spent,
Still his faith in human nature lived without discouragement;
For his country, which could raise him, barefoot, to the
monarch's height,
Could he mock her, or his mother, though her name she
could not write?

Deep the wells of humble childhood, cool the spring
beside the hut--
Millions more as poor as Lincoln see the door he has
not shut.
Not till wealth has made its canker every poor white's
cabin through,
Shall the Great Republic wither or the infidel subdue.

Stand around your great Commander! Lay aside your
little fears!
Every Lincoln carries Freedom's car along a hundred
years.
And when next the call for soldiers rolls along the
golden belt,
Look to see a mightier column rise and march, prevail
and melt.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

THE CIRCLE OF DEATH.

[Great earnestness must be employed in picturing this exciting scene.]

TAKE your stand here on this bluff, and you can look down upon a spectacle as exciting as anything offered in the days of blood-thirsty Roman sports. Stretching away to the west is dip and hollow and broken ground for a mile. Then comes the grand prairie, sweeping clear to the north fork of the Republican before it surrenders to the hills.

Did ever human king have a grander throne? He stands on a knoll covered with rich, sweet grass, and even with the naked eye you can see the violets and blue-bells and forget-me-nots peeping between the blades. It is a throne of wild flowers.

Ten miles away are a dozen moving black specks. They are buffaloes. Nothing else with life in it is nearer. The king's domains are rich in food and drink, and the lazy sunshine tells of peace and harmony.

He stands with head elevated, and as he slowly turns in his tracks he sniffs the air for scent of danger. Who is our king? A buffalo bull—nature's monarch of nature's grand pasturage.

How came he here, alone and deprived of companionship? Men become cynics and world-haters and shake off all attempts at friendliness. So with animals. This monarch is here to pout and sulk and feel aggrieved and plan for revenge.

Ah! High above him, with every foot of ground under your eyes, you could see no danger. His keen

scent warned him of peril, and a wolf breaks cover not one hundred feet away in a manner to startle you. He seemed to rise from the very earth—not with a bound and a yell, but with a quiet coolness that bodes evil.

The bull lowers his head, and his eyes flash at the sight of the enemy who has come to disturb his reveries. Compare their size and strength, and you laugh at the idea of a wolf bringing harm to a buffalo. One blow from a hoof, one toss from the horns, and the wolf would lie crushed and dead.

Pooh! 'Tis an enemy not worth a second glance! The wolf may look with longing eyes, and lick his chops or taste of blood, but he is wasting time. In that grove to the left a party of Indians camped last night. He had best shamble across the broken ground and hunt for bones and scraps.

What! another? As the quail rises from cover, so that second wolf suddenly shows himself above the grave. You cannot say that the beasts even suspect each other's presence. They are fifty feet apart, and both sit and stare straight at the monarch of the plains. The bull gives his head a toss as he sights the second arrival. Wolves hunt in pairs. Here is the pair. Nothing strange in that:

Yes, rub your eyes to see if they are clear, and you will find they haven't deceived you. Up pops a third, fourth, fifth and sixth wolfish head, followed by a body which is ever gaunt and lean—ever the synonym of hunger. One wolf created nothing beyond momentary surprise; the pair bred a feeling of contempt; the six of them may bring peril.

And so the monarch evidently reasons. He paws the ground, shakes his head, and that low bellow expresses anxiety as well as defiance. He could wheel and rush away, and in an hour he could be feeding with the herd. But there are pride and obstinacy and jealousy to be consulted. No deputation has come from the herd to coax and reason with him, and he will do battle for his life rather than give in. It is both manlike and brute-like.

What! Have the six multiplied so fast? Just a

moment ago we saw only the half dozen; now there are ten—twelve—sixteen—they are rising from the earth all around him! The bull turns as if on a pivot. Wolves to the north—the east—the south—the west. The circle is complete. Watch him!

When a man must die in presence of his enemies, let him die like a warrior. The monarch knows what this gathering means. He sees the lolling tongues, and he hears the gnashing of teeth. There is no help for him. He must die like a craven or prove his courage.

See the head go up? Hear the roar of defiance? Is there anything craven in that attitude?

The wolves have been sitting as quiet as so many blocks of stone placed on the grass. That roar of defiance puts life into them, and they move nearer.

Curious pantomime! A grand old buffalo turning slowly 'round and 'round in his tracks to eye each wolf and watch every motion. A score and a-half of gaunt, grim, waiting beasts, every eye fixed upon a common centre, every fang sharpened for a feast.

Swish—swirl—rush.

The circle closes in at the signal, and for fifteen seconds the eye is confused. It appears as if some one hidden in the grass was tossing and waving strips of gray and white cloth. The roars of the bull are almost drowned in the yelps and growls and howls of the assailants.

Good! There is game there! The monarch has used his horns and hoofs to such good purpose that the circle has opened away from him. Legs and flanks and shoulders have been bitten, and teeth have drawn blood where a bullet would hardly penetrate, but he is not disarmed. Under his feet are two dead wolves, two more limp around outside the circle.

Um-m-m-m! Paw! Toss! Come again if you dare!

There is the rush, the swirl, the strange spectacle of gray-white bundles jumping over each other, and the circle falls back to breath.

Ho, ho! There are long tufts of hair on the grass, more dead wolves, spots of blood. The bull shakes his head and seems weak on his legs. A spy-glass would show you blood trickling down from a score of savage

bites, while he barely touches the grass with one hind foot. There is a low bellow, and something in it smacks of fear. Bah! If you must die why not prove——”

That's good! That is a roar of defiance, grandly loud and deep, and the monarch gathers himself and makes a rush. He has turned assailant. With lowered head and blazing eyes he rushes at one spot in the circle, and a gray-white body rises high in air, to come down without life.

There is such a circling and swirling now that you can see nothing but the mass—now and then breaking away for a second, to reveal the bull fighting for his life.

It is over! He is down, and his blood is smearing the grim jaws of the wolves as they tear at the hot flesh. Ah, well! but there was game and nerve and true grit, and his bones deserve burial at the hands of man.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

THE AFTER-DINNER ORATOR.

[Many speakers can sympathize with the hero referred to.]

HE sits amid the social throng,

A gloomy, silent man;

He scarcely once has spoke or smiled

Since first the feast began;

He seems a sufferer under some

Mysterious, cruel ban.

The soup has passed untasted by—

It was not to his wish;

He takes no interest in the plate

That bears a piece of fish;

The same is subsequently true

Of every other dish.

In vain the lady at his side

Her kindness would display;

He blankly looks her in the face,

And nothing has to say,

Or answers, if he speaks at all,

Some inappropriate way.

The band strikes up a merry tune;
It only makes him groan!
A voice of mocking laughter seems
To sound in every tone:
"He! he!" remarks the fiendish flute:
"Ho! ho!" the deep trombone!

A speaker rises now to speak
With eloquence and wit:
His every word draws smiles or tears
Or thunders after it;
That writhing man in agony
More dreadful seems to sit.

Each moment his sad spirit seems
In deeper depths to sink:
He fain would take a glass of wine;
But no! he may not drink.
He mutters: "Wine is not a friend
To thought; and I must think!"

O memory, mother of the Muse!
How dear art thou to each!
And what a woe invades the soul
When thou art out of reach!
This hapless wretch has got to speak,
And has forgot his speech!

But Fate will never pause for Woe;
And Fate in accents grim
That issue from the chairman's lips,
Soon makes a call for him—
As if the table were a stream,
The faces seem to swim.

He feels more like to drown than swim:
He clutches at a chair;
With trembling fingers he essays
To smooth his startled hair,
And then, with all his might and main,
Assumes an easy air.

He says he would have been prepared
If they had let him know ;
But catching here the chairman's eye
He lets that statement go,
And says the chairman is his friend,
If he may call him so.

He pauses ; and to pass the time
Repeats again the same ;
He glows, but not with heat produced
By the right kind of flame ;
For inspiration he has yearned,
And perspiration came.

Ah, yes ! that story that had seemed
So humorous to him erst !
He tells it leaving out the point
And putting wrong end first :
Of all the failures of the night,
Methinks this is the worst.

The kindly listeners say : " Hear ! hear !"
When he is most distressed ;
And where his story's point should be,
As near as can be guessed,
They spread a laugh, like charity,
That covers all the rest.

At last he takes his seat. But lo !
What wondrous change is this ?
He smiles, he sips, he chats, he seems
No chance of mirth to miss ;
In short the late unhappy man
Is beaming now with bliss.

Unto his lady's soft remarks
He gaily answers back.
Says she : " A dinner-speech must be
A torture like the rack !"

" Oh, no," says he, "*it's not so hard
When once you have the knack !*"

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, in *The Continent*.

THE STORMING OF THE ICE PALACE.

[In northern latitudes, as at St. Petersburg and Montreal, ice palaces are built during the winter months, remaining in their beauty for a short time, then melting with the heat of the sun as warmer weather approaches. These palaces are of fine architecture and in them ice candles burn and ice backlogs in ice fireplaces are saturated with naphtha and lighted. The author of *Adventures in the Adirondack Wilderness* thus describes an assault upon one of these winter palaces.]

PALACE? Castle rather. For here is parapet and tower and turret, bastion and walls pierced for quick and sturdy defense. Nay, no palace this, but castle, such as the King of Frost might build from blocks hewn from his crystal quarries or cut from the solid face of a stupendous glacier, as the Kings of ancient Egypt cut their tombs from out the gigantic cliffs of solid rock.

Castle then, we say, castle of the Frost King, built neither to sleep nor eat in; for within is neither couch nor festive board, fleecy robe nor mighty drinking cup, but all is bare as a ship's deck cleared for action, and nothing for the eye to see but the solid castle walls and munitions piled high, ready for the hand, here and there.

Strange creation that, standing there in the moonlight; unreal, weird, mysterious, awful, such as no eye before hath ever seen, and startling to him who comes suddenly upon it as the sight of an apparition, or the shadowy home of beings whose silent and invisible coming and going the eye cannot see or the ear cannot hear. Behold those walls, in shape and size thick and solid as granite blocks, and yet the light streams through them as through a transparent screen; and those mighty angles and huge towers, and arched portal of the central entrance, are they builded of solid crystal, or by the force of what mystical chemistry have the green colors of the deep sea been charmed from their homes in the depths of the ocean, condensed and solidified in fixed formation?

Air and water, liquid and solid, gloom and starlight, actual substance and aerial seeming; how have these opposites been brought together and framed into that great semblance of a castle on this Canadian plateau, for men and women to gaze upon and wonder at? Imagine it. And above this mystical house too cold and pure for

men to build; above this novel creation of human imagination and skill; above this strange reality of the unreal, imagine a leaden sky, and massed in front and around it forty thousand people, like a low-lying black cloud, lighted here and there fitfully by electric lights suspended far above their heads; and over all silence—the silence of expectancy, of something about to happen they know not what, but for which they are waiting in strained attention, to see and to hear. Suddenly a rocket shoots roaring into the air, and in an instant, a hundred feet above the crystalline towers, the shot bomb explodes. 'Tis the signal—the signal of assault. The snowshoers' lines of fire, drawn in battle order around the castle, waver a moment, and then the fiery tubes they hold are steadied like muskets and they burst in explosion and flame. Against the arched gateway; against the walls of crystal; against the opaline towers; against the azure battlements, the balls of colored fire in blazing volleys smite. The dull sky overhead glows like the dome of a furnace. Forty thousand faces flash into sight. The battlements of the Castle blaze with defensive fire. Each loophole flames like the mouth of a cannon at the instant of its explosion. The air is full of fiery globes, explosive noises and hissing missiles. Was there ever such a bombardment? The real bombarding the unreal. The prosaic attacking the poetic. The opaque assaulting the transparent. And was there ever such a defense? Not a man, not a hand even is seen, and yet the weird building flames with resistance. Are the spirits of the past within these walls? Do phantoms man the towers? Is it the unseen battling with the seen?

And now the attacking lines move up more closely, and now the flames of the assault are fiercer and hotter, and the noise mightier; and now the northern angle is on fire and bursts in smoke and flame and bursts till it glows like a furnace, then as suddenly goes out in darkness; as if the invisible defenders seeing their peril, had, with desperate courage, rushed thitherward, and with some strange appliance, unknown to mortal war, quenched it.

Again the assaulting lines move up, and the fight grows hotter yet. Balls of blue and green, of red and yellow fire smite against the walls, strike and burst upon the battlements and curve in blazing courses above the Castle. Rockets whiz upward and, bursting, rain down their fiery serpents within the beleagured enclosure. Look, the southern angle is on fire; and the mighty gateway kindles; the central tower itself, blazing with destructive flames; the defense weakens, becomes fitful, and then, suddenly, as if driven in and overcome by superior force, is silent; and with cheers that lift the air and send it rolling outward in waves of victorious sound, the assaulting columns, with one tremendous volley sweep within the gates, and the Castle of Ice is captured.

Captured, but not destroyed. For this unreal and beautiful creation still stands and will continue to stand for the delight of all who come to see it, until the sun, weary of tropic heats, shall seek our cooler clime, and, enamored as he will be with its pure loveliness, with gentle but potential force will persuade it to return to brook and river and the great sea again, whence human skill and taste have taken it, that he may cool himself in its flowing tide, and out of its ascended mist construct his rainbows.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, *in Texas Siftings.*

A BALLAD OF CAPRI.

ON sunny Capri's mountain heights
Tiberius built him villas twelve:
Beneath their ruined shadows now
Laborious peasants dig and delve.

Still Capri's orange-groves are sweet,
And Capri's peasant maids are fair;
They scale her rocks with shoeless feet,
And golden arrows in their hair.

Where once the Roman Emperor dwelt
A dark-eyed stranger came to see,
But all too slender was his strength
To climb the heights of fair Capri.

A donkey-maid was standing near,
And soon her glance espied his need;
With gentle grace her help was lent
To place the stranger on her steed.

They wandered high, they wandered low.
O'er hill-sides covered with the vine;
She gave him of the island's wealth
In draughts of golden Capri wine.

And, while her fingers held his rein,
His eyes were turned upon her face;
Her own were bent beneath his glance
With more than coyish peasant grace.

They climbed each rugged mountain-steep,
They wandered through each sunny vale,
And soon the golden orange heard
The whispering of a lover's tale.

Who visits Capri's slopes to-day
Will see a stately villa rise;
Its glittering turrets greet the sun
That glows in Capri's azure skies.

And, as the stranger mounts the hill,
Some village maid will point with pride
To where now dwells the stately prince
Who made a donkey-girl his bride.

And every day along the shore
Each peasant girl has waited since,
With hand upon her donkey's rein,
To greet the coming of her Prince.

CHO-CHE-BANG AND CHI-CHIL-BLOO.

An Oriental Romance.

[Relate in a style of simple narration, dwelling upon the points and bringing them out clearly.]

Away, far¹ off in China, many, many years ago,—
In the hottest part of China, where they never heard of
snow,—

There lived a rich old planter in the province of Ko-
whang,

Who had an only daughter, and her name was Cho-che-
Bang.

The maiden was a jewel, a celestial beauty rare,
With catty-cornered eye-brows and carrot-colored hair;
One foot was scarce three inches long, the other knew no
bounds,

She'd numbered fourteen summers, and she weighed
three hundred pounds.

On the dreary shores of Lapland,² 'mid its never-melting
snows,

Where Aurora Borealis in her ruddy beauty glows,
Lived a little dwarfish tinker, who in height stood three³
feet two,

And from his endless shivering they called him Chi-chil-
Bloo.

The crooked little tinker, as he dragged his weary way
From hut⁴ to hut to ply his craft, scarce seemed of human
clay;

His eyes were like to marbles set in little seas of glue,
His cheeks a sickly yellow, and his nose a dirty blue.

Now Chi-chil-Bloo, though born in snow and reared upon
its breast,

Loved not the bleak and dismal land in which he knew
no rest;

He bid adieu⁵ unto the scenes of never-ending storm,
And traveled forth⁶ to seek some land where he might
keep him warm;

Indicated Gestures. (See *Key*).—1. HL. 2. HL. lh. 3. Left hand prone, three feet from floor. 4. HO. stroke on each "hut." 5. Wave adieu with left hand. 6. HF.

He trudged **two** years his weary way far from the land
 of snow,
 Inside the walls of China, to where strangers seldom go;
 When wearied with his pilgrimage he halted at Ko-
 whang,
 And there became acquainted with the father of Che-
 Bang.
 The old man heard his wondrous tale of sights that he
 had seen,
 Where nature wore a winding-sheet, and shrouded¹ all
 things green,
 And, pondering o'er within his mind if wonders such
 could be,
 At last engaged poor Chi-chil-Bloo to cultivate his tea.

It had always been the custom of the fairy-like Che-
 Bang,
 Ere evening shadows fell upon the valley of Ko-whang,
 To wander² mid the tea-groves like an oriental queen
 On the shoulders of her servants, in a fancy palanquin.
 As she 'merged from out the shadow of a China-berry
 tree,
 She spied the little tinker stripping down the fragrant
 tea,
 She gazed³ upon his wondrous form, his eyes, his nose of
 blue,
 A moment gazed, then deeply fell in love with Chi-chil-
 Bloo.

She stepped⁴ from out her palanquin, and then dismissed⁵
 her train,
 With instructions that an hour past they might return
 again;
 She then upraised⁶ the filmy veil that hid her charms
 from sight,
 And Chi-chil-Bloo beheld a face to him surprising
 bright;

Indicated Gestures. (See *Key*). 1. HO. bh. P. 2. HO. 3. Eyes fixed,
 eagerly. 4. HO. 5. Gesture of dismissal. 6. Imitate.

He gazed¹ transfixed with wonder,—to him surpassing
fair
Were her rounded-up proportions and her salmon-
colored hair,—
He lingered in a dreamy trance, nor woke he from his
bliss
Till her loving arms entwine him and her lips imprint a
kiss!

She led² him to a bower, and beside the dwarf she
kneeled,³
And sighed like Desdemona at his 'scapes by blood and
field;
He told of seals and reindeer, and bears that live at sea;
He told her tales of icicles, and she told tales of tea;
Long, long they lingered, fondly locked in each other's
arms,
He saw in her and she in him a thousand glowing
charms;
When, looking down⁴ the distant vale, the sun's fast
fading sheen
Fell faintly on the gold of her returning palanquin.

"Yonder come my slaves," she cried, "and now, Chil-
Bloo, we part;
My father, though my father, has a cruel, flinty heart;
He has promised me to Chow-Chow, the Croesus of Ko-
whang,
But Chow-Chow's old and gouty, and he wouldn't suit
Che-Bang;
Oh! come beneath my window at a quarter after three,
When the moon⁵ has gone a bathing to her bath-room in
the sea,
And we will fly to other lands⁶ across the waters blue—
But hush, here comes the palanquin, and now, sweet
love, adieu!"

Indicated Gestures. (See *Key*). 1. Hands slightly raised and whole attitude indicates admiration. 2. DO. 3. DL. P. 4. DB. 5. DL. lh. 6. HF.

They place her in her palanquin, her bosom throbbing
free,
While Chi-chil-Bloo seemed busy packing up his
gathered tea;
As rested from his weary rounds the dying god of day,
They raised¹ her on their shoulders and they trotted² her
away.

At the time and place appointed, 'neath her lattice stood
the dwarf;
He whistled to his lady, and she answered with a cough;
She threw a silken ladder from her window down³ the
wall,
While he, gallant knight, stood ready to catch her,
should she fall;
She reached the ground in safety, one kiss, one fond
embrace,
Then she waddled and he trotted off in silence from the
place.

Swift they held their journey, love had made their foot-
steps light,
They hid themselves at morning's dawn and fled again
at night;
The second night had run her race and folded up her
pall,
When they reached the sentry's station underneath the
mighty wall;
Che-Bang told well her tale of love, Chil-Bloo told his.
Alas!

The sentry had no sentiment, and wouldn't let 'em pass;
He called a file of soldiers, who took 'em to Dom-Brown,
A sort of local magistrate or Mufti of the town.

The vile old scoundrel heard the charge, the tempting
maiden eyed,
Then, feigning well a burning rage, in thundertones he
cried,
"You vile misshapen scoundrel, you villain, rascal, elf,
I sentence *you* to prison, and I take Che-Bang *myself*."

He took her to his harem, and he dressed her mighty fine,
 He sent her bird's-nest chowder and puppies done in
 wine;
 But she spurned¹ the dainty viands as she spurned to be
 his bride,
 She took to eating rat-soup—poisoned rat-soup—and she
 died.

In a dark and dreary dungeon, its dimensions six by four,
 Lay the wretched little tinker stretched² upon the
 mouldy floor;
 The midnight gong had sounded, he heard a dreadful
 clang,
 And before³ her quaking lover stood the spirit of Che
 Bang.
 "Arise, Chil-Bloo, arise!" she cried, "lay down life's
 dreary load,
 Let out thy prisoned spirit from its dark and drear abode,
 And we will roam⁴ the spirit-land where fortune smiles
 more fair—
 Arise," she cried, "and follow!"—then she vanished into
 air.

On the morrow, when the jailer served around his
 mouldy beans,
 (The only food the prisoners got except some wilted
 greens,)
 He started⁵ back in horror—high upon the door-way post
 Hung the body of the tinker, who had yielded up the
 ghost.

There's a legend now in China, that beneath the moon's
 bright sheen,
 Ever fondly linked together, may in summer-time be seen,
 Still wandering⁶ mid the tea-plants in the province of
 Ko-whang,
 The little Lapland tinker and his spirit-bride Che-Bang.
 GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Indicated Gestures. (See *Key*). 1. HL. V. 2. DO. 3. HF. V. 4. AF
 to AO. 5. AF. V. start back in terror. 6. HF. to HO.

A MUSICAL CONTEST.

[An actual occurrence.]

ONE evening during the earlier part of the spring of 1816, Milan—music-loving Milan—was the scene of an unusual excitement; for within the walls of the far-famed La Scala Theater the fastidious taste of the lovers of music was to be gratified by the divine strains of Lablache and the execution of Lafont. This was to be the first appearance of the latter before a Milanese audience. The reputation of Lafont, who had, as a violinist, long been the delight of Paris, had preceded him, and it was whispered of him that his execution upon that king of instruments, the violin, partook more of the supernatural than anything human. The night on which this sketch opens, the audience gathered within the theater was one of the largest and finest that had ever gathered within that celebrated building. The great Lafont, in his pride and confidence, had challenged the whole of the musical world to contest with him for the superiority upon his favorite instrument. Pretensions supported in such a manner were something unheard of in Milan, and it is unnecessary to add that Lafont's boldness had created a furore of excitement and curiosity. The vast audience could scarce restrain its impatience as the night wore on; for the artist was among the last on the programme. Even the favorite Lablache failed to exercise his favorite influence, and the charm of his exquisite vocalization gave way to the universal anxiety to hear and witness the appearance of the French artist.

At last, however, the all important moment arrived. The signal was given and amid thunders of applause he makes his obeisance. Pausing a moment for the excitement to subside, he placed his violin in position and proceeded to draw forth from that instrument such sounds as they had not heard since the days of Corelli. It is needless to say that in a few moments he had completely won his audience. There was a grace and elegance in his manipulation of the violin, such superiority of tone and tasteful selection of ornament in his style, that they were eager to accord to him without delay that excellence

and superiority to which he had so boldly laid claim in his challenge.

Enchanted beyond measure by the sweet strains which rang in their ears, all remembrance of the challenge had been lost, and besides, who was there bold enough to enter into a contest when it seemed there was nothing more to be accomplished? At any rate, it must be with the certainty of defeat! It was long ere the applause had ceased. At length, however, when the excitement had subsided, the manager came forward and, in the name of the artist who had so signally made his powers manifest, formally renewed the challenge. A mere form, so thought those who had felt rather than seen the power and skill of the Frenchman.

It was with feelings partly of contempt, partly of derision, and perhaps slightly tinged with pity, that, after the lapse of a few moments, they observed a tall, ungainly form slowly straighten itself and with a scarcely perceptible inclination of the head accept the challenge. As he withdrew from the box where he had been sitting unobserved, and made his way to one end of the wings of the stage, comment and criticism were rife among the spectators.

"Who is he?"

"From whence does he come?"

No one in that vast concourse could remember having seen him before. As he made his way to the front of the stage, they noted with curiosity his gaunt body, his lengthy arms, his sunken cheeks, that long eagle nose. There was little to indicate power in that shuffling, halting step. Nothing in that awkward, hesitating form to justify the existence of the ability needed to enter such a contest, unless, indeed, it lay in the fine, large forehead, and in eyes that sparkle, dilate and flash at every instant. He makes his salutation in silence; for no such thunders of applause as his rival predecessor had been greeted with announce his appearance. The feeling is more one of half anger at the stranger's presumption. He places his violin between chin and chest, meanwhile fixing a look upon it wherein pride, gentleness and defiance are strangely blended. A moment's

pause—then giving the signal to the orchestra he dashes the bow down upon the instrument. His hearers anticipate the rupture of all its strings! On the contrary their ears are greeted with the lightest, the most delicate of sounds. A few seconds suffice to convince them that the bow is in the grasp of a master-hand. Their expectancy now gives place to a species of joy, plainly visible on every countenance. Chords, pure, sweet, melodious, brilliantly stream from beneath the bow, succeeded in turn by accents of nature that seem to flow from the heart itself, affecting the listener beyond measure with its broad, stately and harmonious simplicity! Following purposely in the track of his competitor in order to establish his superiority at all points, outweighing him in the deliberate, stately adagio, excelling him in that graceful cantabile movement for which he was so justly celebrated, besides surpassing him in all the nicer points of execution, the mysterious stranger soon held undisputed sway over his audience. In Lafont the Milanese believed that they had beheld all there was in musical art, but this stranger had in a few breathless moments taught them that they had been upon the threshold only. This new artist had yet other resources with which to captivate them. They hardly dare breathe as he exhausts within the space of a few bars the whole range of chords and sounds possible upon the instrument! 'Tis suddenly a murmuring of waves, a warbling of birds, an impulsive contrast of caprices, a something undefinably musical in the most acute as well as in the lowest tones—winning now their sympathy in such a manner as to draw forth their tears with the exquisite pathetic tenderness of his theme, now recalling them to life and light with some new passage of arduous brilliancy, something almost beyond their comprehension in astonishing sleight of hand, the artist, stranger though he is, draws forth such ravishing sounds from his instrument, that the most skeptical of his audience are entranced and held spell-bound.

At length, however, it is brought to an end, and ere they have recovered from the magic spell he has laid upon them, he has disappeared.

In vain they encore and shout their bravas; he has left the building and is beyond reach of their voices. As they recover full possession of their faculties, a thousand lips are framing the question: "Who is he?" It is passed from one to another until the whole of that vast audience echo the question: "Who is he?" At length the great Lablache rises from the seat whence he had witnessed and listened unnoticed. Instantly the deepest silence prevailed, for they felt instinctively that he was about to solve the problem.

"Friends," said he, slowly, weighing every word, "there is but one artist living capable of accomplishing what you this night have witnessed and heard."

"Who is he?"

"Nicolo Paganini!" AGNEW, in *The Household*.

FRIDOLIN; OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

[Schiller, speaking of this ballad, which he had then nearly concluded, says that accident had suggested to him a very pretty theme for a ballad, and that "after having traveled through air and water," alluding to *The Cranes of Ibycus* and *The Diver*, "he should now claim to himself the Element of Fire." Hoffmeister supposes from the name of Savern, the French orthography for Zabern, a town in Alsatia, that Schiller took the material for his tale from a French source, though there are German legends analogous to it. The general style of the ballad is simple almost to homeliness, though not to the puerility affected by some of our own ballad-writers. But the pictures of the Forge and the Catholic Ritual are worked out with singular force and truthfulness.]

A HARMLESS lad was Fridolin,
 A pious youth was he;
 He served and sought, her grace to win,
 Count Savern's fair lady;
 And gentle was the dame as fair,
 And light the toils of service there,
 And yet the woman's wildest whim
 In her had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,
 Until the vesper-bell,
 For her sweet hest he lived alone,
 Nor e'er could serve too well,
 And so of all her house, the dame
 Most favored him always;
 And from her lip forever came
 His unexhausted praise.

The huntsman, Robert, long beheld
The favor thus confest,
And poisonous envy, gathering, swell'd
His dark, malignant breast.
His lord was rash of thought and deed,
A man whom guile might well mislead ;
And thus, as from the chase they rode,
Suspicion's seed the traitor sowed.

"Happy art thou, my Lord, in truth,"
The crafty knave did say ;
"Your golden sleep no venom'd tooth
Of doubt doth gnaw away."
"How now!—bold man, what sayest thou?"
The frowning Count replied—
"Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?"

"Right!"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
Enough the fool chastises,
Who, though a simple vassal born,
Himself so highly prizes ;
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,
And to the dame he serves, aspires."
"How!" cried the Count, and trembled—"How!
Of one who lives, then, speakest thou?"

Out burst the Count, with gasping breath—
"Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of—Fridolin!
My gracious master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he ;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding."

Straight to a wood, in wrath and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—
Where, in the neighboring furnace-flame,
The molten iron glowed.

Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The bellows heave, the sparkles fly,
As if to melt the rocks on high.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
Forth beckoned from their task;
"The first whom I to you may send,
And who of you may ask—
'Have you my Lord's command obeyed?'
Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

The huntsman seeks the page—God wot,
How smooth a face hath he!
"Off comrade, off! and tarry not;
Thy Lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his Lord to Fridolin:
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'Have you my Lord's command obeyed?'"

"It shall be done,"—and yet the task
One duty doth delay;
Had *she* no hest?—'twere well to ask,
To make less long the way.
Before the lady now he stands—
"To seek the forge my Lord commands;
But, ere I go, I come to thee:
Hast thou no orders, too, for me?"

The gentle dame replied, "Alas!"
(Her voice was soft and mild,)
"I fain would hear the holy mass;
Sore ailing lies my child.
Go thou, instead, and, kneeling there,
Utter for me thy humble prayer;
Repent each sinful thought of thine—
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

And now, with footstep fleet and fast,
Along the path he hies.
The hamlet now is nearly past,
When hark ! what sounds arise ?
Swinging aloft with solemn swell,
Clear from the church tower clangs the bell,
Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

The impulse to his heart is given,
As sacristan to be :
“ Whate'er promotes thy service, Heaven,
Is not delay,” said he.
So, on the priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And nimbly ranged each holy thing
To the high mass adminst'ring.

To aid the priest (these duties o'er,)
As ministrant he stands ;
Now, bowed the altar shrine before,
The mass-book in his hands.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see,
Tinkling, as the *sanctus* fell,
Thrice at the holy name the bell,

Still in every point excelling,
With quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the boy by heart !
To the close he tarried thus,
Till *vobiscum Dominus* ;
Till the blessing of the priest,—
Till the holy service ceased !

Each thing in order, as before,
His pious hands array,
Asperge the shrine ; and then once more
He takes his cheerful way.

Lightly—with conscience calm he goes :
 Before his steps the furnace glows ;
 His lips, the while (the count completing),
 Twelve paternosters slow repeating.

He gained the forge—the smiths surveyed,
 As there they grimly stand ;
 “How fares it, friends?—*Have ye obeyed,*”
 He cried “*my Lord’s command?*”
 “Ho! ho!” they shout, with ghastly grin,
 And point the furnace-throat within ;
 “He’s caught and cared for—go thy ways :
 Well shall the Count his servants praise.”

On with this answer, onward home
 With fleeter step he flies ;
 But when the Count beheld him come
 He scarce could trust his eyes.
 “Whence com’st thou?”—“From the furnace.”—“So
 Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow!
 Thou hast loitered long!”—“Yet only till
 My dame’s command I did fulfill.

“For, pardon—but to her, to-day,
 I went on quitting thee,
 To ask if aught upon the way
 She might intrust to me.
 She bade me halt the mass to hear,
 Sweet order to thy servant’s ear ;
 Rosaries four I told, delaying,
 For you both the Saviour praying.”

All stunn’d, Count Savern heard the speech—
 A wondering man was he ;
 “And when thou didst the furnace reach,
 What answer gave they thee?”
 “They answered dark, with ghastly grin,
 Pointing the furnace-throat within ;
 ‘He’s caught and cared for—go thy ways ;
 Well shall the Count his servants praise.’”

"And Robert?"—gasped the Count, as lost
 In awe he shuddering stood—
 "Thou must be sure his path have cross'd—
 I sent him to the wood."
 "In wood nor field where I have been,
 No single trace of him was seen."
 All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
 O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
 He took the servant's hand;
 He led him to his lady's side,
 She naught could understand.
 "This child—no angel is more pure—
 Long may thy grace for him endure;
 Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
 GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

THE STORY OF DON VEJEZ.

[Taken by permission from *On a Mexican Mustang Through Texas from the Gulf to the Rio Grande*, a book written by the editors of *Texas Siftings*, containing much humor and many facts about Texas—its history, condition and resources. Speaking of the healthfulness of the state, the following story is told in proof. Correct pronunciation of the Spanish proper names may be found by consulting page 84 of FENNO'S ELOCUTION.]

THE undulating prairies and high hills of the great stock-raising counties of Western Texas are the most healthy part of the earth's crust I have ever seen, or ever expect to see. It is asserted that there the inhabitants never die of disease or age. They either shuffle off the coil through the instrumentality of a six-shooter, or grow old, dry up, and blow away. Tradition tells of a misguided young doctor who went West hoping to make a living out of the sufferings of his fellows, but he soon found that his pills were literally a drug in the market. People refused his twenty-drops-in-a-teaspoonful-of-water, and would have nothing to do with his mustard-plasters: so he went from bad to worse, and from worse to whiskey; and the last heard of him he had stolen a grindstone, and was rolling around trying to make a living sharpening bowies, scissors and razors.

There is a legend to the effect that once upon a time some immigrants, entering Texas at Red River, met a very old man, with beard as white as snow, and features seared and shrunken by the hand of Time,—a mere shadow of antiquity, a human wrinkle, an allegory of age. This antique petrification was hurrying with all speed to the boundary of the State. On being interrogated as to his reasons for such haste, he stopped not, neither did he pause; but, as his weird form disappeared in the distance, the murmuring winds brought back the mournful reply, "I am tired of life and of the monotony of the ages, I am weary of the slow steps of time and the dragging march of the centuries, and I am hurrying out of Texas that I may find some place where people can die."

A high-born gentleman of Mexican descent was, not long since, searching through the old dusty records of Bexar County. He loved to delve among these old relics of by-gone days. With a melancholy interest he searched for forgotten records of the past, on which to base a fraudulent claim to the land and improvements of some present occupant, who would prefer to suffer blackmail to the extent of a few hundred dollars rather than bear the expense and uncertainty incident to a lawsuit. While thus piratically engaged, he discovered an old document written in Spanish, bearing date 1810, and entitled "An Account of the Marvelous Restoration to Health of Don Juan Ignacio Fuerte Vejez." Inasmuch as this document goes to illustrate, or rather demonstrate, that Western Texas is healthy beyond any other part of the world, a brief synopsis of the strange and romantic incident narrated therein is hereby given.

Don Juan Vejez, as we shall abbreviate his rather attenuated name, was born in old Spain. His parents were honest, and, no doubt, poor. The young man was endowed with a very feeble constitution. When he was born, all the old ladies in the neighborhood cheered up the parents of the puny infant with the prediction that he could not live. No such luck was in store for them. He lived and grew up, but with a shattered constitution. He succeeded in reaching his fortieth year without

dying; but at that time consumption had made such inroads that the doctors declared his very existence to be an insult to the profession. Probably his unwillingness to fortify his system with their remedies had much to do with the matter. Even at that early day (1709) the fame of Western Texas as a health resort had reached Spain, and Don Vejez determined to give the Texas climate a chance to cure him. It was asking a great deal of the climate, but he was not particular about that. He reached the Canary Islands just as a colony of thirteen families was setting out with the intention of moving to San Fernando de Bexar, as the present town of San Antonio, Texas, was then called. Don Vejez joined the emigrants. Nothing but the hope of administering on his baggage, of which he had considerable, induced the colonists to allow him to accompany them. Count Jose Maria de Cuatro Palacios, who had charge of the party, said to the Marquis Tejada Hernandez de los Santos, as he motioned with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the emaciated skeleton, "I'm afraid he will not last long enough for us to utilize him in starting our new graveyard in San Fernando." "I fear he will not," said the marquis who had known Vejez in Spain. "He always was an unaccommodating old fellow, but I'll risk a box of cigars on it that he gets there."

When the caravan arrived at the outposts of the old mission of San Jose, Don Vejez was still along with the party, but apparently in a dying condition. He was lifted out of the rude vehicle, and for convenience' sake, was placed in a side chapel.

Seven days have come and gone, as the novelists say.

The Marquis de los Santos meets Count Cuatro Palacios on the plaza. "I'll take that box of cigars," said the marquis.

"No," said Count Cuatro: "the bet was, that the old skeleton would not be utilized in starting our new graveyard. He is here, but he may recover." And they both laughed heartily and heartlessly.

"Of whom were you speaking, senors?" said a tall, dark stranger, who stepped up to them.

"We were talking about that long-winded old bone-yard, Don Vejez, who is suffering for a funeral," remarked F. . . s.

"Draw?" *met* the stranger; and his blade flashed in the sunlight. The two noblemen were amazed.

"Who are you?" they asked, as they placed their hands on their swords.

"I am Vejez, with whom you proposed to start your graveyard; but, thanks to the climate of this *presidio*, I am sufficiently recovered to start a graveyard of my own. Defend yourselves!"

The ancient records of San Fernando de Bexar show that the first two of the colonists from the Canary Islands who died were the Count Jose Maria de Cuatro Palacios and the Marquis Tejada Hernandez de los Santos.

It was indeed Vejez. In a few days the dying invalid had been transformed into an able-bodied man. His stomach had so completely regained its tone that he could astonish it with successive cocktails without any injury whatever, except, perhaps, to the cocktails. He so entirely recovered his appetite, that he was a terror to boarding-houses. The venders of patent medicines applied to him for his photograph, to be used in their advertisements under the head of "After Taking."

Let us pass over an entire century, and again visit the *presidio*. It is the year 1810; and San Fernando has by royal decree, changed its name to San Antonio. It is a city now. There are more houses, but fewer Indians, than in 1710. Several generations have been killed in battle with the Indians, and consigned to the graveyard that Don Vejez was so prompt in starting. Moss is on the tombstones of the two oldest inhabitants of the overcrowded cemetery. But how about the man who came to San Fernando for his health a hundred years ago? Can his grave be seen? It cannot be found. No tombstone bears his name: no marble tablet on the walls of the old gray cathedral commemorates the virtues of Don Juan Ignacio Fuerte Vejez. This is not surprising, because the old man still lives. One hundred and forty summers have slightly browned his cheek, and an equal number of winters have blanched his locks. He still

goes around with the boys, as he calls the discrepit old relics of eighty or ninety years, and predicts that their mothers will never raise them. As he steps briskly along the streets of San Antonio, the undertaker comes out of his shop, and casts a long, bewildered glance after his retreating form.

Quite early in life, comparatively speaking, he had married; and the result was that, in 1810, a host of adults called him great-grandfather. They honored and respected the old man; for he owned many ranches, and long rows of houses yielded him monthly tribute.

There was indescribable tenderness, in look and language, when those middle-aged heirs would take the old man's hand, and inquire after his health. Did he sleep well at night? and how was his appetite? The whole community sympathized with those suffering heirs, and wanted to share their joy, or anything else that would come to them, at the old man's death. The almost despairing heirs tried all manner of devices to smooth his pathway to the tomb, but all in vain: he persisted in taking his own time. Old Vejez betrayed, as yet, few signs of decay; his eye was bright, and his step as elastic as of yore. He quaffed, with as much gusto as ever, his favorite beverage of whiskey and garlic, and seemed still prepared to weather many a storm. Finally a happy thought occurred to the heirs. They immediately acted on it. They persuaded the hale, hearty old fellow that it was his duty to visit one of his plantations on the Lower Brazos River. He had never been out of Western Texas since he arrived there from the Canary Islands. His relatives told him that the change would do him good. He said he did not need the change, but he consented to go. The heirs chuckled; and one of them, who had a literary weakness, prepared to manufacture some obituary poetry. The miasmatic influences from the unhealthy bottom of the Brazos River got into the old man's bones, and he died. When his relatives heard of his death, they outwardly assumed the garb of mourning, but inwardly they rejoiced exceedingly. They became very popular all at once, and were called "Don This" and "Don That," and had unlimited credit

at all the stores. They walked around, decked out from head to foot in black suits, with a wealth of crape on their hats, and a sackcloth-and-ashes kind of cast in their eyes. In due time the corpse of Don Vezez was conveyed to San Antonio, to be laid away in that densely populated burial-place that he had been expected to inaugurate just a century before.

And now behold the body, as it lies in state in the old cathedral, surrounded by swinging censers, chanting priests, and mourning friends, while above the subdued murmur of solemn requiems for the dead can be heard the sobs and wails of the heart-broken heirs. Suddenly, without any warning, from within the coffin is heard a sound,—a rustling as of funereal linen,—and old Don Vezez sits up in his coffin, and demands his favorite drink of whiskey and garlic.

The miasma of the Brazos brings with it death, but the healthful breeze from the San Antonio River brings back life again.

It required a company of soldiers to escort the feeble but fully restored old boy to his home, so great was the rage of the grief-stricken heirs and the over-sanguine tradesmen, who had advanced money and things.

Of course there was no unanimity as to what it was that worked the miracle. The priests explained it to their own satisfaction. They themselves were the guilty parties, whose fervent prayers had brought the dead to life, and swindled the heirs of Don Vezez. When the raging heirs came round with clubs to have the matter explained, the wily priests said that it was the fervency of the devotions, and the sincerity of the grief of the heirs, that had caused the interposition of Divine Providence. The heirs ultimately laid it all on the devil and the climate. And Don Juan Ignacio Fuerte Vezez lived many years afterwards, leaving a new crop of heirs discomfited: for, by his will, his wealth of lands and tenements was bequeathed to the church of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe.

ALEX. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX.

BACHELOR BROWN.

BACHELOR Brown was a quiet man
Whose scheme of life was a charming plan ;
He merely wanted to live at ease,
With nobody but himself to please.
The doctor's orders were duly obeyed,
For Bachelor Brown was greatly afraid
Of looking florid and growing stout—
He dreaded the very name of gout.
He thought a wife was a useless bore,
And nothing in life annoyed him more
Than crying babes or a sudden draught,
And he always frowned when others laughed.

We wonder not that Bachelor Brown
Was not much liked in his native town ;
The boys delighted to play him tricks,
And most of the folks their eyes would fix
On distant objects when he passed by—
But he only thought they were very shy.

It so fell out on a Christmas day
That lads and lasses went out to play,
When snow lay deep in the fields hard by,
And bright and clear was the winter sky.
A snowball battle was soon begun,
When lo ! in the thick of fight and fun
A ball was thrown with a sudden whirl,
By a bright and active laughing girl,
Right through the window of Bachelor Brown,
Who starts to his feet with a sudden frown,
And rushing forth he cries, with a hiss,
“ Who is the villain that dared to do this ? ”
They all held back and were quite abashed
When they saw their neighbor's window **smashed** ;
But the girl stood up and toss'd her head,
And with laughing eyes she archly said,
“ Please, sir, I wanted to bring you out
To join us all in the snowball bout.”

When Bachelor Brown saw the pretty face
And marked the figure so full of grace,
His anger fled, and he straightway fell
In love with the saucy village belle.

A very strange thing had come to pass—
'Twas found that the fractured pane of glass
Was broken in shape like a human heart,
Which, of course, gave Bachelor Brown a start,
For he thought there must be a fate in this,
So he sought the rollicking snowball miss ;
With such success did he ply his suit
That she quite forgot his old repute ;
For when he proposed she couldn't say no,
And ere the coming of next year's snow
Bachelor Brown had a charming wife,
Who proved the joy of his altered life.

“A snowball,” they said in the little town,
“Has made quite a man of Bachelor Brown.”
ROCHESTER UNION.

THE CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

[Slightly abridged but losing none of the touching story. Impersonate the child's voice.]

The winter day was growing old ;
The evening's breath came hard and cold ;
Great flocks of clouds, with wings of gray,
Shed feathery snow-flakes on their way ;
And all the city streets among
A troupe of breezes danced and sung.
But though the frost was keen and bold,
And though the air was biting cold,
A thousand gayly-stepping feet
Went up and down the lighted street ;
A thousand hands with pressure tight
Were grasping presents rich and bright :

A thousand hearts were hasting home
To hearts that longed to see them come ;
For wondrous gladness filled the air,
And Christmas eve was everywhere.

But it has not so sweet a sound
In homes where children are not found ;
And in one mansion rich and grand
A wife and husband, hand in hand,
Were sitting by the fire-light's glow,
And gazing on the streets below,
And, with sad hearts unreconciled,
Were thinking of a long-lost child.

Out in the country, near a wood,
The little old brown school-house stood,
And waited, while the winter's day
Looked darker from its eyes of gray,
For the rough door to open wide
And noisy youngsters rush outside.
A while came sharply from within
The country school's peculiar din ;
Then with glad shouts the children strode
Through the dim day their winding way
Along the white hard-beaten road,
To where farm-houses cheered the sight,
And lamps already glimmered bright.
With unassumed, unconscious grace,
And pleasure dancing on each face,
They brought the presents all to mind
Which they that eve were to receive
Or in the early morning find.
Old Santa Claus, that famous king
Of childish lore, was handled o'er,
And all the treasures he might bring.

But look ! with shouts and faces gay,
They passed a poor-house on their way,
And a sweet homeless-looking child
From out a window gazed and smiled
To see the other children glad ;
But her poor wistful heart was sad.

That night our little friendless one,
When her poor evening meal was done,
Bowed low in grief her childish head
Upon the ragged poor-house bed,
And in a sweet and pleading tone
She made a short prayer, all her own :
“ O Jesus ! You who loved so well
The little ones, of whom they tell
That when these came to You one day,
You would not have them sent away :
You said to all those who believe
If they would ask they should receive.
O Jesus ! please for me to find
Two good nice parents, sweet and kind,
And ask them if they will not spread
Some little presents by my bed,
That they my heart may cheerful make
To-morrow morning when I wake,
And I be made as happy so
As other children that I know.”
She said “ Amen ” with reverence deep,
Closed her blue eyes and sank asleep.

Still sat the childless couple where
The lights of luxury were fair,
And still, with thoughts all tempest-tossed,
Each silent mused, with sad heart bruised,
Upon the child that they had lost.
But listen ! with a sudden clang
The loudly-speaking door-bell rang,
And a detective's face they viewed,
With patient lines deep marked and shrewd
And scarce the parent's questioning eye
Was met before he made reply :
“ I come at last with tidings new.
The child I've sought so long for you,
The child you lost five years ago,
Has lived, and lives. Her place I know.
The beggar who, with Satan's aid,
Stole her to help his piteous trade,
Died in a country poor-house, where
He left the child and she is there.

Mistake or doubt cannot befall :
Here are the proofs ; I have them all.
She is not very far away.
And you, if bold to bear the cold,
May see her ere another day."

"To bear the cold ! What has she borne ?
She shall not longer friendless mourn.
The horses—quick !" And soon, in spite
Of cold and sleet, the champing feet
Of swift steeds dashed into the night,
Until they halted just before
The great poor-house's dingy door.
And soon the parents softly crept
Into the gloom of one small room,
And watched their darling while she slept,
And, weeping, listened to the prayer
Which she that night had offered there,
(For the old matron overheard,
And told it to them, every word).
Her sleeping face appeared to them
As some fair flower at evening's hour
Low drooping on its weary stem ;
But that soft prayer—in Heaven now—
Had left its touch upon her brow ;
Its grief and comfort they could trace
Upon the well-remembered face.

The mother yearned the child to press
In all her piteous loveliness,
But would not yet her slumber break,
And said : " My darling shall not wake
Until her prayer we answered see
As well and nearly as may be."

And soon the sleek swift horses flew
Back where proud presents rich and new
Hung in the lamp-light's brilliant rays,
The envy of all children's gaze ;
Which ere another hour had fled,
Hands softly bore, and placed before
The little sleeper's lowly bed.

She woke at last ; and, wondering, threw
 A swift glance keen upon the scene
 That burst upon her startled view.
 A vast amazement filled her face :
 The room was like a fairy place.
 No toy she wished but it was there ;
 Bright presents glittered everywhere.
 No gift her thought had learned to prize
 But it was spread before her eyes :
 And presents made her young heart glow
 Whose very names she did not know.

But look ! a man with step of pride,
 And a sweet lady by his side
 More beautiful and high of mien
 Than any she had ever seen,
 Came, and above her wept and smiled,
 And called her their poor long-lost child !

The Christmas morn rose clear and bright ;
 And through the flashing fields of light
 A band of angels sweet and fair,
 It seemed to me, came far to see
 That answer to the Christmas prayer.

WILL CARLETON.

UNCLE SKINFLINT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

[Impersonate.]

Christmas is very near, and everybody expects Christmas presents, of course. There's my niece, Eleanor, I can see her looking at me from the corner of her eye, saying to herself: "I wonder what Uncle Skinflint is going to give me?" That's the worst of being worth money. People expect you to be always giving, and they call you mean if you don't do it. Well, Eleanor is engaged to be married, and she'll be out of the way pretty soon. Nice girl, too. I rather think I'll surprise them this Christmas. They'll see that I'm one of those who don't give often, but do something worth while when they start out.

Eleanor is musical, and has no piano. I'll give her one—a fine grand piano, with carved legs. That, and a nice stool, I can get for a thousand dollars. I'll send it home on Christmas eve, with my love—"Uncle Skinflint's love." I shouldn't wonder if the reporters would get hold of it. How could I help it if they did? And it would make poor Eleanor's name so public! No; it won't do. I'm sorry; but it won't do. Besides, the poor girl really needs a cloak; and for three or four hundred dollars I could give her a seal-skin that would last a life time; lined with quilted silk, fine buttons—all the rest of it. Let me see—yes—no—I'm a little hasty. Seal-skin may go out of fashion, and then there'd be hundreds of dollars at a dead loss. Besides, they are too warm for the climate, those cloaks. Now, if I give her a sewing-machine, she can make herself a new cloak on it every year, if she pleases, and frocks, aprons, and all sorts of things. I'll get one for seventy-five or eighty dollars; very nice present. She ought to be grateful. She may be obliged to earn her living sometime, if she's left a widow. What a good thing it would then be to have a machine of her own!

And yet, now I think of it, what a pretty watch Huff, the jeweler, showed me the other day. "You can have that for fifty dollars when you want it, Mr. Skinflint," he said, "it's worth eighty." I'll get that. "What did you have for your Christmas?" asks some friend of Eleanor. "A watch from Uncle Skinflint," she will reply. Sounds well, and it's the very thing for an elderly relative to give a young one; helps her to be punctual in her habits. Then—no—lucky thought! *She'd forget to wind it up!* What's the use of a watch that is not wound?

Now, a good merino dress—what a comfort that would be! A nice blue, or dark-red merino. No—that wouldn't be wise. Second thoughts are the best. Here it is December. In four months it will be too warm to wear merino, and the moths will eat it up. Besides, girls are never suited with a dress. But gloves, now—say, half a dozen assorted colors in a box. That's the very thing. But—I don't know Eleanor's number.

I can't buy those. Besides, I have heard that the cheap kind split. But pocket-handkerchiefs with colored borders are nice. A dozen, at twenty cents each, would please her. She's subject to colds. Nothing could be more useful. There's an objection, though. She's always losing her handkerchiefs. Whatever I give her I want her to keep to remember me by when I'm gone. When I was in at the Seven-Cent Store the other day I saw some nice nutmeg graters—bronze, with a little hole to hang them up by, and a box for the nutmeg—only seven cents. I'm glad I remembered it. I'll get her one of those. It will encourage her to make cake and puddings. And an egg-beater! I'll buy her both; and, as I'm never mean, I'll throw in a nutmeg. It's the best bargain you can get for fifteen cents. And, as she's to be married, nothing can be more proper than to encourage the domestic virtues. Eleanor will feel that, I am sure. I'll go and buy them at once.

M. K. D.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

[One of the very finest poetic effusions known to the English language, airy and sprightly in its tone, high in its conception, beautiful in its diction and artistic in its finish. Employ a clear, pure, ringing voice. The piece as here given is abridged.]

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night,—
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
 'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
 The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
 And he has awakened the sentry elfe
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell:
 "Midnight comes, and all is well!
 Hither, hither, wing your way!
 'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

A scene of sorrow waits them now,
 For an ouphe has broked his vestal vow;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade;

For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away:
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
The prisoner fay was at his feet.
He waved his scepter in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

“Fairy! fairy! list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain;
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden’s eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind.
Such as a spirit well might love.
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment:
Now list, and mark our mild decree,—
Fairy, this your doom must be:

Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Mount thy steed, and spur him high
To the heaven’s blue canopy;

And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far,—
The last faint spark of its glimmering train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!”

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back;
He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
And with leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.
Up sprang the spirits of the waves
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves;
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlit shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading fay.

But fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong
But the water-spirits are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side;
Hopeless is the unequal fight.
Fairy, naught is left but flight!
He turned him round, and fled amain,
With hurry and dash, to the beach again;
And O! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dogwood-tree!

But soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he staunch'd the blood.
And now he treads that fatal shore
As fresh and vigorous as before.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite;
'Tis the middle wane of night;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car.

He cast a saddened look around;
But he felt new joy in his bosom swell,
When glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple muscle-shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow.
And he pushed her over the yielding sand
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.
The imps of the river yell and rave.
They had no power above the wave;
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide,

Onward still he held his way,
 Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
 And saw beneath the surface dim
 The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim;
 He followed wherever the sturgeon led,
 Till he saw him upward point his head;
 Then held his colen-goblet up
 To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
 He sprung above the waters blue;
 Then plunged him in the deep again,
 But he left an arch of silver bright,
 The rainbow of the moony main.

A moment, and its lustre fell;
 But ere it met the billow blue
 The fairy caught in his crimson bell
 A droplet of its sparkling dew,—
 Joy to thee, fay! thy task is done,
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won.

He turns, and lo! on either side
 The ripples on his path divide;
 Around their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
 While on the glossed and gleamy wave
 They press the bark with pearly hand,
 Toward the beach of speckled sand;
 And, as he lightly leaped to land,
 They bade adieu with nod and bow;
 Then gayly kissed each little hand,
 And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the fairy there;
 He kissed the beach, and breathed a prayer.
 Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
 And on to the elân court he flew.

* * * * *

Up, fairy! quit thy chick-weed-bower,
 The cricket has called the second hour.
 Up! thy charmed armor don,
 Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone!

Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed ;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue ;
And away like a glance of thought he flew
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fairy trail of the rocket star.

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent ;
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast ;
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold but he urges fast ;
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,—
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear
Came screaming on his startled ear.

His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare.
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
And he pierced their cloudy bodies through :
Howling the misty spectres flew.
They rend the air with their frightful cries ;
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the Milky Way ;
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide.
Around the fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein ;

With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphid queen.

But O, how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright!
She seemed to the entrancéd fay
The loveliest of the forms of light:
“Lady,” he cried, “I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,
To do my sentenced task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain,—
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now.”
She led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there,
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wane and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.
Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o’er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its train behind
The elfin gallops along:
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
But the sylphid charm is strong;

He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
 He watches each flake till its sparks expire.
 But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
 And caught a glimmering spark;
 Then wheeled him round to the fairy ground
 And sped through the midnight dark.

* * * * *

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
 Elf of eve! and starry fay!
 Ye that love the moon's soft light,
 Hither,—hither wend your way;
 Hail the wanderer again
 With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
 Pure his wing and strong his chain,
 And doubly bright his fairy fire.

But hark! from tower to tree-top high,
 The sentry-elf his call has made;
 A streak is in the eastern sky.
 Shapes of moonlight flit and fade!
 The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
 The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
 The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
 The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

NANCY.

[An Idyl of the kitchen. A charming and home-like little piece which will prove popular and find its way into all the newspapers and books of selections—same as *Bachelor Brown* on another page.]

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen;
 Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
 Her hair was coiled neatly: when I, indiscreetly,
 Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,
 Or who hum a song so delightfully low,
 Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
 As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it, caressed it,
 And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow.
 Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!
 'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the
 dough.

At last, when she turned from her pan to the dresser,
 She saw me and blushed, and said shyly, "Please go,
 Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
 If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the
 dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;
 The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! no! no!"
 Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
 My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy;
 Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe,
 And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen
 Where Nancy, *my* Nancy, stands kneading the dough.
 JOHN A. FRASER, JR., in *Century Bric-a-Brac*.

THE STORY OF INGOMAR.

[As told by Ah'Sinn.]

ME go thleather, top side Fifth lavenue; Melican
 man and Melican ladce playee "Lingomar." Melican
 ladce wear white dless, whitee likee snow. Blandits
 come and scoopee old man; takee him top side moun-
 tain, makee him allee samee likee pack mule.

Melican ladce heapee cly. Old looster wantee mally
 her. She say:

"You givee me monee sabe father, he scopee by
 blandits; you sabee, me mally you."

Old looster allee samee stingy likee miser. He say:

"Me see you hanged first."

Then Melican ladce cly thlee, four times, and go top
 side mountain, lookce for old man. Sleep lunder gloos-
 belly bushes evely time nighty, no hurtee whitee dless.

She comes top side mountain in thlee weeks, and find old man, he big cly baby. Blarbarian he say to Melican ladee :

"You stayee. Old Melican man go homee. No good."

Melican ladee she stay and puttee plosies on stling and washee dishee, and mashee Blarbarian. One day he come lound and he say :

"Me likee you ; me no keepee you top side mountain. You go home to old Melican man ; won't cost you cent," and Blarbarish man he cly, and he say he have no more usee be Blarbarian.

Melican ladee she lookee to side skly and she say :

"Me leavee no Blarbarian man. Blarbarian man shakee gang and come town down and puttee store clothes on."

He say :

"Me go alongside and behavee myself and gettee job in blacksmith shopee, allee samee like Greek man."

Melican ladee and Blarbarian man comee down mountain slide, and Melican ladee introduce de Blarbarian all lound. Pleety soon old miser comee lound and he say :

"Me gotttee old man where hair is short ; me got big moneys, mee buyee up allee old man's notee and me sell him outtee allee same ; me got heapee big bulgee and me gittee old man, old woman and Melican ladee allee samee for slaves."

Blarbarian say :

"You allee samee old sucker," and he chokee him and kick him three four times on top side of stomach and he says : "Me be slave ; you lettee Melican ladee go flee."

Old miser say :

"All lightee ; you my slave ; me makee you sick."

Pleety soon big gang blandits lun in an' say to Blarbarian man :

"Who hurtee you ?"

Blarbarian man say :

"Old miser boughtee me allee samee for slave."

Then allee blandits say :

"Whoop la-ee," and knockee old miser top si-

headdee with battle-axe, and punchee him full holes with spleere, allee samee likee pepper-box.

The King he come and shakee hands with Blarbarian man and he say :

"You allee samee bully boy ; me givee you Melican ladee for wiffee. Me givee you big farm and allee Blarbarians come and live with you, and you bosee job. Slee?"

Evlybody shakee hands allee lound, Blarbarian man kiss Melican ladee. Curtain come down, allee people go top side Fifth lavenue.

"ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES."

[Use a rough, harsh tone for the drayman, and a light, eager one for the boy
A. the last the boy's voice should choke—almost breaking down.]

'Twas a crowded street, and a cry of joy
Came from a ragged, barefoot boy—
A cry of eager and glad surprise,
And he opened wide his great black eyes
As he held before him a coin of gold
He had found in a heap of rubbish old
By the curb-stone there.

The passers-by
Paused at hearing that joyous cry,
As if 'twere a heavenly chime that rung,
Or a note from some angel song had been sung
There, in the midst of the hurry and din
That raged the city's heart within,
And they wondered to hear that song of grace
Sung in such strange, unusual place.

As oft-times into a dungeon deep
Some ray of sunlight perchance will creep,
So did that innocent, childish cry
Break on the musings of passers-by,
Bidding them all at once forget
Stocks, quotations, and tare and tret,
And the thousand cares with which are rife
The daily rounds of a business life.

"How it sparkles!" the youngster cried,
 As the golden piece he eagerly eyed;
 "Oh, see it shine!" and he laughed aloud,
 Little heeding the curious crowd
 That gathered around. "Hurrah!" said he,
 "How glad my poor old mother will be!
 I'll buy her a brand-new Sunday hat,
 And a pair of shoes for Nell at that.
 And baby sister shall have a dress—
 There'll be enough for all, I guess;
 And then I'll——"

"Here," said a surly voice,
 "That money's mine. You can take your choice
 Of giving it up or going to jail."
 The youngster trembled, and then turned pale
 As he looked and saw before him stand
 A burly draymen with outstretched hand;
 Rough and uncouth was the fellow's face,
 And without a single line or trace
 Of the goodness that makes the world akin.
 "Come, be quick! or I'll take you in,"
 Said he.

"For shame!" said the listening crowd.
 The ruffian seemed for a moment cowed.
 "The money is mine," he blustered out;
 "I lost it yesterday hereabout.
 I don't want nothin' but what's my own
 And I'm goin' to have it."

The lad alone
 Was silent. A tear stood in his eye,
 But he brushed it away, he *would not* cry.
 "Here, mister," he answered, "take it then;
 If it's yours, it's yours; if it hadn't been——"
 A sob told all he would have said,
 Of the hope so suddenly raised, now dead;
 And then with a sigh, which volumes told,
 He dropped the glittering piece of gold

Into the other's hand. Once more
 He sighed,—and his dream of wealth was o'er.
 But no! Humanity hath a heart
 Always ready to take the part
 Of childish sorrow, wherever found.

“Let's make up a purse”—the word went round
 Through the kindly crowd, and a hat was passed,
 And the coins came falling thick and fast.
 “Here, sonny, take this,” said they. Behold,
 Full twice as much as the piece of gold
 He had given up was in the hand
 Of the urchin. He could not understand
 It all. The tears came thick and fast,
 And his grateful heart found voice at last.

But, lo! when he spoke, the crowd had gone—
 Left him, in gratitude, there alone.
 Who'll say there is not some sweet good-will
 And kindness left in this cold world still?

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

[In giving this selection avoid a rhythmical style, but aim to give it naturalness. Read or speak the lines as you would say them, leaving the metre to take care of itself. Much variety can be given to the piece by imitating the “various voices” and mimicking the peculiar style of each scholar which memory recalls.]

I cannot, Genevieve, tell you how oft it comes to me—
 That rather young old reading class in District Number
 Three,
 That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line
 And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
 We did not spare the energy in which our words were
 clad;
 We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
 But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so
 free
 Would scarce have recognized their work in District
 Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the winter's
thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden
gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when
travelers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering in their
class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold
and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to
come,—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been
and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number
Three.

We took a hand of History—its altars, spires and
flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy
play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one
day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number
Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words and read the hard ones
right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always
clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering
all to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a
show to see?
Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each
 pathetic word,
 (He's in the prize-fight business now and hits them hard,
 I've heard ;)
 And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as
 in fear,
 (His tongue is not so timid now : he is an auctioneer ;)
 And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring
 hard to change,
 And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most
 surprising range ;
 Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee ?
 Alas ! they're both in higher schools than District
 Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years
 have grown,
 And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's
 telephone ;
 And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
 And some can smite the rock of time and summon forth
 a tear ;
 But one sweet voice comes back to me whenever sad I
 grieve,
 And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve !
 It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at
 me—
 A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.
 WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's*.

OFF BARNEGAT.

[Strikingly similar to *Mona's Waters*. The piece was sent us by a lady of Barnegat, with the assurance that the story is based upon a true incident. In giving the piece, use great earnestness and intensity, with vivid coloring.]

THROUGH midnight cold, tho' sea-mist rolled,
 The village folks are sleeping
 In Barnegat. This way and that,
 A weary watcher, peeping

To see if day yet glimmers gray,
Or dawn is shapes outlining,
Leaps in affright. A rocket's light
Above Long Beach is shining.

Another glare lights dusky air;
A fiery hand upreaching,
On midnight's wall writes out the call
That needs no prophet's teaching.
With quivered shouts alarm rings out,
Hoarse cries and words of warning,
"Who goes to save? Who goes to brave
The wild sea-kiss this morning?"

Men speed away across the bay,
Their boat like storm-scurd flying,
Oars dip and lift like strong wings swift,
Till gained a sand-ridge lying
On ocean's rim. Like phantoms grim
Stand seaman, true and steady;
No boat can ride that stormy tide,
But gun and line are ready.

Once more 'tis tried! It falls this side!
Again! Thank God, it clears them!
The life-car swings on slipping rings
And through the wild sea nears them!
But hands so cold have faithless hold,
The hawser's long in tying;
'Tis fastened now! From shore to bow
Life's ferry-boat goes flying.

Through blinding spray, through breakers gray,
Pull back, strong hands, your burden!
A man—a child—through white surf wild,
Two lives—a precious guerdon.
Now in the light, now dark as night,
In with the coming breaker;
"Alive or dead! Lift up his head!"
Poor baby! Kind hearts take her!"

Life stirs below her breast of snow
 'Neath tender woman's caring,
 Whilst, faint and white, in feeble plight,
 Strong hands the man are bearing,
 Till, out of pain, his soul again
 Comes to his body's keeping,
 And questions great that may not wait
 From eager lips are leaping.

"Who clings aloft? What blossom soft
 Is this white sea-bird nested
 Safe on your arm, secure from harm,
 Whilst surge and swirl you breasted?
 Speak if you can!" The rescued man,
 Prone on the sea-sand lying,
 Gasp'd out at last, "Lashed to the mast,
 The captain's wife is dying."

"He holds her fast, his boat-cloak cast
 About her; to their daughter
 They moaned 'Good-bye' with sobs, and I
 Brought Jenny through the water.
 I held her fast when, driving past,
 The hungry waves went whirling;
 In my rough way I tried to pray
 Amid the life-car's swirling."

* * * * *

With morning light the tide turned right,
 So boats went safely thither
 To bring the twain back to the main—
 They brought but cold clay hither.
 The captain's girl, fair rescued pearl,
 Lacks human kindness never:
 Yet mother-kiss is much to miss
 Through woman-life forever.

ETHEL LYNN.

THE GOING OF ARTHUR.

[This satirical production purports to relate the circumstances of President Arthur's trip to the Yellowstone for pleasure, if not for fishing, as opportunity offered. Tennyson's *Coming of Arthur* is tortured for a title, and the Indian names afford many opportunities for punning.]

BEFORE they went a-fishing in the West
 There came on Arthur, sleeping, several men
 Left on the civil service catechism, shaken out,
 And like perturbed ghosts, ghostly that ghastr,
 Went shrilling, "Hello! Hello!" all the night;
 "Arthur! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
 Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee,
 Because the fare will fare too high for us
 To follow thee."

Then Arthur woke and called,
 "Well, I am blown," or, "I am flown;"
 "Am blown along a wandering windy wind."
 For blown is blowed, else what is blowed but blown?
 "Who spake? A dream? Oh, light up all the gas,
 Go 'way!" he said; and shrilled the voice again
 More shrilly than it shrilled before, "All right; I'm
 go'wayin!"

This heard the bold Phil Sheridan, and spake,
 For never yet his lips he oped, but spake
 Or took he summat—summat for his throat—
 "Oh me; mind not these dreadful dreams, but rise;
 I hear the steps of Modoc in the west,
 And with him many squaws and braves
 Once thine, now grosser grown than heathen,
 With rashen rations of the Government,
 And right good cheer from spoilen sutlerman.
 Arise, go forth, and cast a fly or two."

Then spake good Arthur to Phil Sheridan:
 "Far other is this country in the West
 Whereto we move than is the Restigouche,
 Wherein for salmon I have fishen oft,
 And caughten raiment damp and awful colds."
 And yet he smiled—they all did, more or less—
 And went.

Due west his buckboard ceaseless went,
And old man Modoc and his tribe
Came from the sunset bounds of Lava-bed
And all the Creeks came creaking down to him,
And the Crows shrilled about him with the Kaws,
And the Pawnees brought in their uncle's pledges,
Whereat he laughen, saying, "Yes, I know,"
As one who had been there himself, long time ago;
And Cheyenne their Arapahoes at him—
The only hose they wear, and them they wore
The full-orbed round of the full-orben year.
Came the Pueblos; and the Utes came to Sioux
For guns and whiskey, for their health was poor
And their crops famished for the white man's drink.
Came the Navajoes, calling him by name,
And saying that a genuine Chippewas
Of the old block, and that he Ottawa
Their wishes well; and the Spokanes came,
And whispern in his ear, "Osage," they said
"Of Oriental Washington, behold the Okanagaus,
Of western Washington, the only Irish Indians
In all your land." "Sho, shonee!" quothen he,
And in Nesqually mood he said: "We Otoe
Makah break, and end this council
Wichitas outlasted all my patience.
And I fear me much lest I may
Kickapoo Indian till his own Blackfeet
Shall break his Flathead."

He Comanche to laugh,
And turned to where the swift Gros Ventre winds
Its rocky way. He took in his right hand
His rod of split bamboo, Excalibur,
And strongly wheeled and threw the fly, and lo,
The silken line, outflung upon the tide,
Tangled, and lay upon the dancing waves
A fiery, wild untamed "Y and dot."

ROBT. J. BURDETTE, *in Life*.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

LET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can
braver be—

From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side
of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with
care,

The while their fingers deftly work their eyes are
fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient,
plodding weaver:

He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the
right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed
and turned,

That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous
skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for
all his cost!

No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the
frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth
him praise as well,

And how happy the heart of the weaver is no tongue
but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from
the place of the sun,

Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic web is
done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself
his fate;

We may not see how the right side looks—we can only
weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath need
to fear;
Only let him look clear into Heaven—the Perfect
Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and always in
sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure
to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and
shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master; it shall say to him
“Well done!”

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear him
thence, shall come down,
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin, but
a crown!

ANSON G. CHESTER, in *The Century*.

AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

[An old selection, but always successful when well done. Its form is peculiar, for in it you are required to impersonate Aunt Jemima, and she in the dialogue imitates the voice of a man. Practice carefully this double impersonation.]

Waal, girls—if you must know—reckon I must tell ye. Wall, 'twas in the winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o' quiet like, when father sez, sez he to me, “Jemima!” And I sez, sez I, “What, sir?” And he sez, sez he, “Wa'n't that a rap at the door?” and I sez, sez I, “No, sir.” Bimeby, father sez to me again, sez he, “Are you sure?” and I sez, sez I, “No, sir.” So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough there stood—a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about almost everything you could think of; they talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about politics, and they talked about all other ticks.

Bimeby father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks, and the man he drinks, till they drink it all up. After awhile father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it most time for me to be thinking about going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Indeed, you are the best judge of that yourself, sir." "Waal," he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressing-gown and slippers." And he put them on and arter awhile he went to bed.

And there sat that man; and bimeby he began a-hitching his chair up toward mine—oh, my! I was all in a flutter. And then he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" for I was most scared to death. Waal, there we sat, and arter awhile, will you believe me, he began backing his chair closer and closer to mine, and sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" Waal, by this time he had his arm around my waist, and I hadn't the heart to take it away, 'cause the tears was a-rollin' down his cheeks, and he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "For the third and last time, I sha'n't ask ye agin, will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "Yes, sir,"—for I didn't know what else to say.

HEROES OF THE LAND OF PENN.

[This is a very strong example of Dramatic Oratory. Recite with great earnestness and vivid picturing. The action and facial expression are very fine. See *How to Impersonate*.]

BEAUTIFUL in her solitary grandeur—fair as a green island in a desert waste, proud as a lonely column reared in the wilderness—rises the land of Penn, in the history of America.

Here, beneath the Elm of Shackamaxon, was first reared the holy altar of Toleration. Here, from the halls of the old State House, was first proclaimed that Bible of the rights of man—the Declaration of Independence.

Here William Penn asserted the mild teachings of the Gospel, whose every word is love. Here Franklin drew down lightnings from the sky,¹ and bent the science of ages to the good of toiling man. Here Jefferson stood forth, the consecrated Prophet of Freedom, proclaiming from Independence Hall the destiny of a Continent, the freedom of a people.

She has no orator to celebrate her glories, to point to her past;² she has no Pierpont to hymn her illustrious dead; no Jared Sparks to chronicle her Revolutionary grandeur. And yet the green fields of Germantown, the twilight vale of the Brandywine, the blood-nurtured soil of Paoli, all have their memories of the past, all are stored with their sacred treasures of whitened bones. From the far North, old Wyoming sends forth her voice—from her hills of grandeur and her valleys of beauty she sends her voice, and at the sound the mighty Dead of the land of Penn sweep³ by, a solemn pageant of the Past.

Remember that though the Land of Penn has no history, yet is her story written on her battle-fields.

Let us go to the battle of Germantown, in the dread hour of the retreat, and see how the children of Penn died. Let us go there in the moment when Washington and his generals came back from the fight.

A pause in the din of battle. The denizens of Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill come crowding⁴ to their doors and windows; the hilly streets are occupied by anxious groups of people who converse in low and whispered tones, with hurried⁵ gestures and looks of surprise and fear. See yonder⁶ group clustered by the road-side; the gray-haired man, with his ear inclined intently toward Germantown, his hands outspread,⁷ and his trembling form bent with age; the maiden, fair-checked, red-lipped

Indicated Gestures. (See Key).—1. AF. 2. HB 3. HF., hand sweeps to HO. 4. HF. 5. HO. hurriedly. 6. HO. Prg. 7. Both hands outspread.

and blooming, clad in the peasant costume; the matron, calm, self-possessed and placid; the boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eyes;—all standing¹ silent and motionless and listening, as with a common impulse, for the first news of the battle.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago, and far off shouts broke on the ear, mingling with the thunder of cannon and the shrieks of the terrible musketry; the earth seems to tremble, and, far around, the wide² horizon is agitated by a thousand echoes. Now the scene is still as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and painful. Looks of wonder at the sudden pause of the battle flit from face³ to face, and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful⁴ suspense. It is followed by a wild, rushing sound to the south, like the shrieks of the ocean waves as they fill the hold of the foundering ship while it sinks far⁵ into the loneliness of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand footsteps mingled with a wild and indistinct murmur. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the air is filled⁶ with the sound, and then distinct voices break upon the air and the clatter is borne upon the breeze.

The boy turns to his mother and asks her who has gained the day. Every heart feels vividly that the battle is now over, that the account of blood is near its close, that the appeal to the God of battles⁷ has been made. The mother turns her tearful eyes to the south; she cannot answer the question. The old man, awakened from a reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden and clasps her arm with his trembling hands. His lips move, but his tongue is unable to syllable a sound. He flings a trembling hand southward, and speaks his question with the gesture of age. "The battle⁸—the battle—how goes the battle?" As he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below;

*Indicated Gestures. (See Key).—*1. HO. 2. Hand sweeps HO. to HL. 3. HO. Stroke on each "face." 4. HO. bh. V. 5. DF., hand slowly lowered. 6. HL. bh. 7. AF. 8. lh. flung toward HL.

he comes speeding¹ around the bend of the road, he ascends² the hill, but his steps totter and he staggers to³ and fro like a drunken man. He bears a burden on his shoulders—is it the plunder of the fight? is it the spoil gathered from the ranks of the dead? No!—no! He bears an aged man on his shoulders.

Both are clad in the blue hunting-shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you can recognize the uniform of the Revolution. The tottering soldier nears the group, he lays⁴ the aged veteran down by the road-side and then looks around with a ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is blood dripping from his attire; his face is begrimed with powder and spotted with crimson drops. He glances wildly around, and then, kneeling⁵ on the sod, he takes the hand of the aged man in his own and raises his head upon his knee.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? The group cluster around as they ask the question. The young Continental makes no reply, but, gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.

“Comrade!” shrieks the veteran, “raise me on my feet and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again.” He is raised⁶ upon his feet, and the blood is wiped from his eyes. “I see—it is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yonder I see his sword—and Anthony Wayne—raise me higher, comrade—all is getting dark—I would see—Mad Anthony! Lift me, comrade—higher, higher—I see him—I see Mad Anthony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight; it is dark—it is dark!”

And the young soldier held in his arms a lifeless corpse. The old veteran was dead. He had fought his last fight, fired his last shot, shouted the name of Mad Anthony for the last time; and yet his withered hand clenched,⁷ with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet.

Indicated Gestures. (See *Key*).—1. HL. lh. semicircular movement, sustained. 2. Hand rises to HO. and, at 3, passes to left and right making slight strokes on “to” and “fro.” 4. DO. right hand. 5. Repeat. 6. HO., raise hand. 7. DF., clenched hand.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As the thrilling question again rung in his ears the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastly, and then flung his wounded arm to the south.

"Lost!" he shrieked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps when he bit the dust of the road-side and lay extended² in the face of day, a lifeless corpse.

So they died, the young hero and the aged veteran, children of the land of Penn! So died thousands of their brethren throughout the Continent—Quebec and Saratoga, Camden and Bunker Hill to this hour retain their bones!

Nameless and unhonored, the "Poor Men heroes" of Pennsylvania sleep the last slumber on every battle-field of the Revolution. The incident which we have pictured is but a solitary page among ten thousand. In every spear of the grass that grows³ on our battle-fields, in every wild⁴ flower that blooms above the dead of the Revolution, you read the quiet heroism of the children of the Land of Penn.

GEORGE LIPPARD.

DOT MAID MIT HAZEL HAIR.

[This may be used to advantage when recalled after a performance.]

DALK not to me 'bout maidens rare,
Mit shkin of bearyl hue—
Dere vasn'd any kin combare
Mit von I hafe in view.

She's gendle like der sofd gazelle,
Her face vos awful fair—
She has dwo awpurn eyes of blue
Und hazel vas her hair.

Her voice vas rich like anyding,
Her moudt vas like der rose,
Her cheeks—dem plooms shust like a beach,
Und dimpled vas her nose.

Indicated Gestures. (See *Key*).—1. Left hand flung wildly and despairingly toward HL. 2. DO. 3. Dr. 4. ~~Dr.~~

Her hands und feed vas shmall und need,
 Und ven dot maiden sings
 Dem leetle birds dey glose deir eyes,
 Und flob deir leetle vings

I'm going to dook dot leedle maid
 Some day to been my vife,
 Und make her habby like I kin
 Der balance of her life.

Und ven ve'm seddled town for goot,
 I'll show you someding rare,—
 Dwo shmling aupurn eyes of plue,
 Und shplendid hazel hair.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND.

[Let the woman's pleading tone be well given.]

WHERE the soft Italian glory
 Streamed upon the marble floor
 Knelt a woman, beauty hidden
 'Neath the sombre veil she wore;
 Lifted hands to royal power,
 Sorrow's diamonds on her cheek,
 Pleading seen in every gesture—
 Misery needs no word to speak.

"For my son I ask for mercy;
 He is but a tender boy
 Led by others—all forgetting;
 Losing him, I lose all joy.
 On the gory field of battle,
 With his feet toward the foe,
 Left you not his noble father,
 Victim of a sabre blow?
 Will you not forgive the rashness
 Which impelled the fiery youth
 To mistake revolt for freedom,
 For the cause of truth?"

"Rise, fair lady ; you have conquered ;
But were pardons rashly given
We would but impede the justice,
Attribute of highest Heaven.
When from out the blazing furnace
There shall come a bell whose tone
Can be heard in yonder city,
Rung from our own palace dome,
Then from out the darksome dungeon
Shall the youthful prisoner come."

Sadly rose the widowed mother,
Hied her to her childless home—
"A bell with clarion sound !" she muttered ;
"Oh, my God ! can this be done ?
I have wealth, but is there talent
Great enough to save my son ?"

Night and day the molten furnace
Threw its red glare to the sky ;
Night and day an anxious mother
Watched those vapors curling high !
Night and day the same prayer uttered—
"May that magic work be done !"
Night and day the prison irons
Fettered still the widow's son.

Now no more the lurid glaring—
High in belfry swings the bell ;
Will the clapper to *that* distance
Send the clarion-pealing swell ?
Yes ! when on the breeze of evening
The solemn clang was borne away,
A signal from the distant tower
Told how far the bell had sway.

Loud huzzas from anxious voices
Swelled the triumph that was won !
Wondrous bell ! with mighty power,
Thus to save the widow's son !

There she stands without the prison—
 "Give my only child to me."
 "Yes! you've won—no more he pineth;
 Yes! your son at last is free!"
 One piercing scream, the fond heart's broken,
 For the lictor's heavy tread
 Well betrayed the burden carried—
 For they brought the rebel—dead!

Never more from palace belfry
 Came the deep, sonorous tone;
 All that echoed to the tower
 Was a low, sepulchral moan.
 Till at length the bell swung silent,
 And the peasant crossed his breast
 As he told you of the legend
 Of the twain that never rest;
 But, unseen, they hold the clapper,
 And no more the Doge can tell
 Of the many furlongs distant
 One can hear his wondrous bell.

LAURA L. REES.

NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.

"As, one by one, the shadows fall
 The stars come out on high."

THOUGH we may not dread the shadows, or the gloomy darkness that comes creeping over this beautiful world of ours as the day-king bids us "Good-night," yet we do admire the bright, the pure, the beautiful stars. Who would not gladly welcome the shades of evening that he might behold the unsurpassed beauty that it brings?

Leave this place for a while, and go with me after the sun has descended below the western horizon and twilight has appeared and gone. O, the stars, see them! How they glitter like diamonds on the brow of night! Who can look carelessly at these flowers of the sky? Even the rudest savages have been filled with admiration and awe at sight of the glittering vault, and have

worshipped the celestial luminaries as their gods. Could they have chosen anything more sublime and beautiful?

Does not night, in more than one sense, bring out the stars? Are we not in our lives called upon to pass through some long, dark nights of sorrow, which bring out virtues, shining like the stars? Shade in a picture is as essential as sunshine; hardships in life are as needful as happiness. Like gold that is seven times purified, we must endure trial after trial, that we may be fit for the Master's use.

Many who have basked in the sunshine of wealth have seen their sun go down and the clouds crimson with a lingering light which soon fades, and gloomy blackness follows, crying "Bankrupt—friendless—beggars!" All the darkness of night comes on, but with it many stars appear. Now adversity rouses the faculties and excites prudence, skill, determination, and fortitude.

The crushed leaf breathes sweet perfume to him who crushes, and the broken heart gives out sweet affection to the hand that afflicts.

Is there a heart that has not bled, or is there one that has not felt the heavy load of woe when the death angel comes and lays his merciless hand upon a dear father, mother, brother, sister, or friend, and leaves the active body cold and motionless? How we shudder with unspeakable grief as we see our treasures hid in the damp earth! But—

"The path of sorrow, that alone
Leads where sorrow is unknown."

The gloomiest nights of all are those without a star, when the heavens are covered by darkest clouds. The saddest lives of all are those without hope. There are many such lives, where the future is hid by a veil of unbelief.

Have you not seen the clouds separate and the soft light of starry lamps gleam through for a moment, then disappear, returning ere long glittering and twinkling even brighter than before? Have you not in a dark life seen the clouds of unbelief break away and the soul-adorning love of God shine out? Then it is that heaven and earth rejoice.

Day with its morning and noon has its night, and the night its stars; life with its beginning and meridian has its end, and the end its promotion.

The sun of life will go down and the cold and damp of the last night, Death, will come. Though this night is dark, it brings out the brightest stars of all. Not until the sunshine is shut off from this body will the stars of the soul shine in all their beauty.

"O ye stars, shine on
Far up in heaven's own blue;
Sometime—sometime I, too, may shine,
I may shine as brightly as you."

SARA P. FENNO.

THE "SHINER" AND THE WAIFS.

[This bit of human nature well depicts the generous impulses that are often buttoned up beneath a ragged jacket. Read it to the life.]

How that north wind whistled and stung the other day! It was the first signal of a long dreary winter, and even men in overcoats turned sharp corners to get out of the biting blast. Two children, a boy and girl, neither over nine years old, stood shivering in a doorway on Monroe avenue, wishing to go to their lowly home, but dreading the wind. They crept closer and closer to each other, and their chins quivered and their noses grew red as they grew colder. Hundreds of men and women passed up and down without care, but by and by along came a whistling, jovial lad of fourteen, who was swinging his boot-black's kit by a strap, and picking up the steps of some clog-dance. He saw the shivering bits of humanity while others were blind, and halting before them with a "jigjigger-rigger" of his heels and a toss of his box, he called out:

"Kin I borrow them 'ere chins o' yours about an hour?"

"Yes, ma'am," demurely replied the girl.

"I kin, eh?—ho! ho! That's a give-away on me! Be you chickens cold?"

"Yes, ma'am," she answered again.

"And that 'ere cub is your brother, I s'pose? Well, when I'm cold I get warm. What do you do—freeze?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you please," she replied.

"If I please—ha! ha!—'nother give-away on me! Well, you autumn leaves, come along with me. I hain't got no influence on the weather, but I kin smell a hot stove as fur off as the next shiner in this town. Come right over to this store."

He led the way across the street and into an office where there was a fire. He had placed chairs for them when a man came in from a back room and said:

"What do you children want here?"

"Want some of this waste hotness," bluntly replied the shiner. "These 'ere cubs is nigh froze to death, and I brought 'em here to thaw out."

"And we won't even look at you, nor cough, nor sneeze!" added the little girl, as she saw a frown on the man's face.

"That's richness: there's innocence!" laughed the shiner, and the man's face cleared, and he poked up the fire and said they could sit nearer.

"S'pose me'n you chip in and buy 'em somethin' to stay their stomachs?" suggested shiner, all of a sudden. "Tell you what, some of the children in this town don't have a square meal any more'n you'n me wear diamonds. Little gal, are you hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you won't be mad at us," she replied.

The man stood irresolute, but shiner went down into his pocket, rattled around and said:

"Here's ten cents that says they're hungry."

"Well, I'll give as much," replied the man. "You go and buy something, and they can sit here and eat it."

Shiner bought crackers and cheese, and the children ate until he felt obliged to say:

"Now, you cubs, go a leetle bit slow and save the rest for supper. Kin ye find the way home alone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And do you feel as warm as 'taterbugs rolled up in wool?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, then. We're dead to rights obliged to

this man, and I'll black his boots besides. You'd better run along home now. What's ye goin to tell yer mother?"

"I'll tell her we come awful near going to Heaven; and my little brother he thanks you, too; and now we'll go, and—and thank you, ma'am, ever so many times. Good-by."

The man looked after them through the window, with softer lines in his face than had been there for months. The boy stood outside on the walk and watched them until they had turned a corner, and then exclaimed:

"Phew! but I most feel that I was engaged to *that gal!*"

THE BOBBIN RAN OUT.

[The sentiment here expressed forms, in itself, a capital lesson in *elocution*—]

At the sewing-machine a mother sat down,
And there, as she wrought on the seam of a gown,
The needle obediently followed its route
Long after, unnoticed, the bobbin ran out.

We have writers whose books are a terrible bore,
For they write the same things they have written before;
The thread of their thought was once flowing and stout;
They neglected to spin, and the bobbin ran out.

The party at work on the garments of state,
Refusing to spin a live question, its fate
That moment is sealed; though the wheel turns about
With motion defiant, the bobbin runs out.

There are skeptics who once in the Bible believed,
But now they declare they were sadly deceived;
They followed the fashion to quibble and doubt,
And every one knows how the bobbin ran out.

There are leaders in prayer who are oft led astray,
And they preach at the people for whom they should
 pray;
You can tell as they stumble and wander about,
Their thread is exhausted, their bobbin run out.

When the preacher descends in the flow of discourse
From the pure and sublime to the vulgar and course;
When he pounds on the Bible and raises a shout,
You may know at that moment his bobbin ran out.

REV. A. J. HOUGH, in *Zion's Herald*.

THE BUGLE.

[In the author's own peculiar vein, marked with smoothness and beauty.]

MANY a year ago, in summer evenings, there used to come through the twilight, through the moonlight, through the black and dark nights, across the meadow, beyond the woods, over where the sun rose, the sound of a bugle. It was before the war, before any very great public or private trouble in my time; before many deaths, and the most of the few were without bitterness; like the deaths of flowers and years and seasons—"to die was gain." I was a boy, and had a boy's "long, long thoughts." The mystery of life was very sweet, for it was un-lived. I could be and do and suffer as I liked. I could cross bridges before I came to them, and nobody to demand heavy toll as I passed.

That bugle filled me with a longing and sadness that do not belong to youth; for the beauty I had never seen, the duty I had never done, the possible loveliness in lands beyond the world I knew. Marches and dirges, dances and requiems followed each other after strange and improbable fashion. That bugler I never knew. When I became a man I meant to take a long journey beyond the woods and under the sunrise and find him and thank him,—him and his bugle, the sweet soloist and orchestra of my boyhood. But I never did. He is a mystery still. I am glad I never did. He might have been old or blind or wholly unlovable. His bugle might not have been silver and shining even as a sword, but of baser metal, and clouded and dented as with a sabre. I do not think he was. I do not think it was, but that the bugle was beautiful and the bugler blest. There is nobody to deny it, and I maintain it without fear of contradiction. Whatever his life was, it is over.

I am as sure of it as if I had been chief mourner. His bugle has lost its voice. Where its burnished brass blossomed like a great flower, I know it must be battered and crushed and rusted, and the breath that blew in it and the strains that flowed from it have utterly perished.

To-day, here among the hills of the Delaware, I have again heard an unseen bugler. Some of the tunes were old, old tunes, and some were not made when that first bugler played. Philip Phillips' "Home of the Soul" was one of the new. This bugler seems to be playing somewhere in the West, somewhere under the sunset, and, as before, I am not very far from the player. I envy that dead man and gone bugler, and I wish I were like him, for his pleasant tunes have floated in one soul for a lifetime. No matter about the thing of brass, the melody remains.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

ENTERING IN.

[Light, gentle form of voice. Make a distinct picture.]

THE church was dim and silent
 With the hush before the prayer,
 Only the solemn trembling
 Of the organ stirred the air.
 Without, the sweet, still sunshine;
 Within, the holy calm,
 Where priest and people waited
 For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
 And a little baby girl,
 Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
 In many a wavy curl,
 With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
 Shy glances downward thrown,
 And small hands clasped before her,
 Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
 Unknowing where to go,
 While, like a wind-rocked flower,
 Her form swayed to and fro,
 And the changing color fluttered
 In the little troubled face,
 As from side to side she wavered
 With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
 What wonder that we smiled,
 By such a strange, sweet picture
 From holy thoughts beguiled?
 Then up rose some one softly;
 And many an eye grew dim,
 As through the tender silence
 He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
 The sermon and the prayer)
 If, when sometime I enter
 The "many mansions" fair,
 And stand abashed and drooping
 In the portal's golden glow,
 Our God will send an angel
 To show me where to go!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

DIFFIDENCE.

[Fine for an unpretentious piece when the dialect is well done and the changes are abrupt. Read so as to command close attention.]

"I'm afther axin, Biddy dear—"
 And here he paused awhile
 To fringe his words the merest mite
 With something of a smile,
 A smile that found its image
 In a face of beauteous mold,
 Whose liquid eyes were peeping
 From a broidery of gold.

"I've come to ax ye, Biddy dear,
 If—" then he stopped again,
 As if his heart had bubbled o'er
 And overflowed his brain;
 His lips were twitching nervously
 O'er what they had to tell,
 And timed their quavers with the eyes
 That gently rose and fell.

"I've come—" and then he took her hands
 And held them in his own,
 "To ax—" and then he watched the buds
 That on her cheeks had blown,
 "My purty dear—" and then he heard
 The throbbing of her heart,
 That told how love had entered in
 And claimed its every part.

"Och! don't be tazin' me," said she,
 With just the faintest sigh,
 "I've sinse enough to see you've come,
 But what's the rayson why?"
 "To ax—" and once again the tongue
 Forbode its sweets to tell,
 "To ax—if *Mrs. Mulligan*
Has any pigs to sell!"

YONKERS GAZETTE.

BROTHER GARDNER ON WICKEDNESS.

[A short extract from Bro. Gardner's speech to the "Lime Kiln Club."]

"How wicked we am when we sot down and fink it ober," said Brother Gardner as the voice of the triangle struck the hour of seven. "While I keep tryin' to believe in Heaben, I keep wonderin' how any of us will eber git dar. We mus' not envy, an' yet we do envy. We mus' not b'ar false witness, an' yet we am foreber stretchin' de truf. We mus' not lie, an' yit it comes so handy that we can't help it. We mus' not steal, an'—an' some of us don't. Dat is, we don't git inter a

posishun to handle the funds. We mus' not be jealous, an' yet when the woman across de way, whose husband airns \$6 per week, sails out wid fo' new bonnets a y'ar, am it human natur' for my ole woman to look arter her and not wish she had hold of her back ha'r? We mus' not sw'ar; am it human natur' when I strike the end of a sidewalk plank wid my fut, or whack my thumb wid the hammer? Am it to be supposed dat I will calmly sot down an' sing a gospel hymn?

"When we trade hosses wid a man, we cheat him. When a man wants to borrow a half dollah of us, we lie to him. We play keards, dance, go to the theatre an' circus, an' we doan' turn our backs on a dog-fight. I tell you we am all poo', weak human bein's, an' even while we flatter ourselves dat we am slidin' 'long doan' to'rds Heaben at the rate of a mile a minute, we am all ready to pass a bad nickel on a street-kar company or pocket the \$5 bill foun' in the post-office. When I sot down at night an' pull off my butes an' put my feet in the oven an' git to thinkin' of how hard I try to be good, an' how pow'ful easy it is to be bad, I become so absorbed in my thoughts dat the ole woman has to hit me on the ear with a 'tater to bring me back to airth an' start me out arter an armful of wood. Gem'len, let us try to continner to be angels, but let us count on wrestlin' wid Satan about fo'ty times a day, and on bein' frown flat on our backs ebery blessed time."

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

A SMART BOY.

[Effective as a recall, if the personation is good.]

"DAT boy," said a colored gentleman, referring to his son, "w'y, he's de smartest chile in de lan'. Dat boy, w'y, he is got er high edycation."

"How far advanced is he?" some one asked.

"Who, dat chile? Why, he's mighty nigh got all de way, dat's how fur 'vanced he is."

"Well, but what can he do?"

"Who, dat boy? Whut is it he kain' do? He can

read dese heah signs what de white folks paints on de fences, en' it takes er mighty sharp chile ter do dat, lemme tell yer. But dat ain't de climax o' whut he kin do. He kin read dese leather-kivered books. Mos' any boy ken read one o' dese heah paper-back books, an' any ord'nary pussen ken han'le de newspapers an' famflets, but when he takes down one o' dese here leather-kivered books an' reads off de talk, w'y he's gwine ter be a lawyer, shose yer bo'n. Doan talk ter me 'bout dat chile, 'case I knows him. I'se seed him han'lin figgers wid bof' han's."

ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

MANSIE WANCH'S FIRST AND LAST PLAY.

[The Scotchman's story should be told in a straightforward manner, with all eagerness and simplicity. See first pages for the dialect. The following is abridged and adapted for recitation by Kate Seaver Downs of California.]

MONY a time an' often had I heard o' play-actin' an' of players makin' themselves kings an' queens, an' sayin' a great many wonderfu' things. But I had never before an opportunity of makin' mysel' a witness to the truth o' these hearsays. So Maister Glen, bein' as fu' o' nonsense an' as fain to have his curiosity gratified, we took upon us the stout resolution to gang ower thegither, he offering to treat me and I determined to run the risk o' Maister Wiggie our minister's rebuke for the transgression, hopin' it would mak' na lastin' impression on his mind, bein' for the first and only time. Folks should na at a' times be ower scrupulous. After payin' our money at the door—never while I live and breathe will I forget what we saw and heard that night. It just looks to rae, by a' the world, when I think on't, like a fairy dream. Right to the forehand of us was a large green curtain, and just in front of it were eight or ten penny candles stuck in a board and fastened to the ground, to show the players' feet like when he came on to the stage. And twa blind fiddlers they had brought wi' 'em played the bonniest ye ever heard. Odds, the very music was worth a sixpence o' itsel'. Just as the twa blind fiddlers were playin' the "Downfa' o' Paris,"

a hand-bell rang and up goes the green curtain, the music stoppin', and a' becomin' as still as ye might hear a pin fa'. In comes a decent old gentleman at his leisure, weel powdered, wi' an auld-fashioned coat and waistcoat wi' flap pockets. I never saw a man in sic distress. He stampit about, and better stampit about, daddling wi' his staff on the groun' an' implorin' a' the powers o' heaven and yearth to help him to find his runawa' daughter that had decampit wi' some ne'er-doweel loon of a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms frae her bed-room window up twa pair o' stairs. Every father and head o' a family maun ha'e felt for a man in his situation, thus to be robbit of his dear bairn, and only daughter too, as he tell't us ower and ower as the saut, saut tears ran gushin' down his withers cheeks, and he aye blew his nose on his clean callendered pocket napkin. The thing was absurd to suppose we should ken ony thing about the matter, havin' never seen him or his daughter between the een afore; so, though we sympathized wi' him, we thought it best to haud our tongues to see what might cast up better than he expected. So out he gaed stampin' at the ither side, determined, he said, to find them out, though he should follow them to the world's end. Hardly was his back turned before in comes a birkie wi' the very young leddie the auld gentleman described. Arm in arm thegither, snoodin' and lauchin' like daft, and before a' that crowd o' folks he pat his arm around her waist and ca'd her his sweetheart, his love, and dearie and every thing that is sweet. I thought sic shame to be an ee witness to sic doings that I was obliged at last to haud my hat before my face. Though for a' that, the young lad, to be sic a blackguard as his conduct showed, was weel enough favored and had a guid coat to his back. How they came we ne'er could tell as we saw neither chaise or gig, but from his havin' spurs on his heels it was mair than likely that they alighted at the back door frae a horse, she ridin' on a pad ahint him, may be wi' her arm round his waist. The faither lookit to be a rich auld bool, baith from his manner of speekin' and the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension o'

his daughter. But to be sure, when so many of us were present to have equal right to the spulsie, it wad na be a great deal, a thousand pounds when divided; still it was worth the lookin' after, so we just bidit a wee. Things were brought to a bearin', however, sooner than either themsel's, I daur say, or anybody present seemed to ha'e the least glimpse of, for just in the midst of their fine goin's on the lassie cried out: "Hide me! hide me! for yonder comes me auld faither!" Nae sooner said then done. In he stappit her into a closet, and after shuttin' the door on her, sat down on a chair and pretended to be asleep in a moment. The auld faither cam' bouncin' in, and seein' the fellow so sound asleep gaed him sic a shake as soon made him open his eyes as fast as he steekit them. He haddit his staff ower the crown of his head, and grippin' him by the cuff o' the neck asked him what he had made o' his daughter. Never since I was born did I ever witness sic brazen-faced impudence! The rascal had the brass to say that he had na' seen word or wittens o' his daughter for a month, though mair than a hundred folk had seen him with his arm round her waist not five minutes afore. As a faither and elder o' our kirk, my corruption was raised. I faud Maister Glen fidgittin' in his seat as weel as me, so I tho't whaever spoke first wad ha'e the first right to the reward. Whereupon, just as he was in the act of risin', I took the words out o' his mouth, saying: "Dinna believe him, auld gentleman, dinna believe him, friend. He's tellin' a parcel o' lees. Never saw her for a month! It's na use arguin' or caain' witnesses. Jist open that press door and ye'll see whether I'm speakin' the truth or no." The auld man stare dand lookit dumbfounded, and the young man laughed as if I had done him a good turn. But never since I had a bein' did I ever see sic an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The haill house was sae glad that the scoundrel had been exposed that they set up siccan a roar of laughter and thumpit away at siccan a rate at the board with their feet that down fell the place they ca' the gallery, a' the folk in't hurled topsy turvy, head over heels, in the saw dust on the floor below. A rush to the door took place,

in which everything was overturned, the lights knockit out, the twa blind fiddlers dung head foremost over the stage, the bass-fiddle crackin' at every bruise. I was carried off my feet an' entirely deprived o' common sense. When I opened my een in the dark, I faud mysel' with my braid side against the wa on the opposite side of the close. It was sometime before I mindit what had happened, then I raised first the yae arm then the ither, syne my head to see if they were broken. My joy was unbounded, havin' a great mind I had been killed on the spot.

THE HERMIT OF THE CAVE.

[Written expressly for FENNO'S FAVORITES].

IN days almost forgotten now,—
 They died so long ago,—
 A man upon whose wrinkled brow
 Lay white life's winter snow,
 Whose form bent like the withered reed
 When Autumn's chill winds blow,
 Lived lonely in a gloomy cave,
 Whose rough walls, washed by ocean's wave,
 Reflecting every murmur, gave
 The billows back their sighing.
 He never left his dark abode
 Until the gates of night
 Had closed behind the maiden Day
 And hid her robes of light,
 And mirrored stars, like ocean-flowers,
 Deep in the waves bloomed bright.
 But oft-times then, with staff in hand,
 This hermit walked along the strand,
 Or, silently, for hours would stand
 Where thick the shells were lying.
 His white locks streaming in the wind,
 His eyes to seaward set
 As though far out upon the waves
 Their glance some vision met,—
 An eager, anxious, longing gaze
 None seeing could forget.

But those, who unto him drew near
With curious gaze and listening ear,
Returning, said that they could hear
Him breathe but one word—"Coming!"
But when as for a moment lulled
The ocean's sullen roar,
They asked why thus he lonely walked
Upon the shell-strewn shore,
Or what he saw when gazing out
The night-clothed waters o'er,
He'd start as one aroused from sleep
Or meditations sad and deep
And seek his cave, around which sweep
The billows wild and foaming.

One night the storm-king from his throne
Looked down with angry eye,
And smote the waters in their sleep;
They leaped in madness high,
While red-flamed lightning tore in shreds
The ebon clouds and sky!
The sea became a battle-field;
Loud, loud the storm-king's cannon pealed,
While marshaled billows surged and reeled
And rushed the rock coast over!
All night the battling forces rolled,
But, with the dawn of day,
Peace o'er the angry waters fell
As fair as morning's ray,
And marshaling his cloud-veiled hosts
The storm-king rode away,
As sunbeams bright a golden crest
Gave every wave on ocean's breast,
And silently she sank to rest
In the arms of Earth, her lover.

But the simple village folk who stood
In groups upon the strand
Saw not the sunbeams glowing bright
Like jewels in the sand,
Nor the sparkling wavelets weaving there
For the sea a silvery band;

Another and a sadder sight
 They witnessed in the morning's light--
 Around them, on the left and right,
 Cold, pulseless forms were lying,
 With pale, dead faces staring wild
 All sightless toward the sky,
 'Mid fragments of a wreck, that lay
 As leaves of Autumn lie
 Within the glowing forest aisles
 When sweep the chill winds by!
 Grim Death had rode the waters o'er
 And cast his spoils upon the shore
 When wind and billows were at war
 And lightning-shafts were flying.

Half buried in the shining sand,
 Where high the waves had rolled,
 They found—his light of life gone out—
 The hermit gray and old,
 And clasped within his last embrace,
 Unto his bosom cold,
 A woman's form ; thus Death had wrought
 The work that love and life could not—
 The union which two fond hearts sought,
 Hearts doomed by fate to sever!
 Said one, a maiden young and fair,—
 " Oh, cruel, awful sea,
 The world, deceived, its meed of praise
 Hath given unto thee,
 But thou hast smote the lips that praised
 And hushed our songs of glee!
 Deception lurks beneath thy smile,
 Thy sighing is the voice of guile,
 Thy weeping is the Tempter's wile,
 Thy breast his dwelling ever!"

Within the village church-yard green
 They laid the stranger dead,
 And planted flowers that sweetly bloomed
 Around each lonely bed.
 Ah! many times the trees since then
 Their foliage bright have shed,

But still upon that shore each gale
Revives the memory of that tale,
And often when the storm's wild wail
Across the strand is sweeping,
The story of the hermit old,
The dweller in the cave
Whose walls of granite cold and gray
Were washed by ocean's wave,
To bright-eyed youth, by white-haired sires,
Is told in accents grave.
And often when the days are fair,
And Sabbath's hush is in the air,
The village maidens linger where
The stranger dead are sleeping.

D. T. SLAUSON.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

[A beautiful picture.]

THE sixth day of creation drew to a close. The sun had completed his orbit. The evening twilight began to overspread the new-born earth. The first son of creation stood upon a high hill of Eden, near him Eloah, his guardian angel and companion. The shades of evening gathered closer and closer around the hill; the twilight vanished into night, enclosing like a dark veil the hills and dales; the songs of the birds, the glad voices of the animals, all ceased; even the sportive zephyrs had lulled themselves to rest. "What is this?" asked the man in subdued tones of his heavenly companion. "Will the young creation cease, and sink back into her nothingness?" Eloah, smiling, answered, "It is the repose of the earth."

Now appeared the heavenly lights; the moon arose, leading forth the multitude of stars in brilliant splendor. The man lifted his eyes toward heaven in sweet astonishment; the angel of the Lord looked down well pleased upon the upward-gazing son of earth. The night grew calmer, the nightingale warbled more loudly and melodiously. Eloah touched the man with his staff; he laid

himself on the hill and slept. The first dream descended to him; Jehovah had formed him a companion.

As now the morning began to dawn, Eloah laid his hand upon the slumberer. He awoke and felt permeated with new life and vigor. Out of the darkness arose the hills and valleys; the young light came down and danced upon the waters of Eden's golden streams; the sun came forth and brought the day. Man beheld the newly created woman; wonder and ecstasy filled his heart. "See!" said Eloah, "out of rest is the God-like born!" Therefore shalt thou sanctify this day to rest and to the divine.

From the German.

NEW YEAR'S CHIME.

[Imitate the bell by dwelling upon the sound, and, beginning at the fourth stanza, use great energy.]

ONE! rings out from the village bell.
Two! 'Tis tolling the old year's knell.
Three! sounds forth o'er hill and dell.
Four! Time's flight we know full well.

Five! The hours are taking flight.
Six! They're nearing the noon of night.
Seven! is heard in the still starlight.
Eight! The old is passing from sight.

Nine! The stroke is sharp and clear.
Ten! A glimpse of the coming year.
Eleven! The seconds are swift and few.
Twelve! Farewell to the old, hail to the new!

Hail to the new! Gather the people!
 Pull on the bells that hang in the steeple!
 Swing and ring!
 Ring and swing!
 Pull on the bells that hang in the steeple!

Waken the echoes with jubilant ringing;
 Welcome the year with chant and with singing.
 Hail to the joys its advent is bringing!

Pull on the bells that hang in the steeple.

Chime for the old in musical measures;
 Chime for the blessings our memory treasures!
 Chime for the year with its myriad pleasures;

Pull on the bells that hang in the steeple.

Ring in the new! the dawn is just breaking;
 The world with new life is joyously waking;
 Chime merrily all, sweet melody making.

Pull on the bells that hang in the steeple.

Swinging and ringing,

Ringling and swinging;

Hail the new year; gather the people;

Chime on the bells that hang in the steeple!

SAMUEL BURNHAM.

LITTLE ELFIN'S PLEA.

[Impersonate the child's voice.]

THE season of music was closing. Satiated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur wrap around her shoulders, and, stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage, when "Please, mi ladi," in low, pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street-singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the gaslight, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo; while the eager and wistful look in the great brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice, held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well!" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity.

"Would mi ladi please,"—in sweet broken English; and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up a

fragrant, white lily, with a crystal drop in its golden heart.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was her answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her stately head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I hid under the stair. 'Twas yesterday I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips, passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in these soft, dark eyes in a flame, and in the sobbing, broken words, "Mi ladi, oh! mi ladi, I could die."

"Child," and her voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at five;" and, holding the lily caressingly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage, and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like one entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphal chords, and rang amid the arches with unearthly power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook; and a look so rapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. The curtain rolled up for the last time; and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause; and at the first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, as well as by the power of her sublime voice. She stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain of "Farewell, Sweet Land." Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close, then a shout went up that shook the mighty pillars. A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate

the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few had opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, and they call him to play before princes.

MARY L. WRIGHT.

OUR CHOIR.

[Introduce the appropriate changes in voice to imitate the several singers.]

THERE'S Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria,
With Obabiah,
And Jedekiah,
In our choir.

And Jane Sophia soprano sings
So high you'd think her voice had wings
To soar above all earthly things,
When she leads off on Sunday ;
While Ann Maria's alto choice
Rings out in such harmonious voice
That sinners in the church rejoice,
And wish she'd sing till Monday.

Then Obadiah's tenor high
Is unsurpassed beneath the sky—
Just hear him sing "Sweet By and By."
And you will sit in wonder ;
While Jedekiah's bass profound
Goes down so low it jars the ground,
And wakes the echoes miles around,
Like distant rolling thunder.

Talk not to me of Patti's fame,
Or Nicolini's tenor tame,
Or Cary's alto—but a name—
Or Whitney's pond'rous bass !
They sing no more like Jane Sophia,
And Ann Maria, Obadiah,
And Jedekiah in our choir,
Than cats sing like Tomasso !

HENRY F. KING

A NEW YEAR ADDRESS.

[Originally a Carrier's Address, the following is appropriate to all New Year gatherings.]

A HAPPY New Year, friends! Old Father Time
Hath wrought me this occasion for a rhyme.
Methinks the old man looketh spruce and spry
For all the years he hath been ambling by.
Instead of Saturnine apparel rude,
He hath the marvelous raiment of a dude.
What changes he hath sanctioned, year by year,
From knight and monk and silken cavalier!

The little hours on little wings have flown;
The days have passed, and into months have grown;
The months, on pinions light and soft, have fled;
And here, behold, the very year hath sped.
How many chances we have let slip by;
How many aspirations, bold and high,
Have come to naught, their futile sails unspread;
How many last year hopes are dead, dead, dead!

In balanced equipoise the world hath spun
With feathery ease around the blazing sun;
Nor telescoped a comet on its way,
Nor into cold dead spaces run astray;
The earth's thin shell inclosing hell's hot breath,
Not yet hath crumbled into fiery death.
All holds together; perish doubt and fear;
For now begins another hopeful year.

Hosannah for the chance that yet remains!
Behind us are the wrecks, before the gains.
All possibilities this day begin;
More strength and courage and we yet shall win.
Fair spreads the future, golden domes in sight,
All pathways open, if we walk aright.
A Happy New Year, friends, and may it be
A year of harvests rich to you and me.

DAVID L. PROUDFIT.

THE M-MAN WICH DIDN'T DRINK W-W-W-WATER.

[Jim Bunker's Composition.]

W-ONCE there w-wuz a m-man wich didn't b-b'leeve in drinkin' w-w-w-water, 'cause he'd took a n-notion into his head that w-w-w-water was w-weakenin' to the b-body, so he d-drunk l-lager b-b-beer all of the time, and told everybody that w-was the way to b-be a s-sentinarian. B-but one d-day he seen a p-piece in the paper wich said that l-lager was m-more'n ninety per cent. w-w-w-water. He was m-m-mighty took down, an' s-said he'd thought all along that l-lager was too thin for the human s-system, and he l-laid in a b-big kag of w-wine. After he'd d-drunk the wine most all, he told a k-college professor he guessed a m-man wich drunk w-w-wine would live to be a hundred and tw-tw-twenty years old. B-but the k-college professor he told him that w-wine was eighty per cent. w-w-w-water. Then the m-man he f-felt awful b-bad, but he ast the k-college professor if he didn't n-know of a drink wich didn't have no w-w-w-water in it. Then the k-college professor he l-laughed, an' he s-said he g-g-guessed abs'lout alkehaul would f-fill the b-bill. The m-man he said he'd g-git some and f-f-fill his b-bill; so he w-w-w-went to a 'p-pothecary and b-bought a p-p-pint of abs'lout alkehaul, and wen he got home he d-d-drunk it all up. Then he l-l-laid down on his bed and k-k-called his w-wife and ch-children. "I-I'm goin' to d-d-die, 'cause I've d-drunk so m-much w-w-w-water all my l-life. L-l-l-learn from my sad fate to es-ch-ch-chew drinkin' w-w-w-water." Then he d-d-died, and his w-widder an' orphans felt dreffle b-bad, k-k-k-cause he'd been a g-good husband and f-f-f-father.

THE BABY IS DEAD.

[A pathetic little gem, to be given with gentle force, slowly, feeling the sadness in your own heart.]

There is a white hatchment over the portal—a long streamer of snowy crape trails from the muffled bell-knob, like a film of ghostly morning mist. We know that an impalpable footstep has fallen on this threshold;

that a shadowy hand has knocked at this shrouded door; that the dread visitant, who will not be denied nor turned away, has entered here. He has entered, and departed; but the veiled mourner, Sorrow, who treads solemnly after him, has stayed behind.

His ruthless hand has plucked the white bud of promise that gladdened the fair garland of household love—the bud that breathed the yet infolded perfume of sweet but undefined hopes that coming years would ripen to fruition. His remorseless foot has fallen beside this hearthstone—and lo! the dread footprint has hollowed a little grave! The baby is dead.

The tiny image, white as sculptured Parian, lies yonder in its snowy casket, draped in spotless fabrics, and wreathed with funeral flowers. The mother bends with anguished eyes above the still, small effigy of her lost hope; but the baby is not there. Out of her arms, and out of her life, something has gone that will not return. The sealed lids will not uplift from happy sleep; the wondering eyes will search her face no more. The little restless hands lie still and pulseless, frozen into eternal quiet; their silken touches, vague and aimless as the kisses of the south wind, will steal into her bosom and sooth her weariness and lure her grief no more! She realizes this, with all the live, pulsating agony of newly-bereaved motherhood, as she leans above the dainty coffin, and slow, scalding tears, wrung from the very fibres of her bruised life, drop one by one on the unconscious face.

She folds a sprig of hyssop and a half-blown rosebud in the waxen hand, and sends them to the Father as a message and a token—the symbols of her grief and baby's innocence: "Lo! I surrender back to Thee the soul that Thou didst lend me; unsullied, as from Thy hands, I yield it up, in faith and hope; but oh! I give the child with bitter tears—with breaking heart—with passionate, human woe unutterable!"

And the days lengthen, the nights fall, the years go on. She keeps the key of the baby's casket in her bosom—the memory of the rosebud face within her heart, and life for her, is never again quite what it was ere baby died.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

THE UNFINISHED SONG.

[Kindly contributed by the author, and never before in print. Imitate the singing with weak voice, faltering at the close.]

THE rounded moon, thro' clouds at midnight rifted,
Looked down where war's red tide had fiercely rolled,
And tenderly her mellow radiance sifted
O'er ghastly forms, and faces pale and cold.

Some features told that youth's bright dream of glory
Had suddenly and sadly ended there;
On other brows, all pulseless now and gory,
Was traced in furrows deep, 'neath silvery hair,

Life's longer tale of joyousness and sadness—
The closing chapter penned in lines of blood,
When from the cannon's throat, in howling madness,
Came rushing forth Death's desolating flood!

But suddenly, upon the night-wind winging,
There rose above the bosom of the plain
A song of Home!—some dying soldier singing
Of happy scenes that thronged his fevered brain!

THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

“Oh! silent for aye is the war-wolf's howl
And smothered his blighting breath!
Dead, dead in its throat lies the cannon's growl,
And stanchèd is the tide of Death!
Then away! away to the North-land, boys,
To the firesides gleaming bright!—
To the friends we love and the old-time joys—
We're going home to-night!

“The eyes bedimmed with sorrow's tears
Once more shall sparkle bright;
From bosoms, long the home of fears,
Shall spring joy's laughter light!
Then away! away to the North-land, boys—
To—the firesides—gleaming—bright,
To the—friends—we—love—”

Unfinished was the song ; a moment fluttered
 On voiceless lips, the dying singer's breath,
 Then softly sank the words—unsung, unuttered—
 Like wounded birds, into the lungs of Death.

At early dawn, unto the field returning,
 Some comrades his cold corpse discovered there—
 His sightless eyes turned toward the gates of morning,
 Pressed to his heart a lock of golden hair !

With bated breath, a shallow grave they made him,
 And, wrapped within his blood-stained Union blue,
 'Neath Southern skies, to rest they sadly laid him
 Ere from the grass the sunbeams sipped the dew.
 D. T. SLAUSON.

THE MANIAC'S LOVE.

[Never before in print, but furnished by the author, Mr. Slauson, who has written many fine things, among them *The Maiden's Prayer* in FAVORITES, No. 1. This piece is supposed to represent the maniac in his calmer moments talking to his love and communing to himself. Use great effort in some portions, with intense feeling. The maniac's character is one of the hardest to impersonate. Try to imitate but not overdo. A sudden start—a quick gesture—with blazing eyes will often be found effective. For a much more difficult example of the same class, see *The Run Maniac* in FENNO'S ELOCUTION.]

MAD, so they call me, Bessie, my Bessie—
 See ! they have built these strong walls in their fear,
 Lest in my madness—ha ! ha ! in my madness !—
 (Bessie, my Bessie, do you see me here ?)
 Lest in my madness I summon the spirits,
 The spirits who ride thro' the halls of the air.
 They say that I murdered you, Bessie, my Bessie,
 They say that I strangled you there in the dark—
 There in the shades of the deep, haunted forest,
 There where they found you all silent and stark ;—
 Bessie, they LIE !—'twas a Devil's black clutches
 That left on your white throat that hideous mark !

I saw his dark form as he passed me, my Bessie,
 Passed me on bat-wings that creaked in his flight,
 And I saw his eyes gleam as his hard, horny fingers
 Sank in your flesh as he held you so tight !—

And then with the scorching breathed demon I grappled,
 And downward we whirled thro' the vortex of night!
 The earth upward shot, with the hiss of a rocket,
 As down in the Stygian darkness we sped—
 On! on! amid planets that glowed and then vanished,
 Lost in the blackness that closed overhead;
 Yet downward we swooped thro' the ocean of silence,
 My fears by the flames of the demon's eyes fed!

Then Bessie, my Bessie, the air became lurid,
 And sulphurous vapors rose round us and fell,
 But my muscles were steeled in the fires of horror,
 And I broke from the grasp of the demon of Hell!—
 He sank and there rose from the flames which he
 entered—

The throat of Perdition—a wild, angry yell!
 And then by the deafening, maddening chorus
 Up! up through the darkness, impenetrable, deep,
 To earth I was lifted, and there by the forest
 I found you, my Bessie, I found you asleep!—
 I did not awake you, but there in the moonlight
 I bent o'er your slumbers, my vigil to keep!

Bessie, my Bessie, you knew I was near you,
 And smiled as I kissed from your beautiful hair
 A dew-gem that dropped from the wing of an angel,
 Preferring to shine in the ringlets you wear!—
 But Bessie, my Bessie, the Fiends of the forest
 In anger and envy were watching us there,
 And soft, in the deepening shadows, my Bessie,
 Out, out from their caves in the woodland they crept
 With chains, and they bound me, Bessie, my Bessie,—
 Bound me and bore me away while you slept!
 And Bessie, I heard them—the black, howling Devils!—
 Yell, yell in their glee, as in sorrow you wept!

But listen, my Bessie! they're coming! they're coming!—
 The spirits who ride thro' the halls of the air!—
 They'll breathe, and the gale from their bosoms, my
 Bessie,
 Will bear down the rough walls that frown on me
 here,

And then I will hasten to meet you, my Bessie,
 And brush from your white brow that shadow of fear.
 You will wait for me, Bessie, will wait where we parted,
 Till the moonbeams at midnight are polished with
 play,
 For then I will come to you, Bessie, my Bessie,—
 I'll ride thro' the night on a silvery ray!—
 And oh! how the ghouls of the forest, my Bessie,
 Will howl as in triumph I bear you away!—
 Away from the dark, haunted forest, my Bessie,
 Away from the eyes of the demons, that glare!—
 Ours be a home in the Palace of Spirits,
 Ours be a home in the halls of the air!
 And angels shall envy your innocence, Bessie—
 Shall envy the robes you so modestly wear!

D. T. SLAUSON

MAN, HIS PROVERBIAL ILL-LUCK AND CONTINUAL FOOLISHNESS.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill; he is of few days and no teeth. And indeed it would be money in his pocket sometimes if he had less of either. As for his days, he wasteth one-third of them, and as for his teeth, he has convulsions when he cuts them: and as the last one comes through, lo! the dentist is twisting the first one out; and the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and a roof-plate built to hold blackberry-seeds. Stone bruises line his pathway to manhood; his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him in the playground, and the teacher whips him in the school-room. He riseth early and sitteth up late, that he may fill his barns and storehouses; and lo! his children's lawyers divide the spoil among themselves and say: "Ha, ha!" He growleth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he beateth upon his breast and sayeth, "My crop is lost!" because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and the frost biteth his peaches. If it be so that the sun shineth, even among the nineties, he sayeth:

"Woe is me; for I perish!" And if the northwest wind sigheth down in forty-two below he crieth: "Would I were dead!"

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like the lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursueth him wherever he goeth.

The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down it with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path, and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his ear. If he wear sackcloth and blue jeans, men say: "He is a tramp!" And if he goeth forth shaven and clad in purple and fine linen, all the people cry: "Shoot the dude!" He carryeth insurance for twenty-five years, until he hath paid thrice over for all his goods, and then he letteth his policy lapse one day, and that same night fire destroyeth his store. He buildeth him a house in Jersey, and his first-born is devoured by mosquitoes. He pitcheth his tents in New York, and tramps devour his substance. He moveth to Kansas, and a cyclone carryeth his house away over in Missouri, while a prairie fire and ten million acres of grasshoppers fight for his crop.

In the gentle springtime he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far away from home, and filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up riches in the bank, and the President speculateth in margins, and then goeth to Canada for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth in them filleth him full of intense excitement.

He starteth down cellar with an oleander, and goeth first hastily, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He sitteth up all night to get the returns from Ohio,

and in the end learneth that the other fellows have carried it.

He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he cometh home late from the lodge the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him until rosy morn.

He goeth to the horse-trot and betteth his money on he brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze-face winneth.

He marrieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day her parental ancestor goeth under, with few assets and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law. Verily, there is no rest for the sole of his foot, and if he had it to do over again he would not be born at all; for "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth."

Adapted.

BETTINA MAZZI.

[It is related that, immediately after the battle of Solferino, a detachment of the Italian force passed through a town near the field of the day's victory, and discovered that the enemy's colors, abandoned or forgotten in their panic, were still flying from the old church. The spire had been nearly demolished by the cannonades. In reply to the thoughtless challenge of the leader to "climb up and cut down the flag," after the soldiers had shown their general unwillingness to risk their lives on the tottering structure, a little peasant girl, Bettina Mazzi by name, undertook it successfully. She received a rich reward from the spectators, as well as the only thing she had asked for on attempting her feat--the long ostrich plumes which the leader wore in his military chapeau, and by which her rustic fancy had been greatly struck.]

"OH! who will scale the belfry tower,
And cut that banner down?
All broken is the Austrian power;
They gallop from the town;
And surely 'tis an idle taunt,
With this day's victory gained,
To let yon painted falsehood flaunt—
The very sky seems stained!"

So spoke the Duke; around he glanced
To see that each rank heard;
But every eye was on the ground,
No single soldier stirred;

The shattered belfry timbers shake ;
That highest spire of all,
Beneath a dove's weight might it break,
And sevenscore feet down-fall.

Each thought : " Cut down *by hand* that flag ?
Foolhardy were the deed,
When one three-pounder snaps its staff
As breaks a withered reed !"
But just as silence grew to shame,
And none would lift his face,
A sunburned child, her face aflame,
Stood forth before his Grace.

She courtesied ; gave a hasty glance
To where the flag flew high,
Then, stammering, she said : " My Lord,
May I—have leave—to try ?"
" You, child ?" he mocked. " By Mars, you come
To school these veterans grim !
And your reward ?" " Those two fair plumes
That shade your beaver's brim."

Loud rang his laugh : " So be it ! climb !
The plumes are yours—if won."
She darts across the street as fleet
As swallow in the sun ;
The church door clashes at her back ;
She rushes up the stair—
Against the sky, in the belfry high,
See, see her standing there !

And now she slips up to the leads ;
The crowd all hold their breath,
Higher and higher slow she mounts,
One step 'twixt her and death.
Along that narrow dormer's edge,
Up to the broken ball ;
Oh, shattered joist and splintered beam,
Let not the brave child fall !

And now she grasps the slender staff:
 Then slowly, gently, see!
 The flag begins to sink. Good cord,
 Do thy work faithfully!
 The pulley turns—the rope runs smooth—
 Down, down the gay folds glide
 Along the quivering pole, until
 They hang her hand beside.

Close gathered—look! she cuts their bond,
 Her scissors flashing fair;
 Then lightly pushed from where she clings,
 They drop, plump, to the square;
 But no man thought to raise his cheer
 Until—oh, blessed chance!—
 They see her clamber down, and safe
 From the church steps advance.

Ah, then, what shoutings came from all,
 To honor such a deed!
 Up the old street at the Duke's side
 She rides his pacing steed,
 Her homespun apron filled with crowns
 The Duke's plumes in her hair;
 What man shall say a little maid
 Can never do and dare?

EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON,
in Harper's Young People.

"OVER THE RANGE."

[It is a wild, rough life that we find among the miners in the far West, and many writers have pictured it; but few sadder scenes have been described than the death and burial of Stumpy Wicks. The style of the following is strikingly similar to that of Dickens.]

STUMPY Wicks was dead. The mountain fever had killed him. A few days before he had started off into the hills, telling the boys he would find something rich or never go out again. He did not find anything rich, and he never went out again. The fever laid its grip on him, and in three days he was dead. He had "gone over the range," the boys said.

It had become necessary to bury Stumpy Wicks. And how was he to be buried? By his relatives? He had no relatives. By the town? There was no town. By his pard? He had no pard. Forty years ago Stumpy Wicks had left his home—no one knew where—and his people—no one knew whom—to wander alone in the West. He died alone. His wife, his mother, his sister, if he had one, will never know where he died, or what hands laid him in his grave.

It was the boys. They got together and made a coffin out of a box or two, and covered it with black cloth. They put Stumpy into it, with a clean flour sack over his poor, dead face. They chipped in and hired an ex-parson, who for some years had abandoned his profession, to "give Stumpy a send-off." They dug a grave to a good and honest depth in the tough red earth. They went out and found a flat rock for a headstone, and on it, with an engineer's graver, they scratched the brief epitaph, "Stumpy Wicks." Then they followed the coffin wagon to the grave, walking through the mud and rain.

There were forty men in that funeral procession and not one woman. Very few were drunk, and nearly all had taken off their six-shooters. There were forty men who stood around that open grave, and not one woman to drop a tear, as the ex-parson read a brief portion of the Episcopal burial service and offered a short prayer. There was no history of Stumpy's life. No one knew that history. It was doubtless a sad enough one, full of slips and stumbles; full of hope, perhaps, before he finally "lost his grip." They found a woman's picture, very old, and quite worn out, indeed, in Stumpy's pocket, and this was buried with him. This was probably his history.

There was not a tear shed at Stumpy's funeral. Not a sob was heard. But neither was there any oath or any laughter.

When the time came to fill up the grave, ready hearts assisted ready hands, and the experienced miners quickly did the work. They rounded up the mound and lifted up the headstone. When the ex-parson stepped back

from the grave he stumbled over the headstone of Billy Robbins the gambler, whom Antoine Sanchez knifed. There were a good many of the boys resting there. The bullet, the knife, and the mountain fever had finished them, except those whom the committee assisted. It was the committee who put Antoine Sanchez at the foot of Billy Robbins' grave.

There was no green thing in this grave-yard, no living plants, no little flowers. It lay red and bare upon a red and bare hillside. There were no white stones to mark the homes of the sleepers; those used were rough, red granite.

The boys were quiet. They were thinking, perhaps. They looked up to the sky, which, strangely enough, had in it no tint of blue, and the sky, in pity that no tears were shed, wept some upon them.

As the procession broke up and moved back to the saloons, one was heard to say that it was the mournfullest plantin' he ever had a hand in. In fact, the camp did not get back to its normal condition until the next day. There was something too sad even for these rough souls in the lonely, broken life, the lonely, unwept death of Stumpy Wicks. It made them think—and I wonder if some of them did not stretch out their arms from their blankets that night and hold them up and call out softly, "Oh, Stumpy, Stumpy! What is it you see over the range? After a wretched, broken life, what is there for a man over the range?"

CŒUR D' ALENE EAGLE.

